

REVIEWS

ON

DON JUAN, I. to XIV. CANTOS,

Lord Carrick,

AND

MR. LAWSON'S POEMS.

PRINTED AT CALCUTTA,

1825.

DON JUAN,

IN ELEVEN CANTOS.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON.

OF the writers of poetry, there are only two instances of eminent and unparalleled success—Shakespeare and Byron. In the whole range of at least modern literature, it will be found difficult to assign so high and envied a station to other names than those we have mentioned. Authors of renown anterior to Shakespeare and Lord Byron, have, it is true, produced some one piece of finished composition, which undoubtedly remains unrivalled in celebrity; but yet in the extent and variety, joined to a certain share of excellence pervading their multifarious performances, we may venture to affirm, few could start in the same race with the above *duo*. In hazarding this assertion, the warmest and most disinterested admirers of Byron will concede to us that we lavish no stale praise, or hackneyed panegyric on the idol of their adoration, when we, though not without some diffidence, place Lord Byron in the same rank with the illustrious bard of Stratford upon Avon; but we do so in the utmost sincerity of our hearts, not from any desire of flattering the vanity of his Lordship, but only in reference to the diversified nature of his productions. In many essentials, however, there can be no question that Lord Byron is much inferior to Shakespeare; and while we confess that he surpasses, in some slight measure, the majority of those mighty spirits of olden times, who strung their golden harps in the infancy of the poetical world, and charmed their hearers with their melodious and enrapturing strains, still in many respects Lord Byron must be considered as unapproachable to them. For aught we know, Lord Byron might have become in process of time a mighty wizard; but why he has contrived to dwarf his stature, and dwindle into a pigmy, is a question which it is not for us to determine. There have been men in all ages resembling his

Lordship, who like him might have proved a blessing to the human species; but why they, on the contrary, employed their energies to become a curse, is also a problem which rests not with us to solve. The poison and the antidote are both before us: the use of the one is followed with swift and inevitable destruction, whilst the timely application of the other would tend to correct the enervating influence of the former. Virtue and vice are alike in our power to choose; the concomitants of the one are insupportable peace and happiness; whilst the consequence of the other is eternal misery. Heaven and hell are equally placed in our view: the admission to the one secures permanent bliss, whilst the entrance into the other is marked with everlasting perdition. It must be owned, without equivocation, that Lord Byron has yet written nothing to entitle him to wear that crown of immortality in poetic fame which adorned the brows of his predecessors. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer are indisputably works of supereminent excellence, and the *Æneid* of Virgil is also allowed to possess transcendent merit, while the *Paradise Lost* of our own Milton glitters with the most brilliant coruscations of sublime imagination; but here their labours seem to have taken a stand, and beyond this limit their efforts in after-attempts appear to have been paralyzed. They soared once to the clouds, but further they could not penetrate: nor are we prepared to state that Lord Byron has indulged in a higher flight. All we mean to urge is simply, that he has not been satisfied with a single adventure; but, like the eagle, "though driven repeatedly down by the storm, he has kept his plumes expanded, and his eye on heaven, till at the first gleam of sunshine, he shook his and weary wings, and, phoenix-like, again towered to the sky. He never touches any thing but what is instantly converted into gold; and one would suppose, amidst all the encouragement and opposition, which it has been his lot alternately to experience, the more it was attempted to subdue his obdurate soul, and check the redundant tide of his poetic feeling, the more his intellect became invigorated—like the camomile, which the more it is trodden and crushed, the more it thrives: or his mind rather resembles the ocean, which storms and tempests serve only to render more terrific and sublime. Our admiration of his Lordship's genius is as intense, and unmixed with any feeling of dissimulation as it can possibly be, consistent with every notion of propriety and reason, without either converging towards hyperbole on the one hand, or degenerating into downright adulation and sycophancy on the other. With every disposition to do ample justice to such superlative and transcendent merit as Lord Byron most doubtably possesses, we cannot sacrifice to him every principle of sound taste and critical judgment, which would be the case

we were unreflectingly to ascribe to him every possible excellence, and no faults. We will not on any account, or from any consideration whatever, consent, admired and praised as he almost universally is, to deck him in the gorgeous trappings of eastern idolatry; for while the sparkling lustre of the gems may strive to conceal the original deformity of the idol, and try to eclipse the splendour of the glorious orb of day, still truth and reason point the finger of scorn at the gaudy image, and tell us that the costly drapery merely hides a figure of clay, which is thus sumptuously decorated to delude the ignorant worshipper.

Since we are upon the subject of encomium, we may be permitted to carry our observation a little further, and remark, that Lord Byron has suffered as much from the indiscriminate applause and injudicious praise of his friends and admirers, as from the intemperate vituperation of his detractors. The former have not scrupled to exalt him to the very skies, and represent him as the acmé and quintessence of perfection; while the latter, with a lamentable want of charity, have not hesitated to sink him to the lowest depth of degradation. As the one wished and entreated that he should become a martyr to his principles and his creed, so the other have exulted in his apostasy, and in their zeal for the cause of religion, presumed to consign his fate with that of devils. Amid these violences of party, this ebb and flow of public opinion, he has continued to stem the torrent of obloquy with great firmness of mind; but we are sorry we cannot add, with equanimity of temper. Reckless of consequences, and despising every idle foreboding of danger, he has venturously launched his bark on the mighty main, sometimes borne prosperously onwards with a favourable breeze; but frequently drifted from its straight forward course by sudden whirlwinds: and though thus buffeted on the angry surges, expecting to be dashed on the rocks, or engulfed by the waves, still the sturdy vessel promises to outride the storm, and at length reach the harbour of peace, safe and unshattered. Lord Byron has bared his bosom to the dagger of every ruffian: the thrust has been made; but the weapon has either shivered in the attempt, or recoiled on the assassin. We regret that his Lordship should not have displayed the same indifference on all occasions of attack, that he has done on some of them. On the contrary, ample proofs could be adduced of his virulence in his recriminatory publications; and of this any one may convince himself by turning to the pages of his English Bards, and to those of other productions, of a more recent date. When he has once sounded the trumpet of war, Lord Byron enters into a voluntary vow, not to shew the least quarter to the opposite party. In the impetuosity of his onset, he bears down every barrier, and resistance serves only to whet his courage, and rouse his

energies. So irritable is Lord Byron of whatever wears the semblance of opposition, that the very suspicion or apprehension of an attack on him, rouses him to the highest pitch of resentment, and without even waiting for the formality and declaration of preliminaries, he strives to overwhelm his adversary. In this respect, his mind is but an epitome of the fathomless ocean, which the least breath of wind is apt to set into agitation, and which, even in a calm, heaves its billows with a sullenness of majesty, of which we have no adequate conception; but, when the tempest begins to rise, it assumes an attitude of defiance truly terrible, sends up its rebellious waves to war with the clouds and the elements, and mocks their fitful howlings with a roar, which even the crash of the thunderbolt can hardly overpower.

We have stated, that the vindictiveness of Lord Byron's disposition is usually carried beyond all limits; and in hazarding this allegation, we conceived ourselves correct. Our opinion on this head has suffered no change from a perusal of the poem which is the subject of our present article. Every individual possessed of charitable feelings, and who professes to have a regard for the credit and honour of human nature, would wish that Lord Byron had displayed less virulence towards Mr. Southey and the late Marquis of Londonderry. Whatever may be the complexion of the former's political sins, it is a question with which few have any sort of concern, and none still less than Lord Byron. Mr. Southey is unquestionably a man of the most splendid genius; and if, in point of poetical merit, it be granted the scale would preponderate in favour of Lord Byron, it cannot be denied that, in other respects, Mr. Southey is fully capable of breaking a lance with his illustrious rival. Independently of this consideration, we are yet to learn what the mention of Mr. Southey and Lord Londonderry, in such disparaging terms as Lord Byron has made use of, has to do with the bad or good success of *Don Juan*. The obloquy which is there attempted to be thrown on the two personages just mentioned, might have been better spared; for we are quite sure that its introduction, with the view to entail disgrace on those characters, has contributed not a whit to the celebrity of the poem, nor would the absence of so much unmeasured personal invective in any way have detracted from its general merits. Besides, we think the too frequent repetition of such matter has a tendency to cloy the mind with sameness—a fault which, in a production of any length, ought to be carefully avoided. At the same time, it cannot be concealed, that such savage, unmanly, and unfeeling treatment of characters like Mr. Southey and many others, over whose fallen hopes and fortunes, Lord Byron is pleased to exult with the phrensy of demoniac malice, may possibly meet with abettors amongst

the abandoned and the degenerate, but from which a generous mind will start with detestation and horror. We beg here to be understood as by no means meddling with Mr. Southey's political character; but we speak of him only as a man of no ordinary capacity. If Lord Byron will persist in turning into ridicule and scorn all those, who at one period of their existence professed the same creed with himself, but afterwards degenerated into apostates and renegadoes, common charity would whisper to him the absolute necessity there exists for the examination of his own bosom, before he resolves upon taunting his political adversaries with their apostasy; for reproach never comes with so ill a grace as from a man whose own reputation is not quite blameless and unstained. There was a time indeed when the sanctity of monkish life could have effected a good deal, and its holiness had passed into a proverb; but the illusion no longer exists, and we look upon monks and jesuits in no other light than that of common men. What, then, are we to think of men who act differently from their profession? If the virgin, whose lovely sanctimonies had at one time won upon our esteem and regard, were afterwards unceremoniously to throw off all reserve, and by her wantonness to encourage the advances of libertinism;—if the priest, instead of prostrating himself before the altar of the Divinity, were impiously to fling the censer away from him, and, instead of distributing the bread of life to the trembling sinner, with exhortations to amendment and repentance, and presenting the cordial of regeneration to another, were to dash the uplifted cup from the lip;—and if the priestess, instead of trimming the lamp which perpetually burnt in the temple of Vesta, were sacrilegiously to extinguish the sacred flame—our notions of virtue and religion would be confounded with the opposite ideas of vice and immorality.

The utmost severity of criticism could alone reach the faults, and purge the impurities of *Don Juan*; but from this we do not mean our reader should infer, that our mere *dictum* has the power of correcting the vitiated taste of its noble author. In exposing the errors which are advocated in this publication, we hope to render some service to mankind; not that we are buoyed up with any hope of any change being wrought in the principles of the noble Lord, but because we are of opinion, that it would be impossible not to notice the glaring absurdity of the most startling innovations, which it seems to be his Lordship's desire to introduce into the moral system, or to refrain from reprobating the very great latitude, in which Lord Byron has indulged himself on all topics connected with ethics. The harmony of rhythm, the fascinations of poetry, and all the liveliness of imagery, cannot atone for the indecencies and indelicacies of *Don Juan*, or throw a veil over

the gross obscenities, and seductive descriptions, and profligate representations, which mark its pages to a criminal degree. Should the unwary acquiesce in the sentiments abounding in almost every canto of this extraordinary production, let them reflect on the dangerous consequences of this untoward circumstance. Where should we look for security against the treachery of insidious friendship, or redress for the heartless violation of domestic peace and comfort? We have every desire to do justice to the talents of Lord Byron as a poet, and the merits of the present publication.

It is not our intention to enter into a laboured criticism of *Don Juan* as a work of genius, of which there can be no dispute; we are only desirous of opposing the scaring anomaly of Lord Byron's doctrines, which are advanced in contradistinction to received opinions. To shock the feelings by the inflexible maintenance of sentiments ingendered in scorn and hatred of the most sacred obligations of our duty, in our relation of social beings, seems to be the great aim and object of the poem. Of the truth of this no other proof need be adduced, than what is abundantly afforded in the work itself. We now proceed to a review of some of the topics, embraced in the first five cantos of *Don Juan*; but in a strain very different from that in which Lord Byron has treated them.

Man, it is allowed on all hands, is a social being; and regarding this character in a relative point of view, it will be found that it is not in his nature to lead the solitary life of savage rudeness. But whether it be his province to solicit an intercourse with one of his own hardier sex, or to cultivate a closer and more intimate connection with one of the opposite sex, it matters not, the grand object of our being is answered. It is not from a love of singularity that Lord Byron wishes to startle us with paradoxes the most strange and novel; it is from a settled principle of deep-rooted hatred, we apprehend, of the fair sex, that he indulges in the most cutting sarcasms against them. To say the least, we think such conduct unmanly and unchristian. His Lordship is determined to war with woman; and in whatever relation he is pleased to regard her, he will exhaust the utmost force of his malice to render her obnoxious to our better feelings. He recklessly tears the matrimonial veil, and supposes every husband a rake, and every wife a wanton. Ere, however, Lord Byron another time chooses to exult over the misfortunes of other people, it would be far more salutary for his Lordship to scan over the catalogue of his own infirmities, which should first be cured of its festering loathsomeness, before a remedy is proposed for the diseases of others. We venerate the custom of our progenitors, from a principle of real respect and benevo-

lence; and an institution, which bears the sanction and impress of divine authority, is entitled to our unqualified reverence and approbation. We revert to Lord Byron's heartless attack on the married state, which is contained in the first canto. It cannot be denied that marriage is the institution of Heaven; and, being such, ought to be, and generally is, held sacred. The attempt to shake this prevailing notion—a notion which the experience of ages has shewn to be founded on a solid basis, and which has also tended to the exercise of the purest virtue, is impious. It is this feeling of impiety—this hardness of heart, that has rendered Lord Byron a systematic scorner of woman. His Lordship knows full well the sole purpose for which she was created; but because this belief has neither “part nor lot” with *his* creed, he has become her “desolating angel.” Virtue is not in her portion; affection is not in her possession: her prominent characteristic is a passion the lowest, vilest, and most degrading—*desire*: with this she combines an affection the most perfidious—*deceit*. This is woman, according to Lord Byron—a *deadly weapon* and a *name*—

—————“Perfidious bark,
Born in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark.”

Most assuredly it cannot be too much to say, that this notion is as devoid of *charity* and *truth*, as it is *not* of *atrocious* and *depravity*. We would ask Lord Byron to turn away for a while from his own picture, and look at the scenes of nobleness and virtue that may be observed to be practised by his own countrywomen, in that happy, thrice happy land, which has given them birth—in its *mansions* and its *cottages*, and then pronounce upon the character of woman. In the one, he will observe the practice of the most ennobling virtue, evinced in the acts of benevolence and kindness exercised amongst the tenantry around, and in the existence of happiness within the domestic circle; in the other, the practice of the most kindly affections, seen in the mother's solicitude evinced for her children's welfare, in the wife's care in providing for her husband's wants, and in her exercising a thousand nameless little acts of kindness and good will towards her neighbours. This is woman, as chronicled in our country's records: and is she not then worth possession? may she not realize the promise of our most sanguine hopes? But this hatred of the female sex is a slight charge, compared with that on the subject of which we commenced our strictures—his scorn of marriage. This institution, ordained by Heaven for the wellbeing of man, has by every right and well-principled mind been regarded with reverence and affection. Lord Byron has no other feeling with which to view it, than derision and contempt. The good man with this hallowed theme, associates ideas of purity and

love: his Lordship inculcates more than the reverse of these; with him marriage conceals within, even the dregs drained from the *cup of sin*; it is but a cloak for the deepest hypocrisy, and the grossest sensuality. It is no excuse to urge in Lord Byron's behalf, that he merely represents the frequent perversions of the right uses of matrimony, because this plea will not avail in his favour. If he had depicted the foibles and frailties of humanity, to improve his kind by the delineations, serving as a *beacon* to warn us of the dangers of the moral shoals and quicksands, that so thickly surround us in our progress through the ocean of human life, most willingly, then, should we pay our tribute of respect and thankfulness for such laudable exertions, and extend that excuse which, under other circumstances, we must now withhold. On the contrary, Lord Byron, from the portals of the magician, has held out a torch, the brilliancy of whose glare attracts the greater multitude, who, when within the magic circle, and in the presence of the magician, surrender themselves to the influence of his wonder-working powers; and then what can the effect be but mischief, where virtue is derided, unpitied, scorned, regarded as a thing of "nothing worth;" and where, to crown all, *vice* is so attired as to have its *deformities* transformed into *beauties*—its loathsomeness into fascinations:—like the *ignis-fatuus*, decoying us into a pursuit, it suddenly leaves us in darkness, and to probable destruction.

Pursuing the same train of thought, we would descant a little on the moral inculcated in the stanza that follows. From Mount Sinai, amidst mighty signs and wonders, amidst thunderings and lightnings, man was forbidden to commit adultery. It is a command that has been held sacred, in obedience to Him from whom it emanated, as well as in esteem for the real usefulness which results from the observance of it: it is a command which, when infringed, has caused to many a violator sorrow and anguish, verging on intensity;—but it is a command, which it was reserved for Lord Byron to scoff at. This will be the only impression on the mind of the reader, on a perusal of stanza 62 of the first canto. To palliate the crime, because a jury has to return damages, as a reparation to the injured husband, and in punishment to the offender, is worse than useless. The crime is not the less odious, because there is no punishment on the statute-book assigned to those who are guilty of it; and the aggravation is a thousand fold the greater, to urge one word in extenuation of the sin, because the *law* provides an ineffectual, and perhaps a questionable kind of punishment for it. It is easy to perceive, that the sin of adultery even is thought by Lord Byron, too venial to admit of serious reflection. With him it is nothing to rebel, not with fear, but with impious daring, against the law of the Most

High. It is nothing to make woman, created for man's happiness, the victim of his seduction; it is nothing to hercave a husband of the object which gave to life its value; it is nothing to rob a family of infant children of her, to whom alone they could look for maternal affection; it is nothing to betray friendship; it is nothing to violate hospitality. All these heresies, opposed to all that which is held dear to us, and more than richly prized by us, which is pronounced with veneration by every voice, and hallowed by every tongue, are inculcated without one feeling of pain, contrition, remorse, or hesitation: and can it be too much for us to be indignant at such wickedness and profligacy—for every pure and lofty feeling to be up in arms against this common enemy of our present and future happiness?

But his Lordship, not satisfied with the above attack on the defenceless female, returns to his charge in stanza the fourth of Canto III. It is not easy to conjecture whence originates this hatred of the fair. In his opinion, woman is the most abandoned and profligate creature imaginable; and he pretty clearly gives us to understand, that, unless from her infancy she be devoted to an ascetic life, she must naturally be perverted and lost: yet if this had really been the case, we may be allowed to presume, that the world would hardly have been honoured with the existence of his Lordship, and consequently the female character would have suffered little from Lord Byron's unceasing animosity. Who indeed would credit, that even Lord Byron himself had at one period of his life felt the power of feminine fascination, and owned the force of omnipotent love: and still less will it be believed, that, after having laid his scared heart open to the prying curiosity of every beholder, and appealed to our sympathy in strains of poetry to which we can find no parallel, his Lordship would himself have reversed the picture. To Lord Byron genius seems to have been given, not as a blessing, but as a malediction. Is his Lordship compelled to seek female society from motives of pure and disinterested friendship? O! no—he has long convinced himself that woman is a treacherous being—her breast outwardly bears indeed a semblance, but a faint semblance of heaven, and promises a foretaste of the bliss of paradise; but inwardly it conceals the consuming fire of hell, while its embrace would communicate the acutest pang of misery. She wears indeed the smile of a cherub, only to hide the loathsome features of a demon. Such is woman, as Lord Byron has chosen to represent her: but let him at the same time recollect, that if to her be ascribable the chief part of our infelicity, to her also are we indebted for our redemption. If Heaven has been pleased to afflict man for her sake, through her also did the world become regenerate. How amiable was the conduct of our first parent towards the partner of his bosom. He did not upbraid

her for her crime; he did not reproach her for her folly; he deserted her not in the hour of need and trial; but generously consented to accompany her in her exile, and to participate with her in the consequences of the original curse of disobedience pronounced by the Almighty fiat upon their posterity. It is true, he forfeited Eden; but he repined not at its loss, and thought that in her bosom Eden would bloom afresh, and perhaps found the vision realized.

We observe, in another part of his poem, Lord Byron gibing at Plato. We should not have noticed this circumstance for any ridicule that might be affixed on that great man; though our indignation may well be called forth, when the vulgar and slippant epithets of "charlatan" and "coxcomb" are applied to one for whom, from our earliest days, we have had the greatest respect. The motive that prompts us to say a few words on the topic is, we trust, of a higher and more meritorious sort; we combat, as far as our feeble powers will admit, those notions which tend to sap the foundations of virtue, and on her ruins to lay the groundworks of *vice*. The minutest point that can, with any, even the slightest effect, be brought to bear against morality, is sure to be availed of by his Lordship; and here we would but advert to the meaning of the passage. It would appear like a truism, were we to labour in proving to our readers that Plato's doctrines, sublime in their nature, lean to "virtue's side;" and we believe it will not be disallowed, that such is the prevailing notion of Plato's character. To attempt, therefore, to designate such a man, and to term such a character, a *pander* to the sensual passions, must be wicked. Viewing the subject in any way, the consequence cannot be *good* and *commendable*, but otherwise must be positively *bad* and *disgraceful*: for the attempt is marked with *maliginity* towards a fellow creature, and with *hatred* towards the virtuous doctrines and principles his whole life was most assiduously employed in inculcating; and when such elements combine

"To ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm,"

is it, we ask, an improbability to conjecture, that some may not be infected by the *plague* and the *pestilence*?

Again, we detect his Lordship aiming a side-blow at *religion*. We are not apprehensive at all that Christianity is likely to suffer, even in the remotest degree, from such attacks, dictated as they are by the *venom* of unbelief, and the powerful talents of a Byron. We apprehend nothing of this kind; for we have the strongest reason for believing, that even the "powers of hell shall not prevail against it." But we tremble for the consequence that such loose and pernicious writings may have on weak minds; for there is not always "Balm in Gilead;" the *poison* will too surely work, if there be no *antidote* within reach to

counteract its effects. How perverted must be the mind of that man, whose genius and talent are a snare to the unwary, and a certain prelude to the ways of perdition! We have been led into this train of thought by an indecent allusion to the Virgin Mary—a name never uttered but with the most sacred regard and affection—never associated with other feelings than those of purity and devotion. Lord Byron, however, has a heart hard and wicked enough to associate it even with scenes of lewdness and profligacy. Whilst we descant on the topic, we shudder, intensely shudder, for him, who so daringly provokes the anger of a “jealous God,”—we pity, tremblingly pity, him who is so far in the “error of his way,”—we hope, sincerely hope, that ere the period, the *dreaded* and *dreadful* period, shall have arrived, when his days shall be numbered on earth, he will be found holding “unwaveringly and fast the profession of that faith,” which alone can avail offending man at the hour of final *retribution*. We cannot trust ourselves a moment longer with the theme—in its nature most *hallowed*—in its consequences, as it affects the *believer*, most *joyous*—as it regards the *sinner*, most *dreadful*.

We have now disposed of the most objectionable topics in the first five cantos of Don Juan, with the exception of his attempt to ridicule, in the most unfeeling manner, such illustrious and exalted characters as Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Burns, and a few others. In this instance, however, we think that his Lordship has a little overshot the mark, and the “venom of the shaft cannot be mistaken for the vigour of the bow.” Lord Byron is resolved to spare none; but to scoff at every thing. Heaven is not too high, nor hell too low for him to attack. Eternity is to his imagination a mere “shadowy dream;” and he shudders no more to grapple with Omnipotence, than he cares to pounce upon laureates. An unfeeling and heartless sneer is indulged in at the expense of Milton’s domestic broils, and Shakespeare is to be derided for his youthful indiscretions—Bacon’s fame is to be tarnished for his want of honesty, and Burns to be stigmatized, because he had been guilty of some imagined folly. In a word, the whole race of mankind must be exposed, and have their reputation mangled and trampled upon, because they are not exempt from the common frailties of their condition. The fame of the mighty masters whom we have mentioned, is too firmly established to be easily shaken by the breath of scandal, even though it should proceed from the mouth of Byron. The waves may indeed dash against the rock to eternity; but the proud mass will stand still and unmoved, towering to the skies, and mocking the fury of the combined elements, till Nature herself shall be annihilated in the “wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.”

Of the poetical merits of Don Juan, as there cannot be two opinions on the subject, we shall not be expected to speak

much at large. It is undoubtedly a work of genius; and with all its faults, it is capable of engaging the attention, and affording amusement to the most superficial reader. The metre, however, does not, in our judgment, appear happily chosen, while the termination of the lines in many of the stanzas is considerably weakened by the too frequent use of the feeblest expletives.

The poem unfortunately teems with too large a share of caustic humour and bitterness of sarcasm. We look upon *Don Juan* as the offspring of a perverted imagination; and it betrays a spirit of malignity, which no consideration, it is to be feared, will ever be capable of eradicating from Lord Byron's mind. He pursues his political enemies with the malice of a fiend, and rails at women with unconquerable malignity. Lord Byron would rather see the fairest flowret blighted with premature decay, than stop to watch its petals expanding into full blossom. The flush on the cheek of loveliness is incapable of filling his heart with the glow of impassioned tenderness: no! he would rather behold the bloom on the features of young beauty sinking into the livid paleness of death, and the lip, instead of being dimpled with the smile of virtuous affection, blanched by the burning kiss of unhallowed desire. Although we cannot take upon ourselves to say that *Don Juan* is totally exempt from faults, yet they are so few, (we mean on the score of its poetical merits,) that few would care to scan them over, and they are lost amid the blaze of beauties which adorn its pages: like the sun, which though it may be partially obscured by an eclipse, still presents a golden circlet to our view, enough to dazzle the sight; or when he sinks behind the uprisen clouds, and tinges their blue skirts with a broad streak of gold.

It now becomes our duty to present our readers with extracts from the poem we have been reviewing; but we shall necessarily be obliged to curtail our quotations, for obvious reasons. As the former part of *Don Juan* has long been in print, and imagining that the public are quite familiar with its contents, we shall pass them over, and revert to the remaining six cantos, which have been recently published---premising, in the outset, that we are unable to favour our readers with a general outline of the story, which would occupy a much larger space than we could well spare. After having experienced a variety of fortunes, *Don Juan* finds himself introduced into the harem of a native prince, whose fair consort conceives a strange partiality for him. He is, however, dismissed for the present; and being attired in female garb, the women in the seraglio have no suspicion of his sex. He is about to retire for the night, and soon becomes the bed-fellow of one of the ladies of the harem. Of the three who contested for the honour of his company, we are tempted to give the description.

XLI.

" Lolah was dusk as India, and as warm ;
 Kantika was a Georgian, white and red,
 With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,
 And feet so small, they scarce seemed made to tread,
 But rather skim the earth ; while Dudù's form
 Looked more adapted to be put to bed,
 Being somewhat large, and languishing, and lazy,
 Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

XLII.

" A kind of sleepy Venus seemed Dudù,
 Yet very fit to ' murder sleep ' in those
 Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,
 Her attic forehead, and her Phidian nose :
 Few angles were there in her form 'tis true,
 Thinner she might have been, and yet scarce lose ;
 Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where
 It would not spoil some separate charm to *pare*.

XLIII.

" She was not violently lively, but
 Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking ;
 Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half shut,
 They put beholders in a tender taking ;
 She looked, (this simile's quite new,) just cut
 From marble, like Pygmalion's statue, making
 The mortal and the marble still at strife.
 And timidly expanding into life."—pp. 21, 22, Canto VI.

While Lolah and Kantika busy themselves in putting frivolous questions, such as relate to his name and country, to Don Juan, who in consequence of his disguise is obliged to change his nomenclature, Dudù seems to be very differently, perhaps more pleasantly employed.

" Dudù said nothing, but sat down beside
 Juanna, playing with her veil or hair ;
 And looking at her steadfastly, she sighed,
 As if she pitied her for being there ;
 A pretty stranger, without friend or guide,
 And all abashed too at the general stare
 Which welcomes hapless strangers in all places,
 With kind remarks upon their mien and faces."—p. 25, Canto VI.

We had almost forgotten to observe, that Juan's youthful appearance and comely features favoured his concealment not a little, so that the women in the harem could hardly be expected to detect him. But we shrewdly conjecture, from what escaped Lolah and Kantika, in respect to their anxiety to have the disguised youth for their bedfellow, that they must have had a suspicion of his sex. Lolah's entreaty, however, is not attended to, and poor Kantika meets with a similar disappointment and repulse from the old matron, who it appears was a kind of governess to the female attendants in the seraglio.

XLVII.

“ Here Lolah interposed—‘ Mamma, you know
 You don’t sleep soundly, and I cannot bear
 That any body should disturb you so ;
 I’ll take Juanna ; we’re a slender pair
 Than you would make the half of ;—don’t say no ;
 And I of your young charge will take due care.’
 But here Kantika interfered, and said,
 ‘ She also had compassion and a bed.

XLVIII.

“ ‘ Besides, I hate to sleep alone,’ quoth she.
 The matron frowned : ‘ Why so ?’—‘ For fear of ghosts,’
 Replied Kantika ; ‘ I am sure I see
 A phantom upon each of the four posts ;
 And then I have the worst dreams that can be,
 Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginnis, and Gouls in hosts.’
 The dame replied, ‘ Between your dreams and you,
 I fear Juanna’s dreams would be but few.’—pp. 24, 25, Canto
 VI.

The superannuated lady, having thus silenced both Lolah and Kantika, decides that Juanna should take up her night’s rest with Dudù, who had all this while remained quite unconcerned at what was going forward. But the moment she heard how the old matron had resolved to dispose of their new companion, she is all life, pertness, and agility :

“ But she rose up, and kissed the matron’s brow
 Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,
 Kantika too ; and with a gentle bow,
 (Curties are neither used by Turks nor Greeks,)
 She took Juanna by the hand to show
 Their place of rest, and left to both their piques,
 The others peering at the matron’s preference
 Of Dudù, though they held their tongues from deference.”

A slight sketch is given of Dudù’s apartment, while the three following stanzas are occupied with a renewal of the description of her charms, written with a degree of felicity and animation, that even at the risk of being thought tedious and tiresome, we are tempted to quote them.

LII.

“ Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,
 Not very dashing, but extremely winning,
 With the most regulated charms of feature,
 Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning
 Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature
 Which they hit off at once in the beginning,
 Full of expression, right or wrong, that strike,
 And pleasing or unpleasing, still are like.

LIII.

“ But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
 Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,

Luxuriant, budding ; cheerful without mirth,
 Which if not happiness, is much more nigh it
 Than are your mighty passions and so forth,
 Which some call ' the sublime : ' I wish they'd try it :
 I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
 And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

LIV.

" But she was pensive more than melancholy,
 And serious more than pensive, and serene,
 It may be, more than either—not unholy
 Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have been.
 The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was wholly
 Unconscious, albeit turned of quick seventeen,
 That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall ;
 She never thought about herself at all."—pp. 27, 28, Canto VI.

Having conducted Juanna to her apartment, Dudù, without the least ceremony, or shadow of bashfulness, begins to change her dress. She was totally unconscious of Don Juan's disguise, and taking him for what he really appeared, it is no wonder that Dudù should forthwith proceed to the task of laying aside the cumbrous dress.

LX.

" In perfect innocence she then unmade
 Her toilette, which cost little, for she was
 A child of nature, carelessly arrayed :
 If foud of a chance ogle at her glass,
 'Twas like the fawn which, in the lake displayed,
 Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass,
 When first she starts, and then returns to peep,
 Admiring this new native of the deep.

LXI.

" And one by one her articles of dress
 Were laid aside ; but not before she offered
 Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess
 Of modesty declined the assistance proffered :
 Which past well off—as she could do no less ;
 Though by this politesse she rather suffered,
 Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,
 Which surely were invented for our sins."

The imagery expressed in the two following stanzas, descriptive of the midnight scene, and the stale of those who were grasped in the arms of Morpheus, is too well conceived to be passed over in silence.

LXV.

" Many and beautiful lay those around,
 Like flowers of different hue, and clime, and root,
 In some exotic garden sometimes found,
 With cost, and care, and warmth increased to shoot.
 One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
 And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit

Nods from the tree, was shumbering with soft breath,
And lips apart, which showed the pearls beneath.

LXVI.

“ One with her flushed cheek laid on her white arm,
And raven ringlets gathered in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm,
And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud
The moon breaks, half unveiled each further charin,
And slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night,
All bashfully to struggle into light.”—pp. 33 and 34, Canto VI.

Dudù had not long retired to “steep her senses in forgetfulness,” before the stillness of the scene was disturbed by the occurrence of a circumstance no less strange than it was novel and whimsical.

“ But all this time how slept, or dreamed Dudù,
With strict inquiry I could ne’er discover,
And scorn to add a syllable untrue :
But ere the middle watch was hardly over,
Just when the fading lamps waned dim and blue,
And phantoms hovered, or might seem to hover,
To those who like their company, about
The apartment, on a sudden she screamed out.”—p. 36, Can. VI.

All was now confusion and uproar. Attracted by the noise which Dudù made in her slumbers, the old matron and the rest of the maidens in the harem rushed into Dudù’s apartment to inquire into the cause of her alarm.

“ But wide awake she was, and in her bed,
With floating draperies and with flying hair,
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,
And bosoms, arms, and ankles glaucing bare,
And bright as any meteor ever bred
By the north pole, they sought her cause of care,
For she seemed agitated, flushed, and frightened,
Her eye dilated, and her colour brightened.”

While such was the state of things in the seraglio, a complete scene of consternation and dismay, Juanna seemed to be unconscious of what was passing around her.

“ But what is strange—and a strong proof how great
A blessing is sound sleep—Juanna lay
As fast as ever husband by his mate
In holy matrimony snores away.
Not all the clamour broke her happy state
Of slumber, ere they shook her—so they say
At least—and then she too unclosed her eyes,
And yawned a good deal, with discreet surprise.”

This is an incident, which appears to us rather extraordinary, and in spite of the evidence which the author is pleased to adduce of Don Juan’s being found fast asleep at a moment when the whole seraglio was disturbed by Dudù’s scream, we have our

suspicion that the latter was at the bottom of the affair. But here, for decency's sake, we drop the matter, and proceed to notice the investigation which the old matron thought proper to hold, in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. Dudù in this relates, that she dreamed of having rambled into a wood, overgrown with plants and fruit-trees of various sorts, and at length accounts for the circumstance alluded to, as described in the following stanzas.

LXXVI.

" And in the midst a golden apple grew,—
A most prodigious pippin—but it hung
Rather too high and distant ; that she threw
Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung
Stones and whatever she could pick up, to
Bring down the fruit, which still perversely clung
To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,
But always at a most provoking height ;—

LXXVII.

" That on a sudden, when she least had hope,
It fell down of its own accord, before
Her feet ; that her first movement was to stoop,
And pick it up, and bite it to the core ;
That just as her young lip began to ope
Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,
A fire flew out, and stung her to the heart,
And so—she woke with a great scream and start."

Here ends this strange adventure ; and after experiencing various changes of fortune, we trace Don Juan, engaged under the red banner of the god of war. The Russians having laid siege to the town Ismail, after a fierce struggle carried the place at the point of the sword. Don Juan had joined the besieging party ; and at the critical moment, when two of the Russian soldiers were on the eve of butchering an unfortunate Moslem female child, renders her the most essential service, that of saving her life, by sabering both the savage brutes who were going to sacrifice her, without shewing any pity to her sex and age. Having thus unceremoniously despatched the ruffians, nothing farther remains to be done, than for Don Juan to remove the pious object of his humanity and compassion from the scene of devastation and bloodshed. This, however, was at length accomplished ; but in the mean time, the interview which takes place between them is affectingly described.

XCV.

" And she was chill as they, and on her face
A slender streak of blood announced how near
Her fate had been to that of all her race ;
For the same blow, which laid her mother here,
Had scared her brow, and left its crimson trace,
As the last link with all she had held dear ;

But else unhurt, she opened her large eyes,
And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

XCVI.

" Just at this instant, while their eyes were fixed
Upon each other, with dilated glance,
In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear mixed
With joy to save, and dread of some mischance
Unto his protegee ; while hers, transfixed
With infant terrors, glared as from a trance,
A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face—
Like to a lighted alabaster vase."—pp. 158, 159. Canto VIII.

Shortly after the capture of Ismail, Juan is despatched by the Russian general with the successful news to the imperial court of Catherine ; and of course, the orphan girl we have mentioned accompanies her generous protector.

" The Moslem orphan went with her protector,
For she was homeless, houseless, helpless ; all
Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,
Had perished in the field, or by the wall ;
Her very place of birth was but a spectre
Of what it had been ; there the Muezzin's call
To prayer was heard no more.—And Juan wept,
And made a vow to shield her, which he kept."—p. 181. Can. VIII.

We would most gladly extend our quotations still further, if we were not apprehensive of trespassing too much upon the forbearance and attention of the public ; besides, we begin to fear that we have already transgressed the limits we had originally prescribed to ourselves in pursuing the extracts—but our task is not yet done : there are two or three topics connected with its object, and descanted upon in the poem, in a tone of startling freedom, which it would be a dereliction of our duty to pass by without observation. Let it, however, be borne in mind, that we have less to do with the merits or demerits of the publication in question, than with the tendency of the doctrines therein inculcated, which alone we are anxious to combat.

We have arisen from the perusal of *Don Juan*, not much edified nor amused ; but rather like a wearied traveller, who, whilst he has in remembrance the wonders of nature and the curiosities of art which he saw in his visits to different climes, thinks also upon the perils he has encountered, the dangers he has braved, and the troubles he has suffered. There was a time indeed, when the name of Byron used to sound in the ears of his admirers like the voice of the charmer, and had the power of witchery ; but the illusion is gone ; and we have at length learnt to listen to his accents, with no other feelings than the coldness of apathy, and the silence of indifferent stoicism. Lord Byron ought to know, that greater infidels than himself have endeavoured to over-

ous visitings" of a troubled mind—but without avail. Nothing, however, is more certain than this, that though the voice of conscience be not loud, it is still deep and penetrating: and that consequently it is capable of making itself heard in the midst of the most dissipated revelry, however it may pass unheeded at the time; and of checking the progress of infidelity and scoffing, like the divine sword, which, unseen, intercepted the path of Balaam, and punished his arrogance. Lord Byron may indeed bring forward instances of the grossest perversion of the plainest truths, and produce examples of the blackest infamy and turpitude—even amongst sanctified characters—but it must be remembered, that individual villainy will not justify universal implication. It is within the province of sophistry to gloss over the faults of its votaries, and to paint the characters of its opponents in frightful colours: and thus it frequently happens, that the Manichee and risantrophe succeed in their vocation to blindfold those who want either the inclination or the application to persevere in the path of rectitude. If Lord Byron and his followers wish every relation of life to be dissolved before the touch of his magic wand, for no other reason than because it is possible that treachery *may* lurk under the semblance of friendship,—that the fond partner of our bosoms may be seduced to the commission of adultery by the deep-laid snares of an artifice, which gradually entwines itself around the unsuspecting heart, that it may the more safely wound it,—that the beloved pledge of mutual endearment and tenderness, may possibly wear the covert form of dutiful affection, in order to succeed with greater certainty as a particide,—that the servant may assume the master, and the slave be converted into the tyrant,—it is a species of tergiversation unparalleled even in the annals of time-serving philosophy, and may help to answer the private ends of interested individuals: but an upright understanding does not stand in need of sophism to direct the judgment to a proper conclusion. The world is not now in its leading-strings, to be so easily imposed upon with the most barefaced tales of incredulity; and if Lord Byron expects that his opinions on any subject should carry weight with them, how irreconcilable soever they may be to received truths, let him change the existing order of things, and persuade us that *hell* is much more desirable than *heaven*; that virtue possesses fewer charms than vice; that disease and poverty are preferable to health and affluence; imbecility to manly vigour; and immorality to religion, before he can have the chance to succeed in prevailing upon us to quit the substance for the shadow, to exchange the reality for an empty mockery, and to sacrifice both present prosperity and future happiness for the mere pleasure of wedding misery here, and eternal damnation to come. We require no stretch of a fantasti-

cal imagination to convince us, that the sun imparts life to vegetation, and vigour to the animal creation, that it shines alike on the good and the bad, and performs its appointed revolution, without reference to the mutability of human opinions or human affairs; but it is no refutation of established truth to assert, that, because its destructive influence is felt in a greater degree in one part of the world than another, the variations of the seasons operate to the prejudice of mankind. The moon and the stars diffuse their radiance over the whole universe; but would it not be the height of presumption to contend, that, because the nocturnal depredator meets with encouragement from this circumstance in his nefarious pursuits, we are naturally to regard the planetary system as a curse to the human race? The ocean rolls on from shore to shore, inviting the boldness of enterprize, and offering peculiar advantages to the spirit of commerce; but is it to be supposed that, because it conceals hideous rocks beneath its surface, we should not trust the issues of our fate to the direction of Omnipotent wisdom? Mighty rivers break their mounds, and fertilize the country for the benefit of man; but though the peaceful cattle grazing on the banks are sometimes swept away to destruction, and the hope of the husbandman is blasted, does it follow, as a matter of course, that real *evil* preponderates in a greater proportion than actual good? Thunderstorms and lightnings conduce to the rarefaction of an impure atmosphere; but is health therefore less valuable, because sickness sometimes overtakes us? Are the blessings of this life to be less esteemed and sought after, because they may adventitiously be mingled with a portion of evil; and is the justice of supreme Majesty to be questioned, merely because Heaven for a while suffers determined wickedness to overpower unprotected goodness?

Don Juan is a character, the very reverse of that which we should like to see a great poet select for his hero. It cannot be denied, that Lord Byron has done all that the combination of genius and poetry could do for the creature of his fancy—and he has even attempted to force upon our credulity a tainted picture for one perfect and unstained. He has certainly not failed in representing Don Juan as the victim of perfidy and art; and, in the undisguised spirit of hypocritical cant, tried to gall us with the belief that Juan is a personage “more sinned against than sinning.” There is much to blame in the story of his connection with Donna Julia, a female who may be looked upon as a libel upon human nature, and a disgrace to her sex; but though we cannot be angry with Juan for permitting himself to be duped with so much facility by the arts of an intriguing woman, we cannot sufficiently reprehend him for allowing himself to be

we think, under existing circumstances, as aggravations of his crimes; and though one cannot refrain from the relaxation of one's gravity, at the ludicrous figure which the hero makes in the bed-chamber of Julia, when he trundles out in the mattress, in spite of the risible faculty, we cannot but pity the degradation into which the female character is here deliberately plunged. We lament with real sincerity, that so much pains should have been taken to offer every apology for Julia's offences, whose determination to take the veil, in order to atone for her moral turpitude, is much more dangerous to female purity than the continuance in a state of adultery would have been: because, if such a resolution could be considered as any palliation of guilt, we fear her example would afford only so many more inducements to the female world for the sacrifice of their peace and honour, only to secure the unmolested enjoyment of forbidden and unhallowed pleasures. No regard would be paid to the opinions of society; and young creatures of both sexes would rush into the dangerous whirlpool of dissipation and lewdness, without reflecting on the perilous consequences of indulging in unrestrained passions. The bond of social intercourse would soon dissolve in the unquenchable fire of brutal licentiousness; and that respect and protection which the fair now extort from us would be converted into the opposite extremes. We should, in that case, be apt to look upon every woman as only another Julia---a sort of public property, which every man was at liberty to seize, that he might appropriate it to his own use; and after it had answered his purposes, cast it away to serve those of another. We ask the noble author, after the view we have taken of his system, whether its adoption has the tendency of promoting the happiness of his species? If not, we will only observe, why does he persist in torturing our feelings?---We now pass on to Don Juan at sea. The picture there exhibited of the miseries of famine, instead of exciting the sympathy of his readers for the misfortunes of his hero, will, we greatly apprehend, force him either to shut the book, or to turn over a few of its pages. There is not much of truth or reality in the description he has given of this noted scene; but our want of faith whispers, that it is all a fiction. With respect to *Haidee*, she is a lovely phantom, perhaps a vision conjured up by a warm imagination. Be this as it may, we confess our weakness in saying, that we fell almost in love with her, when we were first introduced to her acquaintance. We were, in short, charmed to intoxication, when the glowing picture of this seraphic beauty first met our view, and thought that the world, with all its enchantments, was well worth a sacrifice, if *Haidee* could be purchased with its loss---but, as we proceeded on with her narrative, we

gels need not be ashamed. Happy would it be for mankind, if the world were more abundantly peopled with *Haidees*—with her charms to engage the affections—but without her folly to atone for her sins ; because if every *Haidee* we encountered resembled her in every respect, with the form of a seraph, but the taint of the devil, much better were it for man to be left alone and solitary, companionless and wretched, than that he should incur the penalty of linking himself with depravity. Gifted with something more than mortal charms, and formed every way for love and happiness, had Lord Byron given a different turn to the catastrophe of her story, we should perhaps not have felt ourselves disposed to use so much severity with the noble bard. But while her fascinations have the power of exercising a witchery over every sympathy of the heart—while the dazzling splendor of her beauty captivates the imagination, and her loveliness calls forth every energy of the mind, the devotion of youthful passions verges to the enthusiasm of idolatry. A being like *Haidee* could have held the universe in willing thralldom ; and her fetters, so far from being oppressive, would have been coveted, and worn with pleasure. She might have gone on extending her conquests from one extremity of the world to another, and potentates and sovereigns would have vied with each other in yielding her the homage of their hearts. Such unlimited power *Haidee* could have possessed, in no other state than that of innocence ; and had she not fallen from the proud pre-eminence, she might have continued to look on the world around her with self-satisfaction, like an angel of bliss, just issuing from the portals of heaven with glad tidings to mankind. Her little island was but fairy land, with every object wearing the face of enchantment, and the graces and nymphs attending in her train ; while in her own form might have been recognized the features of a seraph. But the picture is reversed ; and we think not of *Haidee*, but of her degradation. We dwell less on her charms, than on the loss of her virtue. Her wantonness, her weakness, are subjects of the deepest regret to us, and interest the happiness and welfare of womankind in no small degree. And if the truth must be told, we may affirm, without the hazard of contradiction, that, viewing *Haidee*, not as she was, but as she is, in our enquiry into the female character, perhaps it is with no little reluctance we observe she occupies a smaller place in our estimation than the moral and social condition of her sex in general. To her, if we could once be brought to adopt the principles of Lord Byron, we might be justified in applying the language of dissatisfaction : “ Oh woman ! woman ! why art thou so lovely, and yet so deceitful ! Why wearest thou the semblance

we have not such a despicable opinion of the loveliest and fairest part of the creation. It is true, that man, for her sake, was contented to incur the penalty of disobedience in infringing the divine mandate,—it is true she is the cause of a considerable portion of the evils of this life,—it is true that to her weakness is owing a quantum of our miseries,—it is true also, that on her account many are contented to lose even heaven itself; but may it not be asked, at the same time, that were not all this the case, would the condition of humanity have been bettered? The garden of Eden, with all its blessed hopes, we have, in our first parents, forfeited; but it may be added, that a virtuous woman is but another Eden, and that in her love, and affection, and endearing sympathies, we may at least partially realize the happiness of Elysium itself. We mean no impiety, and we hope our readers will not put any objectionable construction on this passage.—The scene of revelry is given with great spirit and animation; the colouring is high-wrought, and the imagery splendid and striking. Haidee and Don Juan make a very conspicuous figure in it; but the mirth and jollity which prevailed at these orgies were interrupted by the sudden and unlooked-for appearance of Haidee's father, who had been out on a piratical expedition, and was supposed to be lost. Juan makes a show of ill-timed intrepidity, and his rashness is attended with fearful consequences; for he is seized and borne away to sea again, while Haidee expires from the excess of her affection for Juan. This seems somewhat incredible; for we have never heard that any maiden, though maddened with love, died from mere disappointment, in so short a period as a couple of days. We blame her father less for his summary proceedings towards her paramour, (for in no other character can we regard Juan,) than his rashness and folly in offering a fruitless opposition to the wishes of the former; for had Juan acted with a little more circumspection and prudence, it is possible he might have continued in the fruition of the short-lived joys, which promised him all that his heart could desire, and perhaps saved poor Haidee from a tragical end.—Juan's next adventure brings him to the seraglio of a native prince. He is sold as a slave, and gains admittance into the harem in female attire. There is nothing novel in this disguise, as it is in common practice now a days in native countries. We remember hearing numberless stories of handsome young men being picked out by that class of women commonly designated *Dueñas*. In this manner are the *unfortunate* youths, we were told, introduced into the *Zennanas* of the first families, where every attention is paid to the improvement of their appearance: they are fed with the most costly dainties, clothed with the most sumptuous apparel, and gratified in every wish which the heart can form, or unsparing profusion procure. As nothing is suffered to reach the ears of

the male part, the women indulge in all the criminality of lasciviousness, without any regard to the *health* of their victims, who, it will hardly be believed, expire from sheer exhaustion. These unhappy wretches are then thrown into a well, and the corpse covered with filth, dirt, and rubbish of every kind. There is not the slightest exaggeration in this account; and we should perhaps not lay much stress on these stories, were they not common in the mouths of people, and had we not also heard, that females of the highest respectability were frequently, under various pretexts and disguises, in the habit of issuing from their confinements, not only to visit their paramours, but to hire themselves out. The lady who had been at the expense of purchasing Juan for her own gratification, and who ran some risk of exposure and detection on his account, expected that he would have implicitly given himself up to her direction, but meets with a repulse from him. From Juan, or any other individual, in his situation, and of his habits, and tutored and hackneyed as he was in the ways of pleasure, which courted him under every line and shape, we were most certainly not prepared to look for coyness. Whether Juan is deserving of any legitimate praise for this partial glimpse of virtuous feeling, is a question which we leave to the persons who may be thought less prejudiced than ourselves. All that remains for us to say, is nothing more nor less, than that a man, who after having indulged in all the excesses of debauchery and licentiousness, either from mere satiety, vexation, or disappointment, makes a show of abhorrence of that very criminality in which he had all along delighted, is not much entitled to commiseration, or to an exemption from censure.—We pass on now to Don Juan's introduction to the court of Catherine of Russia. It is strange, that after his firm resolution to bear in perpetual remembrance the image of the beautiful *Haidee*, he should be lured away from the path of rectitude by the royal bait held out to him, and be plunged once more into the vortex of dissipation. Catherine was not certainly a woman of extraordinary beauty, or great personal accomplishments, or of attractions powerful enough to induce Juan to break his plight to *Haidee*, and so soon to blot out every recollection of the creature whom he had only a short time ago pretended to love with so much ardour of tenderness, and such fervency of passion. But there are many Juans in the world, who, while professing the same regard and affection for objects whom they make it the whole business of their lives to deceive and seduce, make no scruple to imitate his conduct. The character of the empress is drawn in the most hideous colours; so much so, that one would be naturally led to suppose that Lord Byron was determined to wage eternal war with the sex. Even his most unexceptionable females have some drawback to counterbalance their

best qualities ; and it is rather unaccountable, that his Lordship cannot favour us with a portraiture of the fair sex without a blemish. We conceive, that of all persons, Lord Byron has the least shadow of right to quarrel with the female community ; and when he next thinks proper to vent his malice against them, let him for once remember, that for the sake of one, if not two beings, he ought to restrain his railing propensity. We entertain no undue partiality for Catherine, and think that common charity ought to be a sufficient inducement to prevent Lord Byron from raking the ashes of the dead. But charity is a feeling, which we fear has seldom or never any weight with Byron and his adherents, however they may affect to a pretension of it. We beg to be distinctly understood, that we do not desire to be thought the apologists of the Empress Catherine, or tolerators of the vices of her, or any other court in the world. We only feel for human nature, and would wish to throw a veil over its frailties. We have a respect for those over whose remains the tomb has closed, and will not drag their failings to public light. With the remaining characters, which are of minor consideration, we are not disposed to meddle : but Don Juan we cannot dismiss without saying something farther about him. It shall be in few words : we think him the most finished piece of hypocrisy, unblushing impudence, and bold-faced profligacy. He becomes too early acquainted with vice, and is made to taste the bliss of mundane joys and pleasures, only to feel the pangs of misery with the keener anguish and sharper compunction. His next exploits are performed in England ; and here it was to be desired, that he had learned to cast off all those vile habits which he had imbibed from foreign education and foreign society. It would be defeating our object to accompany Don Juan through the whole multifarious course of his achievements : already have we exceeded the limits which we had originally assigned to our labours ; but there are one or two points still unnoticed, which we are imperiously called upon to bring under observation, with the view to refute the *pernicious* doctrines therein set forth.

In the two hundred and seventh stanza of the first canto of Don Juan, Lord Byron states, that his poem is not destitute of a moral. What his Lordship's idea may be of that feeling we cannot pretend to divine ; but our notion happens to be diametrically opposed to that of the noble bard ; and it may not be altogether irrelevant to investigate the merits of his assertion. The object which every writer professes to have, in sitting down to write and publish his work, is the improvement of his species, and the promotion of their happiness. He does not rest satisfied with a casual declaration of his object ; because affirmation, without proof of a good intention, would go for nothing. If he displays life in all its variety,—if he describes men and manners,

not as he would wish them to be, but as he actually and *bona fide* finds them,—if he represents things in their true colours, and not overwrought,—if he exposes natural depravity without exaggeration or concealment,—if, in short, he sets vice and virtue in their true lights before his readers, without an attempt to impose on their credulity, and does not treacherously confuse our ideas of the one with that of the other, stripping virtue of its natural loveliness and beauty, in order to adorn vice with the magic cestus of Venus, that men may be deceived by the false charms of the latter, and detest the former,—we say that he does more actual service to the human race, than all the bare assertions of a host of Byrons and his adherents. But reverse the picture, and what is there left for us to admire? Would the physician be excused, if he were rashly to abandon the long established practice of his profession, and administer the cathartics of a harsh system, without first resorting to the lenitives of a gentle treatment? What would be thought of the skilful pilot, who instead of guiding the vessel into the harbour of safety on the first indication of a storm, abandons the bark to the mercy of the waves and the fury of the tempest, to be dashed on the rocks, or engulfed in a watery grave? What are we to think of the parent, who turns himself the violator of his offspring's chastity, to save her from the violation of an unprincipled lover; or of the mother, who deliberately barter the innocence of her child, and unblushingly leads her to the couch of adultery, on the plea of rescuing her from the commission of incest? Might not the devil himself urge a similar excuse for leading astray the soul from the enjoyment of heavenly bliss, to taste the bitterness of hell, because the depravity of the heart was passed all reformation? These are appalling questions, and we may be supposed as transgressing the limits of moderation; but we boldly and confidently affirm, that such dreadful consequences would inevitably result from Lord Byron's system of morality, if his creed could once be received as pure and immaculate. One delinquency is not to be vindicated by another, and offences of omission are as flagrant as those of commission. It is idle to say, that what is vice in one country may be virtue in another. The "blind cannot lead the blind;" nor is the tolerance of corrupt habits in one country to be received as the very essence of refinement and civilization in another. The impurity of one stream cannot be purified by the clear current of another: and thus it is with the mind once thoroughly depraved; not all the waters of the ocean could wash away the black and loathsome stain which defiles it. The savage who satiates his thirst of revenge with the gore of his victim, may plead ignorance for his excuse; but the mind, refined by education, and purified at the spring of knowledge, would become the detested image of all the abhorred crimes which the combined malignity

of Hades itself could engender, if it sought a justification of its iniquities in the sleeping justice of Heaven. Paint pleasure, (we change the topic for contrast's sake,) in the most glittering colours, and represent vice in the most seductive and pleasing form, their fascinations and allurements would but terrify the virtuous, and encourage only the bad. If the former are to be restrained in their pursuits by the dread of sarcasm, and the latter to be encouraged by the cheers of applause, what is to become of moral responsibility, and for what purpose was a sense of right and wrong implanted in the breast? We reiterate, that man must be responsible to a superior Agent for his conduct in this life; the mind must learn to tremble at guilt, and the heart be harrowed up with the idea of infringement of the divine law—but if the vilest turpitude is to be viewed with stoical apathy, because it is not always that virtue meets with its own reward, and vice with its due punishment, or because greatness and meanness are sometimes blended together, religion becomes a mockery, and virtue a farce. Few care to reflect, that the justice of Heaven is not dead, but slumbers awhile, only to awaken with greater terrors at some future period; and when it once unsheathes its sword, it will sweep the impenitent to condign punishment, without a moment's reprieve.

If the mere assertion of Lord Byron, that his poem contains a moral, could be supposed to possess all the value of currency, we beg to remind his Lordship, that we are not now in a temper to be gulled by a *hoax*. The system of morality which Lord Byron and others of the same stamp are desirous of establishing, is contrary to what has heretofore been, with the soundest motives, received by the world. Nothing but the direst anarchy would ensue from the adoption of that which Lord Byron vindicates. The servant might raise his hand against his master, the father violate the chastity of his daughter, and the son triumph over the honour of his mother, with impunity: the guest may then safely rob his generous host, and friendship degenerate into treachery; the creature may safely impugn the justice of his Creator, and the powers of darkness be expected to prevail against those of light. Men of his Lordship's stamp are ever forming the wildest and strangest schemes of their own, and however absurd and foolish, they desire their substitution in lieu of the established order. Projects like theirs have no other object in view than self-aggrandisement and profit, and, reckless of every consequence, they would fain build their prospects of gain upon the ruined hopes of their fellow creatures. Whether one man pined in distress and want, or another lingered on the rack, or perished in a dungeon—whether female innocence fell a prey to brutal constupration, or rapine, murder, and blasphemy acquired the ascendancy—are considerations with which they seldom

trouble themselves. Cæsar-like they would much rather reign one day in the infernal regions of Tartarus, than enjoy the enrapturing bliss of Elysium, in common with others, to eternity. To the principles of ruffians they join the malice of a fiend, and it is not therefore to be wondered, that they growl at a system of philosophy purer than their own, which reduces the social condition to one level, without the acknowledgment of individual supremacy, and which makes man subordinate to a superior Agent, that exacts the fulfilment of every duty, moral and divine, and requires implicit obedience to his immutable decrees. It is against the authority of the great Author of our being that they declare, and maintain the most inveterate rebellion : not that there is any settled hatred engendered in their breasts against their fellow creatures in the abstract. This case applies to one set of the discontented and peevish ; but there is another, who though they pretend to entertain a high veneration for the supreme Being, are yet most unaccountable in the habit of giving undisguised expression to their feelings of animosity to the human race : this is a direct violation of the Christian precept, which requires that we should love one another ; and it betrays the pride and arrogance of the self-exalted Pharisee. The divine oracle has long settled the point, in its declaration, that he who despises the creature can have no love for the Creator.

Sarcasm and ridicule are weapons which the abandoned and the profligate never fail to employ against social order and religion, while they preach doctrines which would suit no other creed, except their own, and are inapplicable to a state of life which leaves us no choice with respect to our moral dependance or independence. The unchangeable laws of the Divinity must not be broken, without we hold ourselves responsible for their infringement. It is no proof of fortitude to set death at defiance ; for there is a point, at which the stoutest heart sometimes fails ; and when once the appointed hour comes, and we feel the doom about to be accomplished, of which we first begin to have presentiments, in the icy chillness creeping into the frame, where is the mind that would not shrink back upon itself at the recollection, that to the guilty there is no peace beyond the grave ? We have known men to vaunt with all the boast of stoicism, when they had no apprehension of their fate ; but when they beheld the uplifted axe of fate, and the stroke about to descend on them, it was then that the knee which had never before bent, learnt to prostrate itself ; it was then that the eye, which had never before been moistened, became filled with the tear of penitence ; the hand which had never before been lifted upwards, unconsciously smote the breast ; and the tongue, which had never before moved, except to utter the most diabolical imprecations and the vilest blasphemy, first learned to cry out for mercy and forgive-

ness. While Lord Byron affects to imitate Jupiter, and to shake the moral world as a proof of his divinity, he seems to forget, that the thunderbolt, launched from a nerveless arm, falls powerless to the ground, and only confirms his impiety, without convincing us that he is gifted with the omnipotence of Jove. Indeed, whenever he attempts to talk of morality, he reminds us of the evil spirit assuming the form of a cherub to deceive and delude mankind. It is more than idleness in Lord Byron to assume, that he satirizes the world, with the view to the advancement of morality, and the extirpation of hypocrisy. For this reason he selects the most eminent characters, and gibbets them on the gallows, as a warning to others. In like manner, the priest may throw away the sacred book from him, and kindle the torch of war with one hand, and, with the other, brandish the deadly weapon, and exclaim, that it is for the propagation of Christianity. The virgin, who forsakes the tumults of the world, and shuts herself up in a cloister to become the spouse of Heaven, no doubt, thinks she offers up a grateful sacrifice. The widow, who mounts the funeral pile of her departed husband, it must be taken for granted, is led to the commission of deliberate suicide from equally laudable motives; and the wretched offspring of superstition, who applies the burning brand to the faggots, which are to consume at once the dead and the alive, and bereave him of both his parents in the same hour, becomes a willing parricide, it is presumed, from equally pious feelings; and while the smoke ascends, the deluded spectators of the horrid rite doubtless conceive it a welcome oblation to the Deity. But it is the Christian alone, who prostrates himself before the throne of Omniscience, and smiting his breast, exclaims with fervency, "Lord have mercy on me, a miserable sinner." Man was once Heaven's peculiar favourite; but he has forfeited his title to its clemency, and it is only in pity to our helplessness that Omnipotence withholds the avenging bolt awhile, and stretches out in the arch of heaven his bow, as a sign of reconciliation and peace. Let not Lord Byron, or any one else, put faith in the efficacy of his own merits: and if no appeal to his understanding will produce conviction, let him at least be persuaded to raise his vision upwards, and there behold the unerring balance spread forth to weigh his deserts. Alas! he will soon observe, that its trepidations preponderate against him, as an indication of his having been weighed in the scales, and found wanting.

One topic still remains. It is presumed that the admirers of Don Juan will urge, in excuse of the vituperation contained in its pages, that it is a work of satirical cast. This point we are willing to concede, and even allow that it abounds with the profoundest strokes of wit and humour; but these qualities, which form so small a recommendation in favour of any publication,

we maintain are mixed up with an undue and disproportionate share of gall and personal pique. If to wound private reputation, and lacerate the feelings of individuals—if to gibbet the fame of every man against whom the satirist may entertain private animosity and ill-will, be the legitimate object of satire, then we say, that Lord Byron is not only the first-rate satirist of the age, but has not been even equalled from the days of Horace to the present times. Lord Byron has not merely been the propagator of private slander in his present production, but he has also exceeded every limit in attacking religion itself. The complaisant humour and playful wit of a Horace is in many respects very preferable to the stern severity and indignant sarcasm of a Juvenal. If vice is to be exposed, let it be attacked in the general; for no man, however abandoned, and in whatever estimation his character or opinions may be held, likes to be held up to public derision. A certain degree of respect is due to every man, be he who he may; and if once we lose sight of civility, which common charity dictates should be practised towards all indiscriminately, which we are bound to observe in our intercourse with one another, we know not how soon we may ourselves be placed in a similar situation. We all have much to lose, and little to gain; and if no medium is to be observed in such things, innocence may sometimes fall a sacrifice to the shafts of malice and hatred. Satire, when directed towards any particular object, seldom produces the desired effect, and tends rather to harden the criminal than reclaim him. There are few persons in the world, the brightest side of whose character is not shaded with some peculiar failing; but it would be the height of cruelty to expose a whole life of virtue only to correct a single fault. If the highest order of celestial beings could err—if even seraphs themselves could be drawn away from their blissful habitations by the fascinations of earthly beauty, and forced to forfeit the joys of paradise to revel in the arms of woman, how much more excusable it is for man to be led astray by the false lures spread out to bewilder his imagination. We are not advocates for vicious pleasure; but while we would anxiously protect individuality from personal invective, we desire to see the satirist take a more extended range for the exercise of his faculties. Satire is, after all, a most dangerous weapon; and like a two-edged sword, it is apt to wound the hand that wields it, by its recoil.

DON JUAN. *Cantos XII. XIII. and XIV.* By the Right Honourable Lord Byron. London, 1823.

Poeta nascitur, non fit, is a maxim in poetry, which has been confirmed in its application to that branch of literature by the experience of many, who had from time to time tried their utmost powers in the craft of poesy without any chance of success. But then it may be asked, that if such is the insurmountable barrier, which opposes itself to the successful cultivation of one of the most interesting studies, why so great a number should still continue to lisp in poetic fiction, when it is almost certain that their best endeavours would end in disappointment and failure. The truth of this observation is too obvious to be denied; but we can no more account for the fatality of some perverse minds, than we could without the wings of Dædalus hope to fly. Ask the wretched delver, why he madly risks his life by plunging into the bowels of the dark abyss, and he will tell you that it is for the purposes of gain. Ask again the diver, who endangers his safety by casting himself into the watery gulph, what it is that induces him to encounter the perils of the sea, and he will inform you that he expects his labours to be rewarded by the possession of the "Orient pearl," which lies concealed from human view in the depths of the fathomless ocean. Every profession has some object of profit or pleasure in view; but yet the man, to whom nature has denied the gift of inspiration, has no such hope to solace himself with. He may have strong faculties adapted to other pursuits, but unfortunately for him, they cannot be employed to any advantage in the only way perhaps in which he chooses to exercise them. We are all wonderfully partial to ourselves, and one man thinks himself more favoured than another, and more capable of shining in any particular occupation than his rival. We derive a certain satisfaction from viewing the success of our performances, in the completion of which days and nights are unthinkingly wasted, and are apt to be angry with the world, when we find that it is not disposed to pay a more than ordinary share of respect to our opinions, or to dispute our claims to merit, which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, we often flatter ourselves we possess in a pre-eminent degree. He who has once persuaded himself that he was born a poet, is seldom or never convinced of his error, even if failure attend his efforts. He makes his daily offerings to Apollo, and is prepossessed with the idea that it cannot but be acceptable. As he satisfies himself with merely flinging the sacrifice at the shrine of that deity, he never waits to witness the result, as to whether the poetical garland he had taken the trouble to weave for presentation to his patron is

suffered to perish with premature decay, or treasured up as a grateful oblation. (Poetry is one of the most difficult efforts of the human mind, and presents in itself an assemblage of the choicest beauties and attractions, both of nature and art.) It resembles a garden tastefully laid out with the most select flower-plants, that in due season blossom in all their variegated charms; and whilst some are nourished by the refreshing dews of heaven, and some are invigorated by the genial warmth of the sun, others bloom under the milder but more cherishing influence of Cynthia. The savage that understands not the intrinsic value of the diamond, would mistake it for a piece of glass, or cast it from him as worthless dross; but to the man who has studied its properties, it becomes inestimable: and thus it is with the real lovers of poetry, that betray a decided predilection for the cultivation of it, while those who are incapable of feeling its beauties disregard the claims it has on their attention, which is easily transferred to some other pursuit. The rose is unquestionably unrivalled in bloom and fragrance by all other flowers, and so it is with heaven-born poesy, which possesses an acknowledged supremacy over every study. We are aware, that among all the celestial bodies that are hung aloft in the chain of creation, the glorious orb of day is the most beautiful and splendid in formation, though each in itself is capable of exciting our wonder and admiration, by the universal harmony and effulgence which they separately and conjointly display; so poetry is the most captivating of all pursuits.

But poetry, to be attractive, must be impassioned; for without feeling, intense, ardent feeling, it may please, but will never keep possession of the heart, the warmest affections of which must be excited to enable it to appreciate its most intrinsic beauties. What was it that gave such interest to the glowing verses of Homer? What was it that rendered those of Virgil so harmonious, and imparted sublimity and grandeur to the effusions of Milton, or communicated such a pleasing variety to the matchless productions of immortal Shakespeare, and made Byron equally admired and worshipped, but passion and feeling? Deprive them of these qualities, and they will dwindle into comparative insignificance; but whilst they have them, they will be elevated to the dignity of "demigods." What, on the other hand, it may be asked, is it that renders insipid and lifeless the most laboured compositions of the luckless race of poetasters, but the want of inspiration, which is the very soul of poetry:—such, indeed, is the general character of the majority of effusions with which the newspapers of this country teem, even to disgust. It would nevertheless be the most egregious captiousness in us to say, that the poetry of the Indian prints is *totally* worthless, and undeserving of the smallest consideration. Sometimes, we own, it has fallen to our lot to encounter what has afforded us pleasure and recreation in the perusal, something that

has recompensed the toil and vexation of wading through a mass of the most senseless stuff that can be imagined. On such occasions, we have felt ourselves placed in the precise situation of a traveller, who is cheered in his wearisome pilgrimage at intervals by the distant but momentary glimmerings of a star twinkling in some solitary part of the heavens, while the rest was obscured by the gathering clouds that presaged a storm. It is like a rose blooming in a wilderness, while all around exhibits cheerless gloom and dreary waste, a sudden gleam of sunshine breaking forth in the midst of desolation and horror. Even with these concessions, we confess, we are far from being satisfied with the general run of our Indian poetry, which is for the most part dull, heavy, rapid, and verbose. Do we look for this failure in the enervating influence of the torrid zone, or the barrenness of poetical subjects? The fact of Asia having given birth to poets of sterling merit before now, is a sufficient answer to the interrogatory, and a refutation of the charge, which is utterly without foundation. The compression and vigour of a Ferdosi, the animating strains of a Haufiz, and the soul-inspiring lays of a Sadi, prove to us that poetical harmony was not extinct in this part of the world. Other causes must be assigned for the present dearth of poetical talent in this country, than those we have hinted at. Even if we were inclined to be fastidious in our observation, we could not, after all, be borne out in it, since the circumstance of some mighty masters having of late years sprung up among us would contradict it. The poetical lyre has been alternately swept with masterly execution by a Bernard Wycliffe, a Cytheron, a Richardson, a Wright, and the author of Heera. Mr. Lawson, too, is well entitled to take his stand among those inheritors of poetic fame, whom we have just used the freedom to mention. The first of these is eminently distinguished for a certain loftiness of thought and fertility of imagination; while Cytheron excels in the lyrical department; and Mr. Richardson has often interested our best feelings, by the soothing strains of poetry in which he seems to delight. Mr. Wright's forte appears to be the descriptive; and Mr. Lawson's powers are so varied, that he need only exert them in order to succeed. These are spirits, to whose authority we would bow with submission; nor are we conscious of ever having endeavoured to say a word in disparagement of them. In short, if the truth were known, we flatter ourselves it would be found that we had done every thing in our power to raise their reputation in the estimation of the public; but it is not befitting us to urge any thing in self-commendation, or we might proudly point out the many opportunities of which we have availed ourselves, at various times, of directing the public attention to their labours. Such a theme is always pleasing, and we could

dwelt on it at greater length, were we not afraid of trespassing too much upon the patience of the reader.

But vituperation apart, let us in all candour and mildness examine the claims of our Indian poetasters to poetical distinction; and in doing so, it behoves us to support our allegation on the character of the poetry of the Indian prints, in which, though much appears to blame, something may still be found to commend. It is possible that this declaration on our part may give offence to some, and draw upon ourselves the spiteful sneers of others. We have already had the misfortune to give umbrage, in a certain quarter, by the freedom and openness of our remarks; and we shrewdly suspect that the individual we have in our eye is one of those, who are emphatically styled the *irritabile genus*. He is not only a poet, but also professes to be a critic; and it is his practice to praise a certain class of writers, whose licentiousness and blasphemy would rather call for the application of the lash, and to disparage the attempts of those, whose peaceable habits and religious persuasion would, on the contrary, entitle them to our forbearance and respect. We declare once for all, that we may be amused with the tricks and grimaces of a buffoon, but we cannot brook the sarcasms of a literary pedlar. In taking a review, then, of Indian poetry, we confess, we have not often met with what we could wholly approve; and it must, at the same time, be allowed that some of the poetasters of the day have acquired a certain knack of rhyming, which is their best qualification, and on which they pride themselves with self-complacency, while an unnecessary deal of stress is laid upon the unlimited employment of poinpous epithets, which are regulated more by sound than sense; conjecturing, that an indiscriminate profusion of incongruous metaphors and farfetched similes, together with an exuberance of unmeaning imageries, will compensate for the absence of the combination of poetical ideas and poetical harmony. These are contrivances which have saved the reputation of many a pseudo-poet; but upon a close examination, it will be found that they generally abound with the grossest inconsistencies, contradictions, and nonsense.

Authors of this stamp, it is lamentable to perceive, confound poetry with art; but with how much truth remains yet to be explained. Art may produce rhyme; native genius, joined to circumstance, can alone develop the poet; and this is so essential and so omnipotent over all the fetters imposed by low birth, vulgar association, and a vicious or defective education, that the germ shall burst through the ungrateful soil, and produce fruit, to which that of the hotbeds of art, or even a genial or kindly cultivation, cannot always compare in flavour and fragrancy. It is, moreover, obvious that the arts and sciences are attainable by

common capacities, with very little industry and application ; and if poetry could with propriety and reason be termed an art, it would be easy for men of parts to excel in it ; but so untenable is the ground on which this hypothesis has been built, that it requires little argument to refute its absurdity ; and surely the practical experience of those who have long toiled after an unprofitable, but fascinating pursuit, ought to convince our incredulity. Witness the unhappy fates of Chatterton, Henry Kirke White, and others, now to fame unknown, the genial current of whose souls neglect and poverty could never impede.

It will be conceded to us, that the press of this country groans with the weight of trash, vapid and verbose, displaying equal sterility of imagination and contempt of metrical arrangement. Poets of circumscribed talents and stunted imaginations possess, however, one recommendation, which may be thought by some, less difficult to please, to counterbalance more prominent defects. They overwhelm us with the flattest conceits, a species of trickery, by which they hope to surprise attention and inveigle praise. It is by torturing the poetic faculty to the utmost stretch that it can be carried, that a poetaster sometimes happens to strike out a bold conception, or an original idea ; but to pith and nerve he has no claim ; and even this species of negative merit has a limitation fixed to it, so that an effusion without the fire of inspiration and the energy of passion fails in its effect. The imagery of " Larks carolling their lays in the sky ;" " zephyrs breathing the perfume of spices, and the fragrance of the Arabian groves ;" of " azure-clad angels ;" " fiery orbs singing in their spheres ;" " Fancy listening to the music of the stars," &c. &c. may indeed pass for strength and beauty among school-boys and school-girls ; but with men of sense and understanding, they are gewgaws, calculated to tickle the fancy of children only. It is at all times pleasant to listen to the music of inspiration, which addresses itself at once to our feelings ; but even the harp of Orpheus, which charmed trees and mountains, would become, in the hands of our Indian poetasters, transformed into a " gaudy viol, fit for the fingers of eunuchs and the ears of courtizans."

If it should be said, that these observations have no sort of connection with the immediate subject of this article, we would humbly beg to remind such casuists, that there is many a " lisping" youth, who in the vanity of his heart, when puffed up with the partial praise of private friends, imagines himself a Byron or a Scott in obscurity, whose folly it is not impossible that our strictures may cure. Already has a bulky volume made its appearance at this Presidency, filled with scraps of effusions, which we cannot help thinking are a complete abortion of the poetical faculty.

Of the various kinds of poetry that obtain, the amorous seems to have occupied the attention of the cultivators of it to a greater

degree than any other. Hence it is that we find the columns of newspapers, both here and at home, crammed with strains breathing the tenderness of love—which is most indubitably a noble theme; but if, instead of the sickening measure with which we are constantly regaled, utterance could be given to sentiments at once exalted and commanding, the mind would be inspired with something like kindred sympathy, and we should in that case have little cause to complain. Instead of this, what have we, but the stalest ideas repeated a hundred times over and over, and clothed in the inflated language of fulsome flattery. The most common epithets, the most hackneyed expressions, and the most tiresome verbiage, are the adventitious helps called in to second passion, which is assumed without being felt, and poetized without being understood. It is this that wearies and nauseates the reader; and yet it is wonderful to relate, there is not the veriest simpleton of a lovesick swain, who does not imagine himself gifted with the faculty of poetry. Writers of this stamp merely skim the surface of things, but are unable to reach the source of the fountain. It would be censoriousness in us to avow, that whatever may be our own opinion of the poetry of the Indian prints, there are not some amongst its innumerable readers, who do not declare themselves pleased with the fancy displayed in it, and amused with the conceit observable therein. True merit stands in no need of false help, and will never fail to be universally acknowledged. Where real intrinsic beauty exists, it will be discovered and admired. No man, who has any taste for the charms of music, admires the instrument only; but he has his senses borne away by the intoxicating cadences of the harmony struck from its chords. The shell is thrown away, when the pearl which was originally concealed in it is obtained, and the mine forsaken, when the gem which sparkled in its cavern is secured.

Lyrical, descriptive, and satirical poetry, has in these times employed the pen of a great many writers, not so much, perhaps, from a paucity of subjects in other branches of poesy, as from a want of capacity in the heroic measure. We meet with many a poet treading in the footsteps of a Juvenal and a Horace; but scarcely one in a century who attempts the bolder flight of a Homer or a Virgil. Of the former, the author of the Satires in India appears to us the most successful of his brethren in this country. The field, indeed, is extensive enough, but the reapers of the harvest are few. Without confining our remarks to India exclusively, we may be permitted to notice, that Lord Byron and Mr. Moore have proved the most successful candidates in these species of poetical composition, and are undoubtedly without rivals in them. To imagine that they could be competed in this quarter of the globe, would be the height of absurdity. But unfortunately for the former, we regret to say that his satirical pieces,

though incomparable in themselves, are so much mixed up with acrimoniousness and personal sarcasm, as to make the mind shudder at the consequences, which would infallibly result from the encouragement of the feeling they exhibit, to the prejudice of society. It is good to possess the strength of a giant; but to use it with that consciousness is cruelty. Yet Lord Byron is the first satirist who has so used his powers, certainly not in the service of mankind, or for the promotion of virtue, and the extermination of vice and profligacy; but to the destruction of peace and harmony, and the encouragement of the vilest and most corrupt of human passions. Of the correctness of this assertion, *Don Juan* is a memorable example; and if any body is inclined to doubt us, let him consult the publication first, and then yield credence to our allegation, when he will have abundant reasons to be satisfied in regard to the justice of our remark. *Don Juan* is assuredly the work of no ordinary mind; and we feel convinced that the author's knowledge of human nature, and his acquaintance with the sources and windings of the various passions which agitate the breast of man, are profound and extensive. The poem abounds, moreover, with the most masterly strokes of wit and humour—requisites which are the characteristics of few modern authors, who pretend to amuse us with the productions of their fancies—but still it is lamentable to find that Lord Byron discovers too much irritability and vindictiveness to be quite unexceptionable in our claster ears. To hunt his enemies down to death seems to be his chief aim; and on the whole, we think he has, in the bitterness of his heart, frequently indulged in distorted views and partial delineations of men and manners, in so much that one is naturally led to question the motives of the writer, in coming forward to tax our curiosity by presenting us with a picture, which lays no claim to fidelity of representation, and to suppose that none but a mind imbued with the very worst feelings could have trampled upon the most sacred rights of social intercourse. If man be really and without exaggeration what the poet has chosen to paint him, not as the noblest part of the creation, but the work of a fiend, it is easy to perceive whither this anomalous hypothesis would lead, and of what dregs the character of the noble Lord himself must be formed. What is he now, and what would he be? He cannot annihilate existence to mould and fashion it according to his own whim and pleasure. He cannot add to or take away from its allotted misery or happiness, as apportioned from the beginning: and if woman, lovely and interesting, though in many respects weak and fickle—perhaps an emblem of the inconstant and envious planet which rules the night—be what she is described in the former cantos of *Don Juan*, how can he remedy the evil? Why then pluck the tender blossom from its parent stock, and crush it, ere it

is fit to wither? Lord Byron's woman is different from what her Creator intended her—not the rose-bud bursting into a full-blown blossom; pure and unsullied as the snow on the mountain's top, ready to melt before the heated rays of the scorching sun—beautiful as a cherub deputed from above with the tidings of peace and gladness to man—but fostering fiendish malice, and exhibiting her mental hideousness to scare and terrify the sex for whose comfort she was created. This is woman, we repeat, as the author of *Don Juan* has represented her. Little as Lord Byron may be aware, that in forcing so vile a likeness of the female character upon our credulity, he is himself likely to share in the disgrace and infamy, which he would fain attach to it; we cannot for an instant suppose that his Lordship has alone, to the exclusion of all men, dropped from the clouds, and is consequently free from the spots and impurities which defile humanity. It would be scandalous to make such an exception in his own favour, and to pass a sweeping censure upon the rest of mankind, because his Lordship has not been treated by some with that lenity, which he has not himself been most forward in exercising towards others. If he does not openly and avowedly declare his own immaculate purity, he has done so in substance; and when he turns with indignation and sarcasm upon all who happen to entertain a difference of opinion upon any matters, whether connected with church or civil polity, can it be imagined that his Lordship, in raising a hue and cry against his adversaries, makes no invidious distinction in his own behalf. He who wrenches a firebrand from the blazing pile to destroy the property of his neighbour, may some time or another perish in a conflagration of his own making. To presume to walk on the watery main, in imitation of St. Peter, without the singular faith of that martyr to Christianity, would be to overwhelm one's self with destruction. He that wishes to bend the bow of Ulysses, must first assure himself of the vigour and dexterity which the sturdy arm of that prince possessed. Lord Byron has more than afforded us an earnest of his desire to perform these wonders; but as yet he has failed to adduce any proofs of his miracle-working faculties. All that he has heretofore done, was the mere exhibition of the agility of a mountebank; which contributed to our diversion, but tended to produce no solid conviction of his capability and valour to execute what he professed to undertake. It would appear that Lord Byron's quarrel with his species had originated in some private pique and disappointment. Like a froward child, perhaps, he felt offended with his gewgaw, and wanted to dash it on the ground; but was prevented doing so by his nurse, when he commenced pouting and crying, because he was not allowed to commit the meditated mischief.

Lord Byron has somewhere insinuated, that if his writings are impious, the *Paradise Lost* of Milton must suffer equally under that imputation. But this is not true of that illustrious bard; and before we feel authorized to make so unjust a charge as this, we must in the first instance look into the character of his great poem, and examine the motives which impelled him to undertake the composition of it. Besides, we do not happen to recollect that Milton makes use of objectionable language in more than one or two places; but which is attributable rather to chance or circumstance, than to design:—it is, moreover, put into the mouth of the devil, from whose lips theology could not, of course, be expected to drop; and even then, Milton does not make virtue subservient to vice and immorality. The envy which is engendered in the breast of Satan, from a contemplation of his irremediable guilt and wretchedness, when all the creatures of God who had not fallen from their primitive innocence were comparatively happy and blessed, may be supposed to have occasioned the expression of those bitter feelings, which he is made to utter in his soliloquy. Milton is not systematically profane, as we apprehend is literally the case with Lord Byron; nor can it be said that Milton ever sacrifices to poetical harmony his just sense of the moral government of the world, and his dependence upon the justice and mercy of his Creator. But Lord Byron, in the design and plot of his poem, does not always preserve that admirable consistency of a conviction of the unerring wisdom of omnipotence, which marks the conduct of *Paradise Lost*. No poet, ancient or modern, has ever stooped to the meanness of making the evils of this life triumphant over the good which prevails in the world:—Manfred, Laura, Beppo, Mazeppa, and Don Juan, are complete exemplifications of this circumstance. The speeches of Lucifer in Cain, with the result which they produce on the susceptible mind of the first fratricide, in ultimately and entirely estranging him from the service and adoration of his divine Maker, and in persuading him that God was the author of sin, must not be forgotten, since they afford another parallel point, and strengthen the grounds of our accusation against Lord Byron. Milton's worst characters, excepting the devil himself, are angels, compared to the best of Lord Byron's; and their most reprehensible acts do not create those horrid sensations of shuddering and fearful trembling, which are excited by a view of the actions assigned to those of the latter; because the deeds of the one are casual, or are ascribable to the natural course of events, without being darkened by the guilt of cold-blooded premeditation, while those of the other are engendered in feelings of the worst and darkest complexion. But Milton was a man pious even to enthusiasm, and not destitute of Christian charity towards the frailties and weaknesses of his fellow beings. He

too had his failings, but they were tempered and corrected by the emollients of that religion, which he knew came from above, and which he had embraced, not because it was the creed of his forefathers, but because he had carefully examined its doctrines, and felt convinced that it was the only real source of consolation and happiness under all human trials. How different is the predicament in which Lord Byron stands to Milton! After closely reviewing his Lordship's political and literary career, and scanning the history of his private and public acts, we protest we are unable to discover in what essentials Lord Byron can be said to assimilate to his great predecessor. Let him then clear this difficulty, before he again thinks of justifying his blasphemies and impieties—which cannot be vindicated by the only solitary instance which *Paradise Lost* affords; and that too, of so trivial a kind, as scarcely to create any serious apprehension in the reader's mind. Another charge we bring against our author is, that all his heroes and heroines are notoriously profligate and vicious characters, without a single amiable trait in them to induce any charitable allowances on their behalf. The magic lantern which he holds in his hand, contains pictures distorted and disfigured in the execution, which he would have us believe are faithful portraits of the human species; but we are not now in a condition to be deceived by the boldness of the magician's asseverations; and indeed the glare of the light is too strong to impose upon us a hideous caricature for a correct resemblance. This is not the method which Milton ever resorted to of establishing any favourite postulatun; nor is it the practice of any other living writer of fame: it is one, however, which Lord Byron has chosen, and to which he is ready to sacrifice every noble consideration. The broadest insinuations, and the directest implications, Lord Byron has hitherto been contented to repel, not by fairness of argument, strength of reasoning, and manliness of dignity; but by subterfuges, evasions, and shifts, as mean and despicable in their own nature, as they have proved useleſs and futile in their tendency. Another objection to his Lordship's availing himself of the plea of Milton's impiety, by continually preaching against the follies and crimes of his opponents, is, that he wishes to secure to himself immunities which he withholds from others. One impiety is not to be excused by the commission of another of a greater magnitude—yet so thinks Lord Byron—an opinion in which few are so besotted as to join him. What is the drama entitled "*Cain a Mystery*," if not a tissue of the grossest impieties? Tell him so, and he will instantly retort upon Milton. This mode of meeting his opponents is neither fair nor just, and would be inadmissible in the case of a criminal standing at the bar of justice. Why then should it be available to Lord Byron, or any other man similarly placed? How inconsistent in any individual gifted as his

Lordship is, with the most splendid genius and versatile talents, matured and perfected by a classical and well-grounded education—an education beyond which the nobility of England do not aspire—to descend to this dishonourable bye-way manner of defending actions which cannot bear the glare of scrutiny into the motives, be they what they may, which actuated them. To what a miserable dilemma has not Lord Byron unwittingly reduced himself, by his uncontrollable and headstrong pertinacity ! And now that he is caught in a snare of his own making, he raves and foams like a madman, because he was not forewarned of the peril. Happily the world is not yet in its dotage, to be gulled by the most palpable improbabilities, much less by the *legerdemain* tricks of his Lordship—as some of his satellites have been. It was observed by the celebrated Burke, to whom even Lord Byron must bow with deference, that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step ; and to this last state of degradation, it is to be feared, his Lordship is fast approaching. The truth of this remark has been exemplified in the various productions of his Lordship's muse, from the sublime and inimitable effusion of Childe Harold to the burlesque Vision of Judgment, published in the early number of "The Liberal"—a periodical, that dragged the lingering existence of a few short months, and then expired in its own ashes. What reputation, fame, or honour, Lord Byron gained by the publicity of the parody in question, we have never been able to ascertain. He may perhaps have succeeded in communicating a momentary pain to Mr. Southey's bosom ; but he could have acquired no lasting renown or popularity by the letting off of that literary squib. So long as Lord Byron is suffered to hurl the thunders of Jupiter, he cares not whom he lays prostrate, friend or foe ; and whilst, Æolus-like, he lets loose the fiercest winds of heaven, in the midst of the universal havock, he sits undisturbed and contented, because the ruin reaches him not. But for once arrest the uplifted thunderbolt from his arm, and he becomes infuriated with madness. To the purity of his intentions, and the justice of his cause, Lord Byron seldom trusts the vindication of his conduct ; while it is his invariable practice to exculpate himself, by endeavouring to fix on others the odium which attaches to his own character : and whenever insinuations, whether direct or indirect, are made regarding the general scope of his writings, he turns quick upon his opponents, and tries to overwhelm them with the vilest calumny, and most blasphemous imprecations. It is more with his system, than with his Lordship individually, that fault is found ; and it is lamentable to perceive, that while he neglects his person, he defends the character of his productions with a degree of reprehensible obstinacy. We do not believe that any personal dislike is fostered against his Lordship by even men who have given him the greatest annoyance ; but we imagine their hostility arises from the

scaring anomaly of his doctrines upon all subjects: and for ourselves, we can see little commendable in the principles which he seems anxious of promulgating to the world at large, without reflecting that they are not suitable to the habits of mankind and the temper of the times.

We hope it will not be thought, from the nature of our strictures in the preceding paragraphs, that our opinion of Lord Byron is at all inimical to his poetic fame. As far as mere metrical arrangement and poetical harmony are concerned, we entertain the highest admiration for his Lordship's talent; but in his sentiments and principles we cannot so easily coincide. We have, in a subsequent part of this article, as well as elsewhere, expressed ourselves in the most unqualified terms of the poetical excellencies which pervade almost all his performances; but beyond this we cannot bring ourselves to approve; for the general tenour of his doctrines, on whatever topic, is of a complexion too terrifying to meet with our approbation and support: and however specious in their external form, they are too glaring to deceive and delude all. So profusely are they scattered in every one of his effusions, and particularly in the early cantos of *Don Juan*, that they obviate the necessity of our entering into a fuller elucidation of the tendency they lead to, than what has already occupied our time and our attention. We feel confident that our opposition does not spring from that love of singularity, by which we could hope to benefit in the slightest measure. The name of Byron, abstractedly considered, contains no charm or illusion; but the peculiar fascination of it arises from a combination of circumstances. The spell, however, which had hitherto bound the faculties of his worshippers, is now broken, and the glittering pagod, which before, arrayed in the robes of Fancy, appeared too gorgeous and dazzling to be steadily gazed at, now turns out a stock of wood, fit only to be cast into the fire. The temple that vice had, in the days of delusion and superstition, reared to itself, is at length demolished and levelled to the ground, as the eyes of its votaries are beginning to be purged of the mists that had before obscured their visual organ. Enough is seen to the formation of a correct judgment on the merits of *Don Juan*, though its deformities are glossed over with the nicest touches of the artist's pencil; yet vice is never amiable, even though it should be decked out in the garb of virtue, and rendered attractive and imposing by every false and meretricious art. Not the magic zone of the Paphian goddess can impart fascination to natural deformity; and not even the blandishments of the Graces can invest a disagreeable object with loveliness, so as to hold the heart in willing thralldom. Such is the exact picture of *Don Juan*, which, in tracing the real sources of the passions, and in describing incidents and scenes, so grossly outrages nature and her laws, that few would believe the author

to be serious, that he records nothing which truth would not warrant, that all his portraits are faithful copies of originals, and that he has neither exaggerated, nor "set down aught in malice." This is not correct. The limner may exert his utmost skill and ingenuity to pass off a counterfeit for the reality: detection, however, is not quite impossible; although it is with concern we add, that many are liable to be cheated and deceived by the artifices of a practised scaramouch. Incredulity is the inherent feeling of the human mind; and when a man has acquired a certain quantum of celebrity, he is apt to exercise a very wide latitude of privilege in all his actions, to which in after life he becomes so thoroughly wedded, that no after consideration can reconcile him to a forfeiture of it. Imagining infallibility to be an attribute of his nature, he petulantly refuses his acquiescence to the propriety of having his motives weighed in the balance of public opinion, and thinks the world spiteful when his deeds accord not with its suffrage. Precisely in this situation stands Lord Byron; and from the dogmatical tone in which he has been habituated to communicate his notions, it would seem that he was not prepared for a rejection of them from any class of men. Authors, afflicted with a temper like this, are most testy on points relating to their opinions, which, whether they be consistent with the dictates of propriety and reason or not, are maintained with persevering inflexibility against the concurrent force of received truths and established axioms. Even in matters of pure literary enquiry, they plead the exemption of their writings from the canons of critical disquisition, and disacknowledge the supremacy of that court to whose decisions, except in their own persons, they would consider others perfectly amenable. This is an anomaly irreconcilable with every notion of a just and proper feeling, and is so subversive of the first principles of a well-regulated taste and judgment, that it would be a waste of time to enter into a laboured exposure of its fallacy, and a refutation of the sophistry in which it is arrayed.

We have before observed, that Lord Byron and Moore are two of the best and most successful satirists that divide the republic of letters. The former ingeniously employs his faculties in lashing the vices of mankind with peculiar freedom and delicacy; so that while his satires are rendered apparently harmless and innocuous, they are in effect not the less sharp and cutting, because they do not openly betray the lurking venom which is concealed within them. The latter indiscriminately scatters his poisoned arrows around him, though not so artfully, yet not without doing as much execution and mischief as his rival. The victims of the first are kings, potentates, and princes, who in the pride and vanity of their hearts think themselves privileged to traffic with, and barter the liberties and happiness of their subjects; and the last

points his thunderbolts at objects undignified either by worth or rank, whose insignificance, we should imagine, ought to protect them from the lightnings of the incensed satirist's wrath, who would seem to evince a fixedness of determination to scourge the growing follies of his species, regardless of all consequences, and without taking into account the common infirmities and diseases of their nature, as if he alone were exempted from their contamination. Moore occasionally has a coarseness and vulgarity of slang, from which the more polished periods of Byron are particularly free; which is one reason why Lord Byron's satirical effusions are considered less offensive than those of Moore. Lord Byron writes more with the view of securing the admiration of posterity, though he does not altogether reject the applause of cotemporary times; but Moore appears to us more desirous of living in the recollection of the present generation only, without caring for those honourable distinctions which the approbation of future ages would confer, and without being impelled in the race by a longing after fame immortal. Moore is a poet, endowed with an imagination splendid, gorgeous, and dazzling; but he wants vigour and solidity, which belong exclusively to Byron. We are pleased, and even charmed with the poetry of Moore; but not satisfied,—and when we have once shut up the pages which delighted and amused us awhile, we feel a sensation within of having missed something, which we cannot immediately recollect. Moore will not bear to be studied often, while we may run over Byron's productions without being wearied. Moore glitters and dazzles, but does not command the sympathy of his readers. He weaves a fairy web, whose shining films may arrest observation, without creating any desire to analyze the mysterious quality of its texture. Lord Byron is the opposite of all this, and will no doubt be praised and admired, when Moore is forgotten.

In associating the name of Byron with that of Moore, we mean no disparagement to the latter. They are both excellent, each in his own way, and have both contributed much to the intellectual stock. Moore has, however, one advantage over Lord Byron, of not exulting over the misfortunes of his fellow creatures, and turning their natural infirmities into subjects for merriment and laughter. We know not where to look for an exception in his Lordship's universal misanthropy; and if, according to his own declaration, he has ever done any good in *his* time, the merit of the act is obscured by the extensive mischief which his obnoxious writings have in some instances produced. The virtues of a series of years may be cancelled by the folly of a moment; but a whole life of vicious habits can never be redeemed by a solitary act of generosity or benevolence. It is easy to roll down the stone of Sisyphus; but to the labour of reascending the summit of the

rock with it, few are equal. Such, however, has not been the career of Moore, who, whatever the faults of his versification may be, has nothing to reproach himself with: not so Lord Byron, of whom it cannot be said, that he has not written a line which dying he would not wish to blot out. Confining our remarks to their poetical reputations merely, we candidly confess, that his very best production, not even excepting *Lalla Rookh*, must yield in merit to any of Lord Byron's less laboured pieces. Moore and Byron are two planets in the literary hemisphere, as distinct from each other's attraction, as any two different bodies can possibly be. They move in their own separate orbits, and reflect their own proper lights—though that of the one is of an intenser warmth, and more dazzling splendour, than that of the other, which tries to keep at a distance, lest it be eclipsed by the overpowering radiance of its great rival. For ourselves, we have no mean opinion of the bard of Erin; but we have a higher one of Byron; and without seeming to acquiesce in the sentiments of the latter, in which we have never coincided, we may surely be allowed, in common with others, the privilege of expressing our simple admiration of the harmonious structure of his verse. We should be glad to bind the brow of Moore with a wreath of emeralds, and rejoice to see the rose blooming on that of Byron.

Of all our author's productions, *Don Juan* has been the immediate topic of as much praise and censure, as almost any human composition that we are acquainted with. This is no more than what we were prepared to expect from a poem of so questionable and dubious a character. Yet to the credit of Lord Byron, let it be recollected, that of the fourteen cantos which have been published, the last three are not so much tainted with personal satire as the eleven previous ones; and if they do not altogether aspire to the highest flights of poetry, as their precursors, they are not tinged with that invincible bitterness of sarcasm and recklessness of invective, which blacken the former cantos. Lord Byron is unquestionably becoming more and more serious, as he proceeds with the execution of his design; and the nearer he approaches the catastrophe, the more solemn and pious he grows. He has exchanged the flaming sword, that breathed fire and destruction, for an Aaron-like rod, that one day turns into a serpent, hissing and flying at every object, and the next puts forth blossoms, that draw their hues from the sun and the rainbow, and their fragrance from the sweets of paradise. He has seen, that if the world will not admire nor regard virtue, when she comes adorned and beautified with all the blandishments and graces of a Cleopatra, blushing like an eastern bride, and glittering with all the splendours of royalty, or arrayed in celestial charms, like Venus issuing from the foam of the sea, of the most

perfect beauty and the most winning loveliness, still less chance has she of being embraced, when she comes clothed with the terrors of a fury. Perhaps it is under a conviction of the utter impossibility of attaining the legitimate object which all writers profess to have in view; that he has deemed it absolutely necessary to change the tone of his strictures; yet so little does he appear to be skilled in the tactics of *ruses de guerre* of satire, that in the midst of his assumed disguise, we occasionally perceive gleams of the same ruthless spirit of rancour, which have marked his track heretofore, in the history of human passions and human infirmities. If, in reference to Don Juan, the sun of poesy is not absolutely shorn of its golden beams, that before dazzled the sight of the reader, and deprived him of the power of fixing his steady gaze on the splendid glories which encircle its orb, its glow is nevertheless become somewhat milder. Some have supposed that Lord Byron's genius is on the wane, from having perused the last cantos of Don Juan, because it is presumed that it does not exhibit the same vividness and felicity of conception, and luxurious richness of poetical harmony, in which the bolder muse of the noble bard had hitherto revelled, even to sickening. There is perhaps the same difference between the earlier and later productions of our author, as there may be conceived to exist between the paradise of the Mahometans and the Elysium of the Pagans, the one abounding with the most perfect happiness that can possibly be derived from the society of blooming Houries, whose beauty is of such a mould as to soften the heart of the most obdurate stoic, and the circumstance of rivers flowing with milk and honey, from which the faithful may take their *fill* without satiety;—while the other holds out an invitation by the perpetual shade and verdure of its scenery, the ease and indolence in which all may indulge without risking censure, feasting upon ambrosia, and quaffing the nectar of the gods. Yet on the tree of life of both, we discover the most lasting verdure, the most variegated blossoms, and the most luscious fruit, whose taste confers immortality, and from the droppings of whose sweets a perfumed fragrance arises, that fills the whole universe with the aroma of the most odoriferous flowers, and which ravishes the senses by the richness of its odour. True it is, that the cantos before us have not much of this quality; but it would be degenerating into the utmost extravagance of fastidiousness, to say that they are wholly unpleasing and unattractive, as it was lately affirmed by a sagacious critic. We are far from being ambitious of imitating the example of some, who condemn a work merely for the sake of condemning, and extol its merits only for the pleasure of praising. For ourselves, we cull and separate the flowers from the weeds, which would otherwise choke and destroy them: and we may further be allowed to observe, without being

thought to compromise our sincerity, that even in *Don Juan*, Lord Byron has given ample proofs of a great and prolific mind; and that in some of its stanzas, he powerfully reminds us of Apollo riding out in the golden chariot of the sun, and in the brightness of his glory traversing the zodiac, which, as the burnished wheels of his glittering car roll onwards, becomes irradiated with a dazzling splendour, till at length the whole face of heaven is illumined with streams of celestial light, that at the same moment imparts its brilliancy to the earth, and dissipates its gloom.

We now proceed to take a brief and rapid outline of the remaining adventures of *Don Juan*, since his arrival in England. His introduction into the first English families is the natural consequence, partly of his birth, and partly of the high situation which he held in the Russian service, as well as the diplomatic character, under the auspices of which he appeared at St. James's. The advantages which this circumstance too obviously afforded to the noble author, of chastising the irregularities of those against whom he had conceived a dislike, or perhaps of checking the preposterous customs of the age, were too great to be carelessly trifled with—accordingly he assumes a mask, that he might the more safely indulge his favourite propensity of hurling his anathemas, with little discrimination and judgment, at the whole race of mankind, for the offences of a few, who had incurred his hatred and displeasure. Having thus declared war, though he might have perceived his mistake, which he was not too eager to acknowledge and rectify, he probably had not the manliness and candour afterwards to consult his peace and quietness by capitulating on honourable terms. Perhaps Lord Byron may think it more commendable to suffer martyrdom in the cause which he has himself espoused, whether a good or bad one, than own his errors, make a reparation for his crimes, and, Nebuchadnezzar-like, let the dews of heaven wash his body, that his “sins may be made as white as snow.”

After some preliminary matter, descending on the pernicious and destructive effects arising from an inordinate desire of possessing unlimited wealth, and breaking forth into sarcastic reflections on the dreadful tendency to which the fatal passion of love very frequently leads, and the no less to be dreaded consequences resulting from an injudicious connection, the twenty-third stanza of the twelfth canto opens with a resumption of *Don Juan's* career in London. Our readers will doubtless recollect *Juan's* Moslem protegee, named Leila, with her “Orient eyes,” whom he had generously rescued from the hands of two Russian soldiers, when she was on the point of being butchered in cold blood at the siege of Ishmael; and that she had accompanied her preserver and benefactor on his excursion to England. *Juan's* female ac-

quaintances, prepossessed in her favour, begin to exhibit a laudable spirit of emulation in regard to the mode of education, which each appears solicitous should be adopted for the cultivation of her young mind. One proposes one system, and another another system; while all agree that something ought to be done for her moral and intellectual improvement, but under the superintendence of a person of rank and influence. Don Juan's decision fell upon Lady Pinch-beck, a superannuated matron, who was at one time reckoned virtuous; but scandal, with its hundred mouths, had since blazoned forth her ladyship's frailty, which had latterly become the subject of conversation among those disturbers of public tranquillity, who are always busying themselves in raking up the affairs of families, and publishing them with industrious assiduity and numberless additions to the world. Lady Pinch-beck was admired, however, for her wit; and her *bon mots* were repeated from mouth to mouth, as deserving of perpetuation. To these qualities were added those of charity, and exemplariness in her domestic conduct. She had a high and lofty demeanour, and occasionally even condescended to bestow her admonitions gratuitously on young people, who, she took it for granted, stood in need of her advice. To little Leila she was much attached, and even Don Juan had made considerable progress in her ladyship's good graces. Leaving Leila, therefore, entirely to the management of Lady Pinch-beck, whose daughters, the poet informs us, were very advantageously settled in life, Don Juan mixes actively in the dissipations and revelries of fashion. He visits every ball, forms a party at every fête, and enters with spirit and animation into all sorts of gaieties. The twelfth canto is chiefly filled with reflections; and in this particular Lord Byron allows himself the utmost latitude of expression, inveighing with all the acrimony of disappointed feelings against the irregular habits, which too often find a ready admission into those circles where no restraint is put upon the most criminal excesses.

In the thirteenth canto, we find the author assuming a turn of seriousness in his narrative, and gravely deprecating the practice of purposely misconstruing the broadest jests at vice into a culpable intention; which habit, with his usual charity, he ascribes to those, who he states are styled rigidly virtuous. This is not true, and where we have had so many grounds for suspicion, assertion will not pass for proof. We do not blame Lord Byron for making the gross follies of our nature the subject of his satirical powers; but because he seldom, if ever, makes any discrimination between the two great agents which actuate almost all our actions—vice and virtue,—because he does not separate the bad from the good,—because he himself seldom observes a medium between jest and earnestness,—because he sweepingly condemns the whole human species, and because he often confounds

religion with mere morality. Every man is at perfect freedom to chastise arrogance and conceit, to launch the lightnings of his indignation at whatever bears the semblance of vice, and to propose plans and schemes for general improvement; but it would be absurd to begin the work by giving a loose to personal slander and abuse, contemning established authority, and endeavouring to overturn indisputable truths. Manners, and not men, if vitiated, and tending to the destruction of rational liberty and happiness, merit exposure and castigation; but we reprobate, in the strongest and most unqualified terms, the habit of descending from generalities into particularities. Such is the invariable and constant practice, which has grown upon Lord Byron, who is strangely anxious to secure the immunities of a self-privileged system to himself, from the benefit of which he would scrupulously debar all who profess a creed different from that which regulates his own faith. In his struggles, Lord Byron seems to forget, that in "corporal sufferance, the meanest worm feels as great a pang, as when the mightiest giant breathes his last;" and would, in the vastness of his strength, trample upon the crawling pismire, without seeming to care for the agonies under which it writhes; whilst the puncture of the smallest blade of grass would in his own person extort the groan of pain and anguish from his Lordship. This is the excess of moral prudishness, we had almost said turpitude, which, however well it may be disguised for a time, will at last betray itself, and entail upon the unhappy pretender certain shame and ignominy.—We are next introduced to Lady Adeline Amundeville, whose beauty and accomplishments, in the heyday of youth, had made some impression on the hearts of her worshippers—and who, to borrow the author's phraseology, had inspired men with eloquence in her praise, and struck dumb the gentler sex, whether with admiration for her charms, or jealousy of her loveliness, we are left to conjecture. She was married to a nobleman of some consequence, and reputation for statesman-like qualities; but his disposition was irascible and haughty, and he had also the character of being self-opinionative. These are the personages with whom Don Juan becomes intimate, and through whose kind auspices the circle of his friends and acquaintances is rapidly enlarged. Lord Henry was gifted, like most men, with some of the strangest peculiarities; and probably under the influence of one of these, he in a little time conceives a strong partiality for Juan, who, to shew his sense of this condescension, pays the utmost deference to his noble patron in all things—and as it was his good fortune to possess a conciliatory temper, we may well presume it recommended him not a little to the notice and esteem of the illustrious peer; for Juan was the man after Lord Henry's heart. This nobleman's mansion was situated in Blank Blank square, to which Juan was of-

ten invited and always welcomed. Of Lady Adeline, the author says :

XXXII.

To all she was polite, without parade ;
 To some she showed attention of that kind
 Which flatters, but is flattery conveyed
 In such a sort as cannot leave behind
 A trace unworthy either wife or maid ;
 A gentle, genial courtesy of mind,
 To those who were, or passed for meritorious,
 Just to console sad glory for being glorious :

XXXIII.

Which is in all respects, save now and then,
 A dull and desolate appendage. Gaze
 Upon the shades of those distinguished men,
 Who were, or are the puppet-shows of praise,
 The praise of persecution. Gaze again
 On the most favoured ; and amidst the blaze
 Of sunset halos o'er the laurel-browed,
 What can ye recognize ? a gilded cloud. p. 71. Canto XIII.

This reminds us something of *Childe Harold* ; we mean only in reference to the strain of moralizing which is here and elsewhere attempted ; and bears a strong affinity to the lightmindedness and blameable laxity, which are so visible in the former cantos. It is like viewing the breathless calm and peaceful serenity of the ocean, after the violence of the storm had subsided, and its agitation ceased : it is like turning from the harrowing desolation of a scene laid waste by warring elements, to fix your looks upon the freshness and verdure of a smiling landscape, over which the blight of the *Simoom* has not passed ; but whose natural beauty is heightened by the moisture they derive from the rain, hanging in large pearly drops upon the leaves and blades. It was to be wished, that Lord Byron had not so soon changed the pleasing theme, as will be plainly seen by the succeeding stanza, in which the portrait of Lady Adeline is continued.

XXXIV.

There also was of course in Adeline
 That calm patrician polish in the address,
 Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line
 Of any thing which nature would express,
 Just as a Mandarin buds nothing fine,
 At least his manner suffers not to guess
 That any thing he views can greatly please.
 Perhaps we've borrowed this from the Chinese. p. 72. Can. XIII.

The winter being now at a close, the fashionables had all begun to forsake the gay metropolis to retire to their country villas. Lord and Lady Amundeville, resolving to give a grand fête during the approaching season, invite a large party to meet at their country residence ; and amongst the nobility and gentry, who

were engaged to partake of their hospitality, the Russian envoy, who is no less a personage than Don Juan himself, was also a guest. This place of entertainment, belonging to the above mentioned illustrious pair, is called Norman Abbey, once a gothic structure, and forming an old monastery ; but now enlarged and beautified by various additions, alterations, and improvements made to it, according to modern taste. Its ancient situation and appearance are described in strong and glowing language.

LVI.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
 Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
 Stood like Caractacus, in act to rally
 His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke ;
 And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
 The dappled foresters--as day awoke,
 The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
 To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

LVII.

Before the mansion lay a liquid lake,
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
 By a river, which its soften'd way did take
 In currents thro' the calmer water spread
 Around : the wild fowl nestled in the brake
 And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed :
 The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
 With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

LVIII.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
 Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
 Its shriller echoes--like an infant made
 Quiet--sank into softer ripples, gliding
 Into a rivulet ; and thus allayed,
 Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
 Its windings thro' the woods ; now clear, now blue,
 According as the skies their shadows threw.

LIX.

A glorious remnant of the gothic pile,
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
 In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
 These last had disappear'd---a loss to art :
 The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
 Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
 In gazing on that venerable arch. pp. 83, 84, Canto XIII.

One part of this noble building had in former times been particularly appropriated for devotional purposes and the reception of saint-like images, as may be obviously gathered from the preceding and following stanzas, which latter only we can quote.

LXI.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
 The virgin mother of the God-born child,
 With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round,
 Spared by some chance, when all beside was spoil'd,
 She made the earth below seem holy ground.
 This may be superstition, weak or wild,
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine
 Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine. p. 85, Canto XIII.

The thought in the three next stanzas is no less beautifully conceived and elegantly executed ; and it is in the hope that the reader's mind will feel the full force of our remark, that we are induced to present him with them.

LXII.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
 Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
 Streaming from off the sun-like seraph's wings,
 Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,
 The gale sweeps thro' its fretwork, and oft sings
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
 Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

LXIII.

But in the noon-tide of the moon, and when
 The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
 There moans a strange unearthly sound, which there
 Is musical—a dying accent, driven
 Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
 Some deem it but the distant echo given
 Back to the night wind by the waterfall,
 And harmonized by the old choral wall :

LXIV.

Others, that some original shape, or form
 Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
 (Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
 In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)
 To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm.
 Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower :
 The cause I know not, nor can solve ; but such
 The fact—I've heard it—once perhaps too much. pp. 86, 87,
 Canto XIII.

This beautiful description of Norman Abbey is concluded in the two succeeding stanzas, which we think will be admired as much as the preceding ones. It may be necessary to premise, however, that such was the interesting appearance of this ancient edifice under its original structure ; but which, after passing into the hands of its present proprietor, had received numerous embellishments, as taste or curiosity prompted.

LXV.

Amidst the court a gothic fountain play'd,
 Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint,

Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
 And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
 The spring gush'd thro' grim mouths, of granite made,
 And sparkled into basins, where it spent
 Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
 Like man's vain-glory, and his vainer troubles.

LXVI.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
 With more of the monastic than has been
 Elsewhere preserved : the cloisters still were stables,
 The cells too and refectory, I ween :
 An exquisite small chapel had been able,
 'Till unimpair'd, to decorate the scene ;
 The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
 And spoke more of the baron than the monk. pp. 87, 88, Can. XIII.

Amidst a variety of furniture, with which the apartments were decorated, to set them off to all possible advantage, the building, in its present transformed state, was richly adorned with paintings executed by the first artists.

LXXI.

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
 Fatigued with those hereditary glories,
 There rose a Carlo Dolce, or a Titian,
 Or wilder groupe of savage Salvator's :
 Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone
 In Vernet's ocean lights ; and there the stories
 Of martyrs aved, as Spagnoletto tainted
 His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

LXXII.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine ;
 There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
 Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
 Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite ;
 But lo ! a Teniers woo'd, and not in vain.
 Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight :
 His bell-mouthed goblet makes me feel quite Danish
 Or Dutch with thirst—what ho ! a flask of Rhenish. pp. 90, 91,
 Canto XIII.

The party invited at Lord and Lady Amundeville's country seat, which was no other than Norman Abbey itself, at length begin to assemble, of whom a long and circumstantial detail is given, which, to avoid tediousness, we pass over ; as a mere catalogue of names and other trifling particulars, however essential to the interest of a narrative, will hardly gratify the taste of our more refined readers. The festive scene is described with great animation and felicity of expression, at which the usual carousals take place, such as the diversion of dancing, cards and other amusements, as were most agreeable to the different tastes of different visitors. At a very late hour—a circumstance quite common at these orgies—the guests retire one after another ; and

here this canto ends, which, in our opinion, appears to be the best of the three.

Canto the fourteenth opens with a serious reflection on death, a subject at all times unpleasant to think of, and always appalling and terrific to the guilty mind. Lord Byron, contrary to our expectation, has given a grave and cogitative turn to it, and we must own a good deal surprised us by his strain of moralizing on this topic, which reminds us more of the philosopher, who had all his lifetime studied these things, and profited by the lesson they afford, than of the man of the world, who seldom suffers thoughts of this kind to intrude on his privacy, and who never troubles himself with reflecting on the probability of one day pursuing the same darksome journey which is appointed for all, both rich and poor, whether of a gay or saturnine turn of disposition. For once Lord Byron seems to have quitted his usual tone of levity and trifling, and to have assumed a sedateness of thinking, a mood in which we do not always find his Lordship immersed. It is indeed quite refreshing to see Lord Byron strip himself of his accustomed inconsiderate light-heartedness, which, to say the least of it, is neither creditable to the reputation of the author, nor to the feelings of the man. But after all, this humorous fit, which had perhaps been purposely assumed to answer certain views, is of short duration, and Lord Byron again unceremoniously relapses into his former thoughtlessness.

III.

For me I know nought ; nothing I deny,
 Admit, reject, condemn ; and what know *you*,
 Except perhaps that you were born to die ?
 And both may after all turn out untrue.
 An age may come, Fount of eternity,
 When nothing shall be either old or new.
 Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,
 And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
 Of toil, is what we covet most ; and yet
 How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay !
 The very suicide, that pays his debt
 At once with instalments (an old way
 Of paying debts, which creditors regret)
 Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,
 Less from disgust of life than dread of death. pp. 118, 119, Canto
 XIV.

This may frequently be the case ; but the truth of it is sometimes questionable ; for it has happened, in some instances, that the dread of death is not greater than the disgust felt for life. We know that the culprit, whose crimes are not of the blackest die, and sufficient to call for the employment of the bow-string, or to merit the punishment of decapitation, immured

in a dungeon, or condemned to the galleys, shews a greater reluctance to live than to die. The monarch, who was exposed naked in an iron cage, as a spectacle to the gaze of the populace, would have welcomed the *friendly* stroke, which should have terminated his shame and his misery, rather than have rejoiced at the prospect of a life of such ignominious wretchedness being prolonged to years of continued infamy. Cæsar would rather have bled a thousand times over again, than consented to beg the boon of life from the mercy of the conspirators, to be a bye-word and scorn to the Roman multitude, stript of his honours, and reduced to the level of commonalty. Antony would rather have embraced death in a hundred horrid shapes, than have submitted of his own free accord to be the slave of Augustus; and even Cleopatra herself would have sooner exposed her arm to the sting of a million of adders, than have given her enemies an opportunity of trampling upon her fallen fortunes. With far different feelings did the sages and philosophers of other days regard the approaches of the grim messenger, than those which Lord Byron is pleased to ascribe to us. We are afraid of having digressed too long from the point, to which we gladly return; and as the thought is pursued in the two following stanzas, we shall make no apology for extracting them here.

V.

'Tis round him, near him, here, there, every where;
 And there's a courage which grows out of fear,
 Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
 The worst to *know* it:—when the mountains rear
 Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
 You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
 The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a minute
 Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

'Tis true, you don't—but, pale and struck with terror,
 Retire: but look into your past impression!
 And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
 Of your own thoughts, in all their self confession,
 The lurking bias, be it truth or error;
 To the *unknown*; a secret prepossession,
 To plunge with all your fears—but where? you know not,
 And that's the reason why you do—or do not. Pp. 119, 120. Canto
 XIV.

All this is very well; but it is to be lamented that Lord Byron should so soon descend from the serious to resume the sarcastic; for in the tenth stanza, we catch him sneering at the clerical profession.

X.

I've brought this world about my ears, and eke
 The other; that's to say, the clergy—who

Upon my head have bid their thunders break
 In pious libels by no means a few.
 And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
 Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
 In youth I wrote because my mind was full.
 And now because I feel it growing dull. P. 122. Canto XIV.

Before resuming the thread of his narrative, with which we are not often troubled in these cantos, the author breaks out into a deal of digressive matter; and, not to tire us with only fictitious incidents, we are told that there is some truth in what he relates.

XIII.

Besides, my muse by no means deals in fiction :
 She gathers a repertory of facts,
 Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
 But mostly sings of human things and acts—
 And that's one cause she meets with contradiction,
 For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts;
 And were her object only what's call'd glory,
 With more ease too, she'd tell a different story. P. 123. Can. XVI.

A train of reflection so edifying as this, is pursued through several successive stanzas, not totally destitute of interest; and under the impression that they will afford at least amusement, if not a solid gratification, we present our readers with the following.

XIV.

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety;
 Also a seasoning slight of incubation;
 A bird's eye view too of that wild society;
 A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
 If you have nought else, here's at least satiety,
 Both in performance and in preparation;
 And though these lines should only line portmanteaus,
 Trade will be all the better for these cantos.

XV.

The portion of this world which I at present
 Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
 Is one of which there's no description recent:
 The reason why is easy to determine:
 Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
 There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
 A full and family likeness through all ages,
 Of no great promise for poetic pages. P. 124, Canto XIV.

Notwithstanding the author's assurance of treating us with variety in his mode of thinking, there is, we fancy, little of reality in the above *morceaux*, though he does not wholly fail to redeem his pledge in what follows.

XVI.

With much to excite, there's little to exalt;
 Nothing that speaks to all men and all times;

A sort of varnish over every fault ;

A kind of common-place, even in their crimes,
Fictitious passions, wit without much salt,

A want of that true nature which sublines
Whate'er it shows with truth; a smooth monotony
Of character, in those at least who have got any.

XVII.

Sometimes indeed, like soldiers off parade,

They break their ranks, and gladly leave the drill ;
But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,

And they must be, or seem what they were: still
Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade ;

But when of the first sight you've had your fill,
It falls—at least it did so upon me,

This paradise of Pleasure and Emui. P. 125. Can. XIV.

What a pity it is that Lord Byron is not in priest's orders ; for in spite of his dislike and hatred of that profession, we believe him every way qualified to render his discourses not only edifying, but agreeable and pleasant. We have, however, not completely done with his sermon, which is spun out to the length of a few more stanzas.

XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gained our gaining,

Drest, voted, shone, and, may be, something more ;

With dandies dined ; heard senators declaiming ;

Seen beauties brought to market by the score ;

Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming :

There's little left but to be bored or bore.

Witness those "*ci-devant, jeunes hommes*" who stem

The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth them. P. 126, C. XIV.

Now this is all very fine, and we really perceive nothing very objectionable in it—but unhappily his Lordship soon descends from this envied eminence, whence he might have continued to hurl his moral thunders without committing much serious mischief, to rail at the female sex, though not with the same invincible bitterness and malignity as he has done in the former cantos

XXIII.

Alas ! worlds fall—and woman, since she fell'd

The world (as, since that history, less polite

Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held)

Has not yet given up the practice quite.

Poor thing of usages ! coerc'd, compell'd,

Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right,

Condemn'd to child-bed, as men for their sins

Have shaving too entailed upon their clins.

That a feeling of sympathy should be excited in the bosom of Lord Byron on account of the many hardships to which the female condition is naturally exposed, is what, from his habitual antipathy for them, we never expected. Yet that he should

so suddenly change a tone of becoming gravity, as may be seen from the following stanzas, and resume his wonted habit of levelling his sneers at the whole sex, is a circumstance much to be regretted, and which leads us to suspect that his tenderness was only feigned.

XXVI.

"Petticoat influence" is a great reproach,
Which even those who obey would fain be thought
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach ;
But since beneath it upon earth we're brought
By various joltings of life's hackney coach,
I for one venerate a petticoat—
A garment of a mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.

XXVII.

Much I respect, and much I have ador'd,
In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil,
Which holds a treasure, like a miser's hoard,
And more attracts by all it doth conceal—
A golden scabbard on a damasque sword,
A loving letter with a mystic seal,
A cure for grief—for what can ever rankle
Before a petticoat and peeping ancle ?

XXVIII.

And when upon a silent, sullen day,
With a Sirocco, for example, blowing,
When even the sea looks dim with all its spray,
And sulkily the river's ripple's flowing,
And the skies show that very ancient gray,
The sober, sad antithesis to glowing,—
'Tis pleasant, if *then* any thing is pleasant,
To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant. Pp. 130, 131. Can.
XIV.

The history of Don Juan's adventures is next resumed, and we accordingly proceed with the portion with which the author himself commences.

XXIX.

We left our heroes and our heroines
In that fair clime which don't depend on climate,
Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,
Though certainly more difficult to rhyme at,
Because the sun and stars, and aught that shines,
Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at,
Are there oft dull and dreary as a *dun*—
Whether a sky's or tradesman's, is all one.

XXX.

And in-door life is less poetical ;
And out of door hath showers, and mists, and sleet,
With which I could not brew a pastoral.
But be it as it may, a bard must meet

All difficulties, whether great or small,
 To spoil his undertaking or complete,
 And work away, like spirit upon matter,
 Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and water. Pp. 131, 132,
 Can. XIV.

Don Juan's excellent qualities and accommodating temper are thus encomiastically described.

XXXI.

Juan—in this respect at least like saints—
 Was all things unto people of all sorts,
 And lived contentedly, without complaints,
 In camps, in ships, in cottages, or courts—
 Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,
 And mingling modestly in toils or sports.
 He likewise could be most things to all women.
 Without the coxcombry of certain *she* men. P. 132. Can. XIV.

Juan subsequently accompanies his party a fox hunting, a diversion in which he acquires himself with credit, considering his extraction, his education, his habits, and manners, which were all foreign, and which, it might be supposed, had entirely unfitted him for joining in a sport, to which he had never been accustomed in his own country.

XXXV.

Such were his trophies;—not of spear and shield,
 But leaps and bursts, and sometimes fox's brushes;
 Yet I must own—although in this I yield
 To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes,—
 He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
 Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
 And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
 Asked next day, "If men e'er hunted *twice*?" P. 134. Can. XIV.

But he was gifted with other qualifications, (equally profitable,) besides that of horsemanship.

XXXVI.

He also had a quality uncommon
 To early risers after a long chase,
 Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon
 December's drowsy day to his dull race,—
 A quality agreeable to woman,
 When her soft, liquid words run on apace,
 Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner,—
 He did not fall asleep just after dinner.

XXXVII.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
 And shone in the best part of dialogue,
 By humouring always what they might assert,
 And listening to the topics most in vogue;
 Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;
 And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!

He ne'er presum'd to make an error clearer—
In short, there never was a better hearer. P. 135. Can. XIV.

He was also eminently skilled in the nimble movements of the
"light fantastic toe," and on many occasions highly distinguish-
ed himself under the mild and gentle banners of Terpsichore.

XXXVIII.

And then he danced;—all foreigners excel
The serious Anglois in the eloquence
Of pantomime;—he danced, I say, right well,
With emphasis, and also with good sense—
A thing in footing indispensable:
He danced without theatrical pretence,
Not like a ballette-master in the van
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

XXXIX.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound,
And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;
Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimmed the ground,
And rather held in than put forth his vigour;
And then he had an ear for music's sound,
Which might defy a crotched critic's rigour.
Such classic *pas—sans flaws*—set off our hero,
He glanced like a personified Bolero;

XL.

Or, like a flying hour before Aurora,
In Guido's famous fresco, which alone
Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a
Remnant were there of the old world's sole throne.
The "*tout ensemble*" of his movements wore a
Grace of the soft ideal, seldom shown,
And ne'er to be described; for to the colour
Of bards and prosers, words are void of colour. Pp. 136. 137,
Can. XIV.

Thus Juan conciliated the good graces of all his acquaintances,
by whom he was so much admired and respected, that he became
a favourite with all.

XLI.

No marvel then he was a favourite;
A full-grown Cupid, very much admired;
A little spoilt, but by no means so quite;
At least he kept his vanity retired.
Such was his tact, he could alike delight
The chaste, and those who're not so much inspired.
The Dutchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved "*tracasserie*,"
Began to treat him with some small "*agacerie*." P. 137. Canto
XIV.

Of this illustrious peeress we have the following account.

XLII.

She was a fine, and somewhat full-blown blonde,
Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated

For several winters in the grand, *grand monde*.
 I'd rather not say what might be related
 Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground,
 Besides there might be falsehood in what's stated.
 Her late performance had been a dead set
 At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet. P. 138. Canto XIV.

The strange adventure above alluded to between Lord Augustus and Lady Fitz-Fulke, as might have been expected, made some noise in the higher circles, as we learn from the following stanza.

XLIV.

The circle smil'd, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd ;
 The misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd ;
 Some hop'd things might not turn out as they fear'd ;
 Some would not deem such women could be found ;
 Some ne'er believ'd one half of what they heard ;
 Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd profound,
 And several pitied with sincere regret
 Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet. P. 139. Can. XIV.

What Lady Amundeville thought of the Dutchess's conduct, the author has not forgotten to apprise us.

XLVI.

But, oh that I should ever pen so sad a line !
 Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,
 My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,
 Began to think the dutchess' conduct free,
 Regretting much that she had chosen so bad a line,
 And waxing chiller in her courtesy,
 Looked grave and pale to see her friend's fragility,
 For which most friends reserve their sensibility. P. 140. Can. XIV.

Here the author feels himself at full liberty to soliloquize, and addresses an apostrophe to friendship, that would, by the bye, have done no trifling honour even to the genius of Sterne.

XLVII.

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy :
 'Tis so becoming to the soul and face ;
 Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
 And robes sweet friendship in a Brussel's lace.
 Without a friend, what were humanity,
 To hunt our errors up with a good grace ?
 Consoling us with—"Would you had thought twice !
 Ah ! if you had but follow'd my advice."

XLVIII.

Oh, Job ! you had two friends : one's quite enough,
 Especially when we are ill at ease ;
 These are but bad pilots when the weather's rough,
 Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.
 Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
 As they will do, like leaves at the first breeze :

When your affairs come round, one way or t'other,
Go to the coffee house, and take another.

In the two next stanzas a different change is rung, which we trust will not be found uninteresting.

XLIX.

But this is not my maxim: had it been,
Some heart aches had been spared me; yet I care not—
I would not be a tortoise in his screen
Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not.
'Tis better on the whole to have felt and seen
That which humanity may bear, or bear not.
'Twill teach discernment to the sensitive,
And not to pour their ocean in a sieve.

L.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so,"
Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
Who 'stead of saying what you now should do,
Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "*bonos mores*,"
With a long memorandum of old stories. Pp. 141, 142. Can. XIV.

Lady Adeline's anger takes a sweeping range, in so much that both the unhappy dutchess and Juan (who certainly is blameless) share in her displeasure.

LI.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity
Was not confined to feeling for her friend,
Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,
Unless her habits should begin to mend;
But Juan also shared in her austerity,
But mix'd with pity, pure as e'er was penn'd:
His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,
And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

The apostrophe to Time is quite *unique*, and we venture to hope that we will be forgiven for transplanting it, from its original stock, into our own pages.

Oh, Time! why dost not pause? Thy scythe, so dirty
With rust, should surely cease to hack and hew.
Reset it; shave more smoothly, also slower,
If but to keep thy credit as a mower. P. 143. Can. XIV.

Of Lady Adeline's youthful appearance and habits, we have a very interesting description.

LV.

At sixteen she came out; presented, vaunted,
She put all coronets into commotion:
At seventeen too the world was still enchanted
With the new Venus of their brilliant ocean:

At eighteen, though below her feet still panted
 A hecatomb of suitors with devotion,
 She had consented to create again
 That Adam, called "the happiest of men."

LVI.

Since then she'd sparkled thro' three glowing winters,
 Admired, adored; but also so correct,
 That she had puzzled all the acutest hinters,
 Without the apparel of being circumspect:
 They could not even glean the slightest splinters
 From off the marble, which had no defect.
 She'd also snatch'd a moment since her marriage,
 To bear a son and heir—and one miscarriage.

LVII.

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,
 Those little glitterers of the London night,
 But none of these possess'd a sting to wound her—
 She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's flight.
 Perhaps she wish'd an aspirant profounder;
 But whatso'er she wished, she acted right;
 And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
 A woman, so she's good, what does it signify? Pp. 144, 145. Can.
 XIV.

Juan in the mean time becomes attached to a certain dutchess,
 to break whose chains lady Adeline exerts all her powers; and,
 with that view, concerts a plan, which she communicates to
 her husband, in order to obtain his acquiescence and co-operation.

LXV.

And first, in the o'erflowing of her heart,
 Which really knew, or thought it knew no guile,
 She call'd her husband now and then apart,
 And bade him counsel Juan. With a smile,
 Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art
 To wean Don Juan from the siren's wile;
 And answer'd, like a statesman or a prophet,
 In such guise that she could make nothing of it. P. 149, Can.
 XIV.

But Lord Henry does not so easily come into her plans, and
 assigns strange reasons for his conduct.

LXVI.

Firstly, he said, "He never interfered
 "In any body's business but the king's."
 Next, that "he never judged from what appear'd,
 "Without strong reason, of those sorts of things:"
 Thirdly, that "Juan had more brain than beard,
 "And was not to be held in leading strings;"

And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,
 "That good but rarely came from good advice."

LXVII.

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the truth
 Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse
 To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth,
 At least as far as *birs'ance* allows:
 That time would temper Juan's faults of youth;
 That young men rarely made monastic vows;
 That opposition only more attaches—
 But here a messenger brought in dispatches. P. 150, Can. XIV.

The poet again ventures into the *digressive*, and after a long and tedious fit of reflection, which partakes more of a desultory character than otherwise, he resumes the narrative part, where he had abruptly broken off.

LXXXV.

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—
 Her heart was vacant, though a splendid mansion;
 Her conduct had been perfectly correct,
 As she had seen nought claiming its expansion.
 A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd,
 Because 'tis frailer, doubtless, than a staunch one;
 But when the latter works its own undoing,
 Its inner crush is like an earthquake's ruin.

LXXXVI.

She loved her lord, or thought so; but *that* love
 Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,
 The stone of Sisyphus, if once we move
 Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the soil.
 She'd nothing to complain of, or reprove,
 No bickerings, no connubial turmoil:
 Their union was a model to behold,
 Serene and noble—conjugal, but cold. Pp. 159, 160, Can. XIV.

This is no very amiable portrait of Lady Adeline, who could not even plead disparity of years in her own and Lord Henry's age; nor are we given to understand that the match between the fated pair was either that of convenience, force, or accident: no such cause having existed, nor any plausible reason assigned to excuse the dull and uniform tenour of their matrimonial existence, we are compelled to look for an explanation of the want of conjugal harmony betwixt Lord and Lady Amundeville in some other circumstance, since our author is not very explicit in his delineation.

LXXXVII.

There was no great disparity of years,
 Though much in temper; but they never clash'd:

They moved like stars united in their spheres,
 Or like the Rhone by Leman's waters wash'd,
 Where mingled and yet separate appears
 The river from the lake, all blueely dash'd
 Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
 Which fain would hush its river-child to sleep.

P. 160. Can. XIV.

Lady Adeline, like most of her sex, when she felt the slightest interest in any circumstance, had her strongest sympathy excited in one particular direction; and, under this feeling, it was Don Juan's fate to engage her warmest regard, which may have probably originated in all the tenderness of pure and disinterested friendship for the youth and inexperience of the hero.

XCI.

She knew not her own heart; how then should I?
 I think not she was *then* in love with Juan:
 If so, she would have had the strength to fly
 The wild sensation, unto her a new one:
 She merely felt a common sympathy
 (I will not say it was a false or true one)
 In him, because she thought he was in danger—
 Her husband's friend, her own, young, and a stranger.

In the next stanza, the sentiment here expressed is enlarged upon, and a greater latitude allowed to the developement of a feeling so ardent and lively as that which Lady Adeline had begun to cherish towards Don Juan.

XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and this
 Without the force of friendship, or romance
 Of Platonism, which leads so oft amiss
 Ladies who've studied friendship but in France,
 Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss,
 To thus much Adeline would not advance;
 But of such friendship as man's may to man be,
 She was as capable as woman can be.

P. 163, Can. XIV.

We are no advocates for what is called platonic friendship, which used one time to be so much admired, and under cover of which the blackest and most atrocious intrigues have been fostered and matured, to the ruin of the peace of society. We have next a touch of the pathetic about the sweet and tender influence of love, in a style peculiar to Lord Byron.

XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ
 Of change; and how should this be otherwise?
 That violent things more quickly find a term
 Is shown thro' nature's whole analogies;

And how should the most fierce of all be firm?
 Would you have endless lightning in the skies?
 Methinks love's very title says enough:
 How should "the *tender* passion" e'er be *tough*?

XCV.

Alas! by all experience, seldom yet
 (I merely quote what I have heard from many)
 Had lovers not some reason to regret
 The passion which made Solomon a zany,
 I've also seen some wives (not to forget
 The marriage state, the best or worst of any)
 Who were the very paragons of wives,
 Yet made the misery of at least two lives. P. 164. Can. XIV.

But to return to Don Juan and Lady Adeline, whom the author frequently sacrifices to his love of paradox in these cantos.

XCVII.

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
 Grew friends in this or any other sense,
 Will be discuss'd hereafter, I opine:
 At present I am glad of a pretence
 To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
 And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense*;
 The surest way for ladies and for books
 To bait their tender or their tenter hooks.

XCVII.

Whether they rode or walk'd, or studied Spanish
 To read Don Quixote in the original,
 A pleasure which before all others vanish;
 Whether their talk was of the kind call'd "small,"
 Or serious, are the topics I must banish
 To the next Canto; where perhaps I shall
 Say something to the purpose, and display
 Considerable talent in my way. Pp. 165, 166. Can. XIV.

Of this we believe him very capable, nor did it require his solemn assurance to impress us with a conviction of his ability. A little caution is gratuitously forced upon us in respect to the conjectures we may be idly disposed to indulge in on the score of Juan's hinted connection with Lady Adeline.

XCIX.

Above all, I beg all men to forbear
 Anticipating aught about the matter:
 They'll only make mistakes about the fair,
 And Juan too, especially the latter.
 And I shall take a much more serious air
 Than I have yet done, in this epic satire.
 It is not clear that Adeline and Juan
 -Will fall; but if they do, 'twill be their ruin. P. 166. Can. XIV.

At the close of the fourteenth canto, the poet assumes a mock serious air, and begins to moralize in an ironical tone.

C.

But great things spring from little :—Would you think,
That in our youth, as dangerous a passion
As e'er brought man and woman to the brink
Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion,
As few would ever dream could form the link
Of such a sentimental situation?
You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions, millions—
It all springs from a harmless game at billiards. P. 167. Can. XIV.

How far our author is correct in asserting that truth always sounds strangely, we do not mean to dispute in this place ; but taking the gravamen of the assertion in a relative point of view, and considering the bearings of the situation in which man stands to man, we cannot be surprised at the observation which the noble bard would seem to insist upon, as being not wholly without foundation. But our business is not with metaphysics, and we close our extracts with the penultimate stanza of this canto.

CI.

'Tis strange—but true ; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction : if it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange ;
How differently the world would men behold !
How oft would vice and virtue places change !
The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their soul's antipodes. Ibid.

We know not whether the moral Columbus, which Lord Byron here talks of, is not the Momus of the heathen mythology, from which we learn, that when Jupiter first created man, he gratuitously sent for Momus to look at this masterpiece of godlike workmanship, and asked him what he thought of it. The god of raillery wished that a window had been placed in his breast, to enable one to see what were the exact current of the several passions which engendered in his bosom. All this sounds extremely well in theory ; but let us for a while examine the consequences, which would inevitably result from the adoption of a precaution which Momus, (and there are even in our times many who resemble him in their habits and temperaments,) in the plenitude of his wisdom, recommended to Jupiter. Bad as the world is (and we desire to know how the existing evils are to be remedied,) it would in that case have proved much more intolerable ; for where is the man, who in his sober senses would dream of cultivating social intercourse, with the same unreservedness and cordiality which at present mark all his transactions,

with one of his species, when by means of Momus's window, he might perceive the dangerous tendency to which friendship with a man of corrupt passions would ultimately lead. Who, when the fascination of beauty begins to exercise its witchery and captivate the soul, would be mad enough to link his "fate with hers," if it were found, on examination, that the object of his choice was gifted with qualities not the most estimable or enviable, and vice versa? The most beautiful and lovely creature might be of a jealous and termagant disposition, and thus present an insuperable bar to matrimonial felicity. Still stronger objections might exist on the part of the opposite sex, who would have to lament an eternal celibacy, without the prospect of seeing an end to so distressing a misfortune. In short, friendship would degenerate into treachery, magnanimity into selfishness, and generosity into ostentation. The honest tradesman would be accused of peculation, the citizen suspected of harbouring discontent, and the faithful minister accused of priestcraft; whilst the conscientious statesman, who had hitherto consulted only the honour and glory of his country, would be brought to suffer on the ignominious block for ambition and tyranny. The father of a growing family would regard with the eye of jealousy the manly perfections of his offspring, and the latter forget the duty of veneration towards the former; whilst the mother would view with envy and alarm the budding beauties of a lovely and innocent daughter, and the daughter withdraw all proper confidence from the mother, in whose maternal bosom she is now taught to repose all her tender anxieties, solitudes, and a thousand other agitations. The husband of an amiable and engaging wife would watch the footsteps of the latter with provoking suspicion, and the wife resent the injurious and unfeeling conduct of the unhappy husband, by wantonly indulging in that very licentiousness which had been at first unjustly imputed to her. Thus complaint upon complaint would continue to harass society, and misery multiply upon misery to embitter human life. Indeed Lord Byron does not seem to be aware of the real extent of the mischief to which he would (it is hardly to be doubted) himself become an unwilling sacrifice—for who would take upon trust all that his Lordship is now pleased to urge against the human character? Lord Byron surely cannot be so unreasonable as to expect any concessions in his individual favour: and if the vision of his moral Columbus were once to be fully, actually, and *bona fide* realized, his Lordship would be equally involved in the general calamity. After this plain statement, we ask, to what possible improvements is the adoption of the system, to which Lord Byron makes allusion in stanza 101 of the fourteenth canto, to lead? Comparatively speaking, none. The same mischievous

consequences would result from the introduction of the one as from that of the other, without the possibility of our living to see a termination of them. Destroy confidence between man and man, and his condition on earth would be one of complete misery ; but so long as a mutual bond is suffered to exist, man may be figuratively said to live in a moral paradise. Even amongst devils, the compact of social endearment makes their state somewhat tolerable. Confidence is the Gordian knot—cut it, and all the evils of Pandora's box would afresh overwhelm the world. It is confidence, mutually exercised, that makes man an enviable creature—it is an attachment of this sort that eternally links breast to breast, without suspicion and without distrust—it is this which attaches to life its value, and unites mankind in the indissoluble bond of pure and disinterested friendship—which secures to nations the good will and intercourse of one another, without the formalities of strict watchfulness and unbending scrutiny—it is, in a word, in our moral relation, the fiery pillar which in the season of trial guides our footsteps in the journey of life, and turns to a column of smoke and vanishes away, when our path is no longer beset with snares.

It is a question involving some consideration, as to what is the primary object which Lord Byron proposes to himself in the publication of *Don Juan*. As it is not a work of a moral tendency, we find it difficult to give a response. Surely it cannot be to blacken and asperse the characters of his political enemies ; to chastise Mr. Southey for the severe castigations which he has sometimes condescended to bestow on the noble poet, or to hold up to ridicule and contumely the literary and personal reputation of Mr. Jeffrey, for the now slumbering crime of having depreciated his Lordship's juvenile talents, when he originally commenced plucking feathers from Apollo's wings. If it be the correction of the corrupt passions of the human heart, the eradication of the perverse and ignoble principles, which too often choke up the genial current of the soul, and seduce the mind from the path of rectitude and uprightness, and the improvement and enlargement of the understanding, we tell Lord Byron that he has woeefully mistaken the means he has had recourse to, and that abler pens than what his Lordship can ever hope to wield, have before laboured in the same vocation, without profit and without success. If by indiscriminately lashing the fashionable foibles, and animadverting on the conduct of those whose end and aim is to abet and support every species of intemperance, lewdness, and degeneracy, he thinks of setting a bound to caprice, folly, and prejudice, we would ask Lord Byron whether he is the man to effect this desirable change, even granting that he possessed the requisite qualifications to superinduce it. If, again, he be

and be lost. A profligate writer may indeed descant on the charms of virtue, and try to expose the deformity of vice, without much success; whilst his pretensions will only be laughed at, and his dogmatism treated with derision. No such man has ever yet succeeded in making a true proselyte; indeed it is not in the nature of things that he should—and however he may mislead, by his fatal example, the unreflecting and the uninformed, his sincerity will always be a matter of doubt, and his professions of his own peace and equanimity of mind at best tend but to amuse the wavering and the unsettled. Conciliation and forbearance must be practised, rather than that invective and abuse should be heedlessly resorted to, to reclaim the profligate and unthinking from the error of their ways. He ought rather to be a ministering angel to the diseased in mind, and evince the noble and generous philanthropy of a Howard towards the distresses and miseries of his fellow creatures, than turn from them with loathing and abhorrence. It would redound incalculably more to his credit, to imitate the meek and lowly pattern presented in the blessed and holy character of the Founder of our religion, than unsheath from its sleeping scabbard the destroying sword of Mahomet for the propagation of his creed. Nothing so soon and so easily defeats the object as a want of conciliation; and, in the great work of reforming the corrupt manners of corrupt times, as the absence of common charity towards the failings of others. It is much more advisable to administer the gentle restoratives of salutary instruction, and the opiates of wisdom and learning, than to force the patient to swallow the bitter cathartics of unpleasant and repulsive admonition. It may be wise and judicious to post watchful sentinels at the avenues to the citadel of the heart; but a distinction must be made between friend and foe, and the approach of an enemy with the flag of truce must not be repelled without we have indisputable proofs of an insidious design. It is also essentially necessary to success, that the reputation of a moral writer should, if possible, be free from the least taint; otherwise, those who do not wish well to his endeavours, will not abstain from indulging in acrimonious reflections at the expense of his feelings, and reminding him of the necessity of purifying his own character before he thinks of setting up for a reformer. Such has frequently been the case, and it would not be a matter of astonishment if the same were to be repeated in the instance of our author. Have not already some of Lord Byron's adversaries occasionally assailed him on the score of self-amendment, and how has he met the charge? Not fairly and openly, but by retaliation, abuse, and invective, the bitterest, the lowest, and the most scornful. The irritable disposition which Lord Byron has not failed to exhibit in all his récriminatory publications, joined to a great portion of malevolence, and to a want of civility towards his

opponents, destroys his claim to the distinction we allude to. We have no objection to his Lordship's continuing to amuse us with the masterly touches of his inimitable pencil, provided his resemblances be confined to truth and nature; but how far he has a right to force upon us a code of morals, when that which regulates his own immediate conduct is not free from impurities, is a question of considerable moment, and cannot be disposed of without the maturest deliberation. Talents Lord Byron may boast of in the highest degree; but instead of improving and chastening his faculties by deep reading and studious habits, unfortunately for his Lordship, the channel of his ideas seems to be perverted, and the stream must consequently become stagnant and polluted. With genius such as he possesses, what might not he have accomplished; but how little has he yet performed? We regard Lord Byron as a kind of phenomenon in the poetical world; and when we glance over his harmonious pages, we feel as if the best days of Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Spencer, and Milton, were revived in our imagination. We are conscious of a certain share of pride and pleasure, that the volumes which compose his Lordship's performances, so far only as respects their poetry, are a splendid ornament to the library of the gentleman and the scholar. But when we for a moment more narrowly examine the tendency of his writings, and reflect upon the mischiefs they may possibly have occasioned, a sigh of mingled pity and sorrow involuntarily escapes us. Alas! what a wreck of genius does not Lord Byron present to us. It is as if the furious elements had desolated the universe, and turned the smiling face of nature and the beauties of creation into scenes of gloomy horror and confusion. It is as if the flaming sword of the destroying angel had devastated the earth, and plunged the little world of man into primordial chaos—it is as if a second deluge had overwhelmed the world, and as if the terrors of Sodom and Gomorrah were again to be realized. We see then clearly that Lord Byron is not the person, whom we think capable of reforming the age. Fashion and folly are always legitimate subjects for the unimpeded exercise of the satirist's faculties; and so long as he tries to engage our attention by the successful exposure of absurd customs and ridiculous distinctions in society, we shall be the last to complain of Lord Byron: but let him once depart from this lawful course, and he becomes the evil genius of his species, who without his adventitious aid are miserable enough to require to add to their sufferings.

It now becomes necessary to discuss the general merits of so wonderful a production as *Don Juan*; for it is scarcely to be imagined that Lord Byron would have wasted so much of his time and abilities in the composition of this admirable, and yet pernicious performance, without having some object in view:—we

say admirable, because it would be the height of fastidiousness and affectation to deny it that praise which is its due for the varied excellencies that undoubtedly belong to it; and pernicious, because its scope is calculated to produce consequences of a mischievous nature, if not counteracted by a stronger and more efficacious remedy than the evil itself. *Don Juan*—even separated from Lord Byron's other works—has sufficient merit to earn him the most lasting fame. As the composition of a mind, which hardly ranks inferior to that of our best and most distinguished poets, it is without its equal in modern literature, and possesses all the requisites of a standard work; but this is after all a negative sort of praise, which has been yielded to even those gifted with less talent than our author—it was the permanent and living-like quality, with which the immortal strains of a Shakespeare and a Milton are imbued, that gained them the most imperishable renown. Yet with claims like what we have ventured to urge in its favour, it is to be remembered that *Don Juan* is not quite faultless. No man who has once read Lord Byron's poetry, would not be struck with the most admired beauties, both of thought and diction; and indeed, when he pleases, he can fascinate us with the insinuating loveliness of the most enchanting poesy:—but it is only when he throws aside his coarser habit, and puts on the magic cestus, that he can charm us to intoxication; yet when he changes it for an indelicate attire, he shocks our feelings by his coarseness and vulgarity. Of this Lord Byron seems to be conscious in some degree; still it is to be regretted that he takes so little pains to remove the objections, which have been urged in reference to the tendency of his writings. He surely could not be ignorant of the delusive influence which his powerful and brilliant imagination had in the prime of its vigour acquired over the tastes and feelings of his readers, when idol worship was unthinkingly and unreflectingly paid to him. The times are changed, the illusion is gone, and no one now proclaims the infallibility of the eastern pagod. Lord Byron possesses all the distinguishing essentials necessary to the constitution of a great poet and mighty master; and we know no modern author, who we think is capable of contesting the palm with him. His skill in the poetic art is too superior to admit of competition by any efforts of plodding intellects, whose most laboured effusions are but the mere “*ignis-fatnus*” of the day; the “*Will o' the wisp*” of the hour; or the “*beams of a meteor*” of the moment:—and when his imagination becomes truly inspired with heavenly musings, he touches his poetic lyre with a witchery of execution transporting in the highest degree; while the sounds which burst from its trembling strings are so sweet and ravishing, as to draw the heart forcibly within the

circle of their enchantment; like the enrapturing notes of the Talkative Bird of Arabian creation, which had the magical effect of alluring around its cage the whole feathered creation by the sweetness of its warblings. Sometimes the strains of his instrument emulate the music of the spheres, and astonish the mind by their excellence;—sometimes they sink, without, however, materially degenerating their characteristic quality, into the softness of terrestrial melody, and thus remind the enthusiastic admirer of the harmonious babbings of the Yellow Fountain, described in some eastern stories, that, self-agitated, threw up its golden waters to a wonderful height, accompanied by a murmuring intonation, and sparkling with a brilliancy that far outshone the sun's meridian splendour; and sometimes they resemble the transporting symphony which we are told issued from the charmed leaves and branches of the Harmonious Tree, which, by certain movements, perhaps caused by some unseen fairy power, produced the completest and the most delightful concert that ever captivated the imagination. Yet, strange as it may appear, still it is no less true, that in the midst of these wonder-workings, we are sometimes most unaccountably startled from our trance by the discordant jarrings that occasionally proceed from the same source. To resume our usual plainness, the poem of *Don Juan* is not totally destitute of specimens of the former happy kind; but unfortunately it exhibits, in many places, obscurities that would reflect little credit on a mind, even less cultivated than Lord Byron's. When beauties, in any popular work of a great author, are so sparingly scattered, it is reasonable to suppose that they do not often strike the reader with sufficient force, and consequently much of their interest is lost. *Don Juan* is not, however, that sort of production which would admit of being hastily scanned over. It owes much of its reputation to the partiality of its admirers. We willingly concede, that it is not Lord Byron's wish or design to consult the taste or the judgment of the vulgar herd, who have not the capacity to keep pace with the strides of his genius; but it will be allowed us, that an author who has the good fortune to gain a certain degree of pre-eminence by the attractive graces of his performances, and desires to retain his popularity, is under some obligation to those whose concurrent applause had conduced to raise him to his present pinnacle of fame and glory; and that it would be more consonant with his literary reputation to continue to afford the same recreation and delight to all classes of his admirers as heretofore. On a comparison with the earlier writings of Lord Byron, *Don Juan* will be found to bear the same relation to *Childe Harold*, *The Corsair*, *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and *Laura*, that the *Iliad* of Homer does to his *Odyssey*,

or the *Paradise Lost* of Milton to his *Paradise Regained*. Even with these drawbacks, we are free to confess, that in *Don Juan* may be discovered the traces of a mighty intellect, grappling with a world of thought intense and rapid, and losing itself amidst its own unfathomable profundity:—and if it do not abound, after all, with the same lavish profusion of beauties and excellencies which contradistinguish the author's other happier effusions of more sterling merit, it is not totally destitute of recommendation, but rather seems like a string of “Orient pearls at random strung,” in which some are larger and others smaller, but each of inestimable value. Indeed the most sceptical reader will find it difficult, under all the disadvantages the poem of *Don Juan* labours, not to acknowledge that it shews the hand of a master, who is familiar with all the niceties and elegancies of poetical composition, or not to feel the exquisite force of the most profound and ingenious strokes of wit and humour that are so abundantly scattered throughout this extraordinary production. There is scarcely a stanza in the last three cantos, which does not exhibit the most finished touches of the most cutting sarcasm and irony, under the feigned semblance of either sympathy, which the writer does not feel, or pity, which he despises; and these various feelings are called into action by incidents that are in their own nature whimsical or ludicrous. To assume on any occasion, at a sudden call, a tone of seriousness in treating of topics that have nothing of a grave or sentimental character; to impart an air of gravity to palpably absurd and laughable incidents; and to descant with a sort of *sang-froid* candour and interest on matters that call forth the spontaneous exercise of those feelings, are qualities indicative of strong satirical powers, with which few wits of the present *wise* generation are in any ways gifted. Every man feels himself at liberty.—and certainly no task is easier than that of declaiming against vice, and extolling the praises and perfections of virtue, to which all would become martyrs, if some penalty were not exacted from them as a proof of their sincerity: and we are far from insinuating that Lord Byron is the only exception to this rule; he too has joined in the common outcry, but wants the retiring zeal of a saint, and sometimes overdoes the thing. For discovering the weak side of our nature, and taking possession of the “vantage ground,” Lord Byron has peculiar talents, and is certainly without a competitor amongst the satirists of the age: but, unlike most of them; (who make the frailties and follies of their superiors a trade that gives them some reckoning,) as he seems conscious of his own strength, and comes fully prepared to conquer or die, he bears upon the foe with all his might and main, and has seldom been known to retire from the conflict with his lance shivered. But if the trepidations of the balance at all incline

in his favour, Lord Byron, boa-constrictor like, crushes his wretched victim till his very bones are actually pulverized. Even if discomfited at the outset, he returns to the charge time after time, acquiring fresh vigour and renewed courage, till at length nothing can withstand him. They who have had the patience to accompany his Lordship through all the stages of his literary controversies, will meet with a confirmation of our allegation. What we blame Lord Byron chiefly for, is the existence of cold-blooded levity, in even the most unexceptionable of his pieces; so that his most ardent and disinterested admirers are sometimes startled by his paradoxes. In the present publication, we think Lord Byron has shewn a command and mastery of his subject, a felicity of expression in the communication of his ideas, and a vein of humour, that have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed by his contemporaries. His connection with the more polished circles seems to have laid bare to his searching eye all its immunities and customs, and no incident of note appears to have escaped his shrewdness and sagacity; but he has turned every thing to account. He has had the art of praising what deserved, abstractedly considered, no panegyric, and of making that appear pleasing and agreeable which in itself had nothing to recommend it to our particular notice or observation. Lord Byron has also had the ingenuity to cover his sword with leaves of myrtle, that he may do the greater execution by its seeming harmlessness. He presents to the unsuspecting object of his dislike a beautiful nosegay of flowers of many hues; but the poisonous adder is artfully concealed under their odoriferous petals, ready to pollute with the envenomed shaft of his tongue the first thaw into life and activity;—like a rattle-snake, he fascinates only to destroy, and leave the miserable victim to perish mangled and forgotten. His adroitness is, on the other hand, not less prominently exhibited in presenting the bowl—that minister of treachery and death—dissolved with pearls and gems of great price:—while the brim is unconsciously applied to the lips, he mysteriously mingles a deleterious powder with the beverage, and thus consigns the dupe of his malignity to swift destruction. Again, like a powerful magician, he needs only to breathe the cabalistic word, and the scene of desolation would instantly assume the glowing aspect of a smiling landscape, the more easily to decoy the wearied traveller to certain misery and endless ruin. Such is the power which Lord Byron possesses, and such are its fatal effects,—such the bewitching charms of his poetry, and such the allurements and fascinations in which his doctrines are usually arrayed. Interested in the success of a production, on the merits of which he is content to rest the continuance of his fame and popularity, Lord Byron has put forth his utmost vigour; while the means by which he endeavours to secure those objects are not always commensurate

with the end proposed. With the talents for which Lord Byron is distinguished, what good might he not have done ; how many lost spirits might he not have recovered from the delusive paths of error and prejudice ; what essential service might he not have rendered to religion and virtue ; and how many souls now engulfed in the dark and devious windings of perdition, might he not have brought back to the fruition of a glorious and blessed eternity ! Achievements like these, though humble in name, would have reflected a brighter and more durable lustre on his Lordship's fame and character, than all the renown he has acquired by the concurrent admiration of the world. Deeds such as these are worthy the ambition even of angels and archangels ; and their consummation is capable of yielding a much more solid and lasting pleasure to the mind than the most lavish and prodigal profusion of interested praise, which the popular breath can offer to the divinity of its own making. But Lord Byron would sooner catch the gilded bubble, whose evanescence is as certain as its solidity is a mere mockery,—which floats in the air, drifted from one course to another, as the current of popular acclamation either drives it forward this or that way,—than build his hopes upon that adamant Rock, which even the thunderbolt, with all its vengeful fury, cannot rive and disunite for an instant. In this respect, however, Lord Byron does not stand singular and alone ; for there are many in the world, who like him live and move as the gale of flattery directs their fortunes,—who would willingly exchange that crown of immortality, which never fades away, for a perishable chaplet of flowers, that would bloom and decay ere the sun had performed its diurnal revolution. If it be thought that our enthusiasm has carried us beyond the pale of candour and truth, in measuring out our mite of praise on the score of the poetical merits of *Don Juan*, we would desire our opponents to transfer their attention to the work itself ; and if nature has gifted them with sufficient perception to cherish the elegancies, and appreciate the poetical beauties of *Don Juan*, they will be disposed to do us justice in joining issue with us. We would here be understood as not at all meddling with the principles the author has avouched, and the startling notions he has inculcated in its pages, to which we can never be expected or induced to yield a moment's acquiescence ; but our opinion has reference only to its poetry—and to which every candid mind will readily assent, whatever actual variance there may exist as to other matters unconnected with the point of versification. And it may not be irrelevant to state here, that in perusing *Don Juan*, we have done so with feelings very different from the sensations of those, who come to the task with certain prepossessions, and who consequently are either wilfully blind to the merits of an author, who is made to atone

for faults with which in sober reason he cannot justly be charged, or are absolutely vociferous in praise of the most careless and faulty one, because in their habits and tempers they may happen to correspond. This is a complaint by no means groundless; for our readers may remember the high-flown panegyric that was, on a recent occasion, passed upon a volume of poems full of the meanest doggerels of blasphemy, licentiousness, and stupidity. But Lord Byron seems to be an exception to the general rule: readers of every class have devoured his slightest sketches to the neglect of his contemporaries; and critics of every nation and country have united in lauding his efforts, and weaving a triumphal wreath to adorn his poetic brows with. When Lord Byron does choose to exert his faculties, and to tax his imagination, he surpasses our most sanguine expectations in pouring forth the genuine aspirations of his mind: and, to use another eastern metaphor, we may say of him, that his Lordship has planted and watered a most wonderful poetical tree in the garden of literature; the like of which had never before been seen or heard of, except in the fertile pages of Oriental romance, whose trunk is composed of virgin gold, and branches of burnished silver,—which sheds leaves of emerald, puts forth blossoms of clustering pearls, and produces fruit of rubies and diamonds.

Without being thought to recede from the position we have assumed, or the points we have advanced, and without compromising the dignity of our strictures (as elsewhere stated,) or such as we may yet think it necessary to intrude upon the attention of our readers on the interesting subject of our author's pretensions, we have no hesitation in declaring, that the time will come, when Lord Byron will be ranked with the first poets that the world has produced. In him we behold the genius of the most celebrated and favoured bards, both of ancient and modern times, revived. His mighty mind has ventured to grasp a whole world of thought, and, disdaining to wear the shackles which the frigid forms of custom would impose upon it, burst forth in all its native strength and splendour. When Lord Byron, uninstigated by his evil spirit, stretches out his hand to touch the harp, the vision of Orpheus, animating the dead creation with life and energy by the sound of his lyre, that spread a protecting charm even over the loathsome horrors of Tartarus itself, becomes, as it were, realized in our apprehension. But Nature, however profuse in other respects, is not always prodigal of her choicest gifts in the production of beings that are each of a species. It is only when generations have passed away, and scarcely a trace is left of her former grandeur, that she takes a sudden freak of astounding the world with some new specimens of her wonder-working power. These are those giants of literary fame, who at certain in-

tervals are persuaded to revisit the earth, like the cheering beams of the sun, reluming the benighted wilds of Lapland after a long lapse. It is thus that a Homer, a Virgil, a Shakespeare, a Milton, and a Byron, have successively irradiated the intellectual universe with the rays of their genius. To look back with unconcern to the joyous periods, when the immortal spirits we have named "strutted their brief hour on the stage," delighting and astonishing their admirers with their sublime and wonderful effusions, is impossible. Yet it is a remarkable truism, that merit, while it is universally coveted, is at the same time not unaccompanied with envy and detraction; and hence we find, that the greatest poets of all ages and countries have been praised or disparaged by one party or another. Lord Byron too has not escaped a similar fate; and hence are accountable the variations of abuse and slander, and high-wrought encomiums, which have been alternately showered upon poor Byron—poor, because common charity has not been exercised towards him by those even who affected to be quite indifferent to his fame and character, and because his contemners have been guilty of no little preposterousness, in sitting in judgment upon him for offences, of which he is perhaps not guilty. We do not desire it to be said of us, that in our zeal for the literary reputation of our author, we are anxious of representing him as more *sinned against than sinning*; but if any sign of yearning be discovered in us towards his Lordship, we flatter ourselves that it will not be found wholly unchastened and untempered in its tone by that feeling of impartiality and truth, which gives to opinion on any subject its value. We have read and studied Lord Byron with considerable interest, attention, and assiduity, unmixed with any undue share of ill-timed bias; and to our judgment, the structure of his verse appears nervous, pithily, and well formed. Sometimes his numbers rise to that elevation of grandeur and sublimity, which inspires the mind with the highest admiration, and at other times glide into a sort of languishing tenderness and pathos. Lord Byron's poetry is so crowded with beauties of every kind, that he may not unaptly be compared to a man, who has all his life been confined in a garden interspersed with the most lovely and engaging flowers that ever blushed and expanded before the rays of the sun;—and who in his anxiety to pluck only the glowing rose, disregards the claims of the rest, and thus not unconsciously exposes himself to the puncture of the thorn. Lord Byron, like Nature herself, is at times extremely prodigal of his excellencies; and on such occasions, the heart could not be found that would not be entirely overcome by the magic of his strains, which, like the varied swell bursting from the pliant strings of an Æolian harp, when the breath of an amorous zephyr in tender dalliance kisses them, entrance the intellectual faculties into forgetfulness; or which, like the thrilling

symphony of ærial music, when elves and fairies are gambolling by moonlight, break upon the slumbers of a benighted traveller. These are charms for which, of all living poets, Lord Byron is most eminently distinguished; and yet, with merit such as this, his Lordship's muse is sometimes as capricious as possible, though, upon the whole, his poems are unequalled for metrical arrangement, and sweetness and harmony of expression, that render them as pleasingly varied and boundlessly attractive as his genius is undoubtedly unrivalled. Sometimes he carries away our feelings by the intrinsic strength and beauty of his compositions, and at other times rouses them by the impassioned tone he suddenly assumes; thus keeping alive the interest which is begun to be felt, and exciting new ones in progression. Sometimes Lord Byron displays a surprising richness of diction, chasteness of conception, purity and correctness of taste, and clearness and maturity of judgment; of which there is no parallel in any of the modern authors; and at others we find him sacrificing all these excellent qualities to an uncontrolled exhibition of the most gorgeous beauties of versification—he is then all sun-shine, and no shade. With respect to *Don Juan*, however, Lord Byron appears to have bestowed less pains in the structure of his verse, than is visible in his more finished productions. The same remark applies also to *Beppo*, formed upon a similar model, which, with the publication in question, is more distinguished in rhythm for pomp and sound than redolency and elegance—but even the occasional harshness and ruggedness discoverable in these two poems, are not without their attractions, like the distant roar of a foaming cataract, that dashes its whitened spray over rocks and precipices, striking the beholder with awe and fearful trembling. The mind of Byron is a fountain which, though it is continually throwing up its waters, still remains full and unexhausted—it is a perennial spring, which is self-supplied. We are not fond of indulging in hyperbole; and when it is recollected, that scarcely a year rolls over our heads, but the fertile muse of Byron pours forth her lays in the most captivating strains of poetry, our wonder will cease, and those who would now accuse us of adulation and flattery, will join us in awarding the tribute of sincere praise to merit so diversified and unparalleled as that which most indubitably belongs to Lord Byron. Still it must be a matter of deep concern and regret, that a poet of his Lordship's stamp should so often stoop to the prostitution of his understanding. With qualifications such as those we have taken upon ourselves to describe, sufficient to ennoble any mind, and more than sufficient to exalt Lord Byron to the most pre-eminent and enviable station, which no other poet of any age or country has ever attained, and to make him the mightiest among the mighty, how painful must it be to reflect, that he should have precipitated

abject state of comparative worthlessness and degradation in the moral scale ! How distracting to find him, the most favoured among the favoured of fortune's frolics, and who might have raised himself to the bliss of a cherub, doomed to the hopeless and despairing life of a confirmed apostate from honour, virtue, and religion ! Possibly our motives may be mistaken, for we are not quite practised in the difficult theme of panegyric ; and it may not be therefore out of place to state here, that without appearing to participate in all our author's sentiments and opinions, we may be safely allowed to eulogize, even in the most unqualified and unmeasured terms, the style and *caste* of his poetry—further we do not wish to trespass upon our province. This, strictly speaking, is nothing more than what the most conscientious, the most learned, and the ablest critics of every nation and country have done, and what our illustrious cotemporaries of the North are daily in the habit of putting into practice. We mean not to provoke a comparison with them, in which we alone would suffer, and which, if indulged in, would savor of vanity and arrogance equally culpable ; but our sole object is to deprecate that spirit of censoriousness and determined hostility, which, while it prejudges a case, loses sight of all truth and reason. We have unreservedly and with candour bestowed our mite of praise on an author so deservedly popular and admired as Lord Byron, and have as unceremoniously met and combated his vague notions and dogmas regarding religion and morality, without the sacrifice of that fairness and impartiality which he has a right to expect from us, and which his pre-eminent talents would have at all times commanded.

We have before observed, that there is not much of incident, or dialogue in the twelfth, thirteen, and fourteenth cantos of *Don Juan*, but that they are chiefly filled with didactic and moral reflections. Indeed more than one half of the present volume is occupied in this manner, and the poet has availed himself of every opportunity that offered itself of appealing to the feelings and passions of his readers ; though in his anxiety to keep their faculties spell-bound, he sometimes betrays a tone of ill-suppressed levity and ridicule, even on occasions where the strictest seriousness should be preserved. In these cantos, the hero seems to be of secondary consideration, while other personages of less note are prominently thrust forward on the tapis merely to make a show. The interest which *Don Juan* himself creates, compared with what the other characters excite, is proportionably trifling to what he does in the former part of the poem, where he is all life, bustle, and animation ; while here he merely fills up a blank. We think less of *Don Juan* in the cantos before us, and more of Lord and Lady Amundeville, whose portraiture is delineated with considerable spirit. In all the scenes in which these illus-

trious personages are engaged, Lord Byron acquits himself with credit, and in which we certainly recognize some faint touches of a master's hand. The descriptive seems to be his principal *forte*; and in this particular, in reference to the cantos we are treating of, he is hardly outdone, even by the sparkling and inimitable sketches which glow in the preceding ones. But this praise must be confined to only a few stanzas, though we could have wished that it had extended to the whole publication. It has been remarked, that all Lord Byron's heroes are likenesses of the one and same original; and of Juan it may be said, that he is but an emanation of Beppo, Laura, and Mazeppa; with this difference, however, that the latter are perfect delineations of the same character, while the former makes but faint approaches to his prototypes. A like career of heartless and cold-blooded profligacy and dissipation marks the lives and actions of them all—Laura, Mazeppa, and Beppo are finished pieces of villainy, whilst Don Juan is but young in crimes; though, from the specimens he has already afforded us of his disposition to improve every incident to his advantage, he will one day resemble them in every respect. It will be in vain to urge his extreme youth, and want of knowledge and discretion in worldly affairs, as a palliation of the moral guilt that must attach itself to all such characters, and unreasonable to find an excuse for his criminal excesses in the infirmities of human nature, and the culpability of those who first seduced him from propriety and decorum to the familiarity of vice in all its variety. Though the author has exerted himself to the utmost to represent his hero in a less amiable light, than that in which we are compelled to view him, happily for the honour and dignity of our nature, Lord Byron has not succeeded in his wish; for not the warmest and most devoted advocate he may have in his service, has yet had the audacity to join issue with his Lordship, and pronounce Don Juan to be a blameless and unexceptionable character, and to recommend him as a fit pattern for imitation. Nor can it be urged, with the remotest hope of conviction, that the pictures exhibited in Don Juan are in any way calculated to give an effectual check to the growing intemperance and excesses of an immoral and vicious age, and thereby to reform the manners and correct the depravity of the times, which are fast verging to abominations of every hue and description. The assertion, moreover, that such is the tendency of Lord Byron's writings in general, is not borne out by their result; and his Lordship has as yet not condescended to favour us with proofs of his own purity. Man, in the abstract, is not that degraded being which Lord Byron would fain represent him: he is more prone to be worked upon by example than by precept—for although we admit, for argument's sake,

existence, yet it would be untrue and unjust to say that it was wholly unmixed with *good*, which in some measure counteracts the pernicious effects wrought by the former in the estimate of human happiness. Does Lord Byron seek to alleviate the miseries of his fellow creatures? There is a wide field open for the exercise of the most active benevolence: the intention, if not feigned, is laudable, and the attempt would be godlike:—but we are not in a condition to be amused with trumped up stories, and should be glad to learn if the means by which his Lordship proposes to effect his object, are adequate, or not, to its accomplishment: and if they are, it is questionable whether the unassisted efforts of one man would be sufficient to that end. But if his Lordship means to rely only on his individual strength for the cleansing of the Augean stable, it would be preposterous to imagine that he could ever succeed. As well might he attempt to imitate the voice of Joshua, and command the sun and moon to stand still. He has neither the power, with which that prophet of God was gifted; nor can he boast of the purity of Elijah, and command a little cloud to arise out of the sea, that, as it gradually mounted higher and higher, continued to expand itself every moment, till in time it overspread a whole country, and poured forth the genial shower to moisten and irrigate the soil that was before parched and dried up. From the view we have taken of the general design and subject of the poem, it will appear obvious that the author, if he wrote it with any such intentions as we have presumed, will find himself much mistaken at last, as to the expectation he may have formed of his success. We have seen what Lord Byron is most free to promise; but we have seen also what his professions generally amount to. Our credulity is taxed, till we are almost afraid of its verging on childishness. But with regard to the general character of the poetry of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth cantos, it is much on a par with that of the first five, though on the whole we are of opinion, that the present cantos will not bear a comparison with their predecessors; while we are free to confess, that in the former there are some genuine bursts of impassioned feeling, for which those under review are not so prominently conspicuous. We cannot venture upon our own authority to affirm, that the natural vigour of the author's genius seems to have forsaken him in the composition of this part of the poem—but to us there appears a decided want of animation, and of that exuberant flow of spirits, which adorn the first portion. It would appear that Lord Byron was becoming tired of his subject, and that in consequence his imagination began to flag, as he reluctantly pursued the continuous train of his ideas in resuming the story. We have already said, and care not to repeat here, that there are some of the finest specimens of poetry in the three last cantos; but without pretere-

ing to instruct or edify the reader much, they may still please his taste for the beautiful and picturesque.

But the object of poetry is not only to communicate pleasure, but also instruction to the mind; and it is not enough that the mind alone should be amused and delighted; but the heart likewise should be informed and corrected. Unless such be the scope of every poetical effusion, time and labour, which might be more profitably employed, are wasted to little purpose. In applying this criterion to Lord Byron's writings, it is truly lamentable to observe how little there is in them conducive to general benefit. Lord Byron's poetry, abstractedly considered, is capable of affording pleasure and recreation to his readers; but it is questionable whether, of thousands that sit down with the utmost eagerness and avidity to devour his productions, a single individual ever rises from a perusal of them much edified and improved in heart and mind. If admonition directly conveyed be unpleasant and repulsive—and such we cannot deny has often been found to be the case—it rarely occurs that salutary instruction, concealed in the pleasing garb of fiction, is entirely lost on the understanding, however it may reject counsel, when openly and unceremoniously obtruded on our attention. Thus it is that a foil judiciously placed, adds to the natural brilliancy of some gems that are not sufficiently dazzling in themselves. In like manner, it turns out, that the plainest truths are sometimes made more acceptable than at others, through any other channel. From the general character of Lord Byron's compositions, whether in prose or verse, we feel ourselves at liberty to doubt that the design of *Don Juan* is either the instruction or the improvement of mankind. Entertainment simply seems to be its chief end, and this it will contribute to yield, in every sense of the word, to any person who may choose to take it up with that view; but beyond this, we presume, it has no other title to our recommendation—because the plan the illustrious author has marked out for his guidance, is, we fear, diametrically opposed to the reception of the most undeniable truths and established maxims. All Lord Byron's energies are directed to the gratification of strong passions, whilst the utmost force of a vigorous imagination is exerted to throw ridicule and discredit both on the private and public reputations of those, who are in any manner or way opposed to the dissemination of principles, moral, religious, and political, that are subversive of social order and tranquillity—to dissolve with the touch of his magical crutch every relation of life, which secures the peace and happiness of mankind, and completely to overturn those settled opinions which have been handed down from posterity to posterity as

told, that the world has heretofore gone on wrong, and therefore requires to be set right, by a man too, who has as yet afforded us no indisputable proofs of his superior wisdom and foresight—and who mistakes inflexible obstinacy for virtuous perseverance in the rectitude of his own conduct? Does Lord Byron pretend to set up for a reformer, with the view of correcting the existing abuses, and retrieving the error of our ways? The task is easier in the contemplation than in the performance; and those who have before his Lordship made the same attempt, have found it more than a Herculean labour to produce a radical change in the system which has all along governed the movements of society. Ask a madman what his condition is, and he will try to amuse you with tales of other days. According to his own idea, he was born a monarch, whom his rebellious and refractory subjects had conspired to divest of regal authority, and deprive the enjoyment of the honours appertaining to his exalted station. The Epicurean philosopher, absorbed in his own selfishness, would reply to the interrogatory, that the charms of life consist in the pleasures of the palate, the gratification of which he consults in preference to every other consideration: and the man of ambition would fain persuade you, that the only outlet to human felicity is, not the subjugation of his passions, but the conquest of the universe; while the historian thinks that he renders no common service to his fellow creatures and their posterity, when he studiously watches the revolution of empires and the sure though gradual civilization of barbarism and ignorance; and the poet is supremely blessed, when an original idea or a new imagery strikes his warm fancy. Let the most extravagant wish that one can form be accomplished, and then interrogate the cherisher of it as to the state of his feelings, and his answer will, in all probability, be, that some other desires still haunt him. What, then, are we slavishly to suffer ourselves to be moulded by the whim and caprice of one being, and to acknowledge his dictates to be the rule of life? Lord Byron would be but a dreaming fool, if he had the vanity to believe that mankind are weak enough to consult his pleasure in all their concerns; and he may yet live to find, that they are not such idiots as he has the charity to suppose them, so as to be easily gulled by the speciousness of his arguments. The days are long past when he might possibly have built his hopes upon our credulity. Lord Byron may play the magician over again, if he pleases; but though we may at a distance be amused with the shadows that dance before our imagination, we are still too hard to be prevailed upon to mistake them for realities, and fondly to grapple with the unsubstantial pageant. What has his Lordship gained by consecrating his time and his talents to the services of an evil agency? What heartfelt satisfaction has he

derived from having made it a trade to asperse the characters of those whom he hated from political motives, and to lacerate the feelings of others whom he despised? What at last have been the wages of his unnatural and unconquerable hostility against the whole human race, but misery, discontent, and confusion? Don Juan is a complete history of crimes and follies—crimes unparalleled, and follies inexcusable. Let his Lordship rebut these charges, if he can; but not mock us with a catalogue of imaginary complaints, that have neither “scot nor lot” with our creed. What country has Lord Byron yet visited, whether for the purposes of pleasure or of utility, where he has not been hooted by the more sensible portion of the community? What cause has he yet embarked in, which was not disgraced and defeated by his intemperance and indiscretion? What society has he yet cultivated, that he did not afterwards desert and revile? This is not a fanciful picture of Lord Byron, the whole tenor of whose life affords pregnant materials for it. A bad man may indeed essay to forget the internal anguish which rankles in his bosom, by plunging into all the excesses of dissipation; but even amid the din of music, the voice of conscience will strike the reveller with fearful appalling; and amidst the noisy mirth of boisterous festivity, the worm that never dies will not cease to feed upon the carcase of a depraved and degenerate heart.

It is a remarkable feature in the present cantos, that they are in a great measure free from the foulness of personal slander. We do not once meet with the name of Mr. Southey; and only in two or three places, a sneer is let off against Mr. Jeffrey. His Lordship may perhaps have been fearful of drawing too largely upon the patience of his readers, and thought that frequent recurrence to the same tiresome topic, though decked out in the most gorgeous trappings with which his imagination, ever fertile in expedients, could array it, would rather tend to the creation of disgust and abhorrence, than any other feeling. Poor Jeffrey, for the unhappy sin which he once unadvisedly committed against his Lordship, in not shewing that tenderness to his juvenile muse, which he has since learnt to exercise towards his riper years, is pursued even to the death, with an unconquerable inveteracy of hatred, that gives no anticipation of a termination. This is vindictiveness of the worst complexion; and we think that Mr. Jeffrey’s subsequent *amende honorable* entitles him to some forbearance from Lord Byron. Less right has the latter to assume the privilege of unceasing retaliation, when all along it has been a system with him to attack even the unoffending, and to calumniate every thing against which he happens to conceive a dislike. Bating a few drawbacks, we must own that we feel much more entertained with the perusal of the three last cantos of Don Juan, on account of their

being more free from objectionable matter than the prior ones : and although, in delineation of character and descriptions of scenes and incidents, there seems to be some falling off, still we are ready to confess, that much is contained in them not unworthy of commendation ; and satisfied with having pointed out the only exceptions that appeared to us too prominent to escape notice, it will not be necessary for us to revert to them at the close of our strictures. We are, however, happy, most happy to find, that in the publication under consideration, the author makes no heartless and brutal attacks upon womankind, with which the first and second parts teem so woefully. We are at a loss to what to attribute this remission of their sins ; and could wish that he had been equally sparing in other respects. It is true, that in the present instance, Lord Byron has not dealt invidiously with the sex itself ; but he has nevertheless taken advantage of their common foibles, to indulge in the bitterest sarcasms at the expense of those fashionable follies, which we grant are the legitimate property of every satirist who chooses to make the most of them. In the cantos in question, Lord Byron has given the same latitude to his satirical powers as in the former ones ; but at the same time he has used more caution on that head, without betraying any symptoms of inward chagrin and vexation at the indifference manifested by those whom he had most fiercely attacked, and which escaped his penetration before, when he was employed in writing the first part---which, we regret to say, is shamefully imbued with an inveterate malignity of spleen, and savage brutality of unfeeling personal calumny, which we cannot help regarding as very discreditable to the talents and feelings of the author. Lord Byron's forbearing to hurl his anathemas against the sex in the manner he has before done, we shrewdly suspect, arises not from any subsequent twinge of conscience, or pity for the sufferings of those unfortunate, but still amiable and lovely beings, whose distresses and weaknesses ought to be a sufficient protection against every species of violence, as from the apprehension of giving offence by unceasing malice. It has likewise afforded us considerable pleasure to observe, that there is little fault to be found with the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth cantos, on the score of religion and morality. There are indeed a few contemptuous sneers passed on them, though they are of too light a kind to deserve any serious notice from us, and are far from exhibiting the same unconquerable apathy, and hardness of heart, and a defiance of threats held out to his literary political foes,—circumstances which mark his Lordship's former conduct. We do not ascribe this lenity to any candour on Lord Byron's part, much less are we disposed to carry it to the account of a right feeling which he may have suddenly imbibed,

from a reflection of his enormities. We rather imagine it is attributable to a desire of avoiding a repetition of the same topics, which have been over and over again exhausted in the former cantos. In spite of his assumed indifference, we plainly perceive that Lord Byron is attached to the world, and fond of its pleasures, however he may affect to despise them. He is thoroughly wedded to the pomps and vanities of this life, though he takes all imaginable pains to convince us that he is nauseated with them : else wherefore continually rail at them, and still cling to them, as if to abandon them would be death to his hopes ? This was not the way which the sages and philosophers of antiquity adopted to evince their neutrality and unconcernedness of the events revolving around them. He also wishes to assume an appearance of self-satisfaction, dignity, and calmness, amid the vilest obloquy with which he is sometimes assailed by those who either envy his fame, or dread his vengeance. This is any thing but a true picture of his mind ; else why does he betray such bitterness of rancour, such unbecoming warmth of sensibility, and galling severity of invective in all his recriminatory pieces, which have from time to time obtained publicity ? He would, forsooth, impress us with the belief, that he has never winced under the lash of his opponents ; and yet, like a spider, he crouchingly watches the opportunity, that he may with the greater security spring upon his unsuspecting victim, and spit forth his venom to deprive it of all motion and power of escape from his poisoned fangs. Upon many occasions, Lord Byron has made a shew of heroism, particularly where there was no fear of its being put to the test ; yet if the hour of trial should ever arrive, we doubt much whether the courage of martyrdom would not utterly forsake him. Like Swift, Lord Byron is the traducer of all parties ; and he resembling, as he does, that great genius in one particular, we fear he still wants Swift's resolution to remain faithful to his own standard, should there be any prospect of its being at any time totally deserted by his present friends and allies. Indeed we already begin to perceive symptoms of wavering and unsteadiness in some of his opinions, which he used in former times to maintain with the most inflexible pertinacity, while he tries to shelter himself on some points under the cover of other great men's reputation. So much waywardness, and such balancing in matters of mere opinion, we never expected from a man of Lord Byron's temper, whom we thought more of a Cæsar than a Pompey, and who, we further presumed, would rather have been the first man in a village, than the second in Rome.

If it be imagined that we are unnecessarily severe in our strictures upon Don Juan, we reply, that we are not more so than the occasion really demands. As far as mere merit of composition is concerned, we are willing to yield every

praise to Lord Byron ; for too much of it can never be lavished on him on that account. In beauty of versification, vigour of imagination, fertility of invention, amplification of design, and richness of sentiment and imagery, with all the niceties and graces of style, he is certainly unequalled in these days of poetical fiction. In reviewing, therefore, the work of an author, whose celebrity has been established on too firm a basis to be easily undermined, we are justified in looking for the same purity of thought, correctness of principle, and plainness of dealing, that we could expect from those of inferior reputation ; for we are yet to learn, that an acquisition of the brightest renown confers the privilege of violating the sanctity of truth, and transgressing the immutable laws of sound morality. Although Don Juan is not entirely destitute of the essentials requisite to constitute good poetry, still, when contrasted with the earlier productions of Lord Byron, this partial success would add little to the already well-earned reputation of his Lordship. Although the most voluminous of all his performances, it is the lightest of them in character ; and though not the happiest and most brilliant of his effusions, it contains many bright and gleaming passages. We once more take the liberty of expressing our conviction of Lord Byron's pre-eminent abilities ; but at the same time we lament, that he should have stooped from this desirable elevation to prostitute his understanding to the vilest of purposes. With these sentiments, we bid adieu to Don Juan for a time ; and having watched the progress of this extraordinary poem with considerable anxiety, not unmixed with pain and sorrow, we have come to the resolution of accompanying it through all the various stages of its career. It was with feelings of wonder that we witnessed the rise of this sun of genius ; and having reached the zenith of its splendour, its glory will ere long begin to fade, as it sinks below the poetical horizon ; and which will be visible by the ethereal expanse of heaven being visibly marked by the rainbow of its setting effulgence.

Lord Carrick, a Romance of the tenth Century, in four Cantos, and other Poems, by a young Gentleman. Published at Madras.

WE believe it is a mark of solitary distinction, reserved for the poetasters of the present day, to be destitute of all merit. While the unfettered muse of a Homer rode on the whirlwind and directed the storm, that of a Virgil scattered on the earth flowery garlands of every colour and beauty ; and the aspiring muse of a Milton, disdaining to circumscribe its efforts, forced the spirits of other

worlds to obey its call, and assist him in the completion of his grand enterprize; it is a privilege usurped, we imagine, by the bards of this populous city of palaces, to seize the literary balance into their hands, and, casting the merits of the above *trio* into the scale, to pronounce, with fearless boldness, that they are "found wanting." While the genius of a Byron, with the touch of his magic wand, creates beings of every possible order, and that of a Moore, borne on the wings of a zephyr, traverses the regions of fancy, with a view to familiarize itself with the nature and "local habitation" of kindred spirits, that float on the ethereal expanse, our Indian rhymists, it would appear, are contented to chaunt their tuneless lays in the streets of this extensive metropolis, without proposing to themselves any permanent or decided object. With the early recollections of those *giants* of poetic fame, with whose aspirations we are ever pleased and delighted, are (if we may so speak) associated the finest feelings of our nature; and we can, therefore, never hear their names uttered in our presence, without being in some degree inspired with a feeling of admiration, almost approaching to that of idolatry, which men in the earlier ages of the world were accustomed to offer at the shrine of a power, that they were taught to regard as watching over their destinies.

It will not be necessary for us, we conclude, to go back to the first periods of the world, in order to trace out the origin of the divine art of poesy; but it will suffice, for the present, to take a short retrospection of the subject, to enable us to form a correct estimate of the exact proportion of merit discoverable in the poems we have selected for review in our present article. Greece has given birth to a Homer, Italy to a Virgil, and, though last, not least, England may glory in having produced a Milton. The praise of invention is undoubtedly due to the first of this triumvirate; and while Virgil may contest with safety the palm of judgment, the entire possession of the qualities of sublimity and grandeur must rest with the English bard. And while Homer exerted his fascinating powers to captivate and amuse the imagination, and the sweetness of Virgil imperceptibly stole upon the senses, like the soothing accents of music on the waters, a summer breeze blowing over a bed of roses; Milton, in the strength and might of his genius, Neptune-like, walked upon the bosom of the ocean of poetic feeling and passion, and, like a powerful magician, compelled the very elements to swear eternal allegiance to him.

In speaking of Shakespear, we must own that we are afraid to trust ourselves; for he is the god of our idolatry, and it is possible we may fail in our attention to do his transcendent genius that ample justice, which he has assuredly a right to expect at the hands of every son of Britannia's fair isle. We shall,

however, endeavour to do our best ; and if we should unfortunately miscarry in our attempt, we hope our readers will make every good-natured allowance for our inexperience in the theme of panegyric, and attribute the failure rather to a deficiency of abilities than to a want of inclination on our part.

Here let us pause awhile, and contemplate, with reverential awe, the hallowed topic which we are about to touch. The stars of Greece and Rome had hardly sunk beneath the literary horizon, and genius and learning were beginning to verge in their melancholy aberrations to the wilds of darkness, when the Muses, it would seem as if disgusted with the profanation of their altars by the sacrilegious offerings of empirics, forsook their earthly habitations, and resumed their long abandoned seats around the throne of Jupiter. Thus we might have continued to regret the loss of one of the most delightful and pleasing enchantments of life, had not indulgent nature at length produced a Shakespeare ; when, at his birth, the golden orb of poetry once more rose with renovated splendour upon the heights of Mount Parnassus, and, shedding its cheering radiance upon its hitherto sterile plains, enlivened the general aspect of things. The tuneful sisters viewed from Olympus (if we may continue the figure,) with transports of joy, this sudden, and, as it were, unexpected transition, and regarded, in the overflowing gladness of their hearts, the scene below, with a smile that spread a kind of sunshine around it, like the brightening influence of that which transfused an animating glow into the countenance of the angel in *Lalla Rookh*, when he welcomed the enraptured *Peri* to the mansions of bliss. Every deity at the court of Apollo strove to enrich and ennoble his mind with the most valuable gift in his power ; and nature could do nothing less than resign into his hands the harp of the mighty ; so that, when he dashed his nimble fingers upon its trembling chords, with the magic skill of a consummate master, it produced a symphony of such enrapturing melody, that it resembled the melting tenderness and soothing cadence of music that is played to usher in the souls of the departed into paradise. He was indeed the poet of nature, and before his touch the busy phantoms, that disturb the imagination, vanished and melted into air like a vision of the night : in a word, he was possessed of the “robust vigour of those giants of invention,” that could “wield a whole creation by the witchery of genius.” He could inspire the weakness of our nature with firmness, and impart confidence to virtue, whilst vice would feel abashed by the hideousness of its own deformity, on seeing its nakedness reflected in the mirror held up to her view.

To expect that this golden age would be revived at this time of day, at least in this remote quarter of the globe, is indeed to hope what will never occur. It would, however, be passing too

sweeping a censure, to declare that genius was totally extinct in this land of darkness : but for one man, who really possesses this astonishing faculty of the mind in any degree, there are a thousand maudlins, who pretend to the gift of inspiration without actually possessing even a particle of it; and in this view of the subject we may take occasion to observe, that a wide difference exists between the true son of genius and the mere aspirant to literary fame and distinction. While the former inherits the reasoning powers from nature, the latter owes all his acquirements to patient study and indefatigable research : the one delves in the mine of knowledge, and requires no extraordinary stimulus to excite the playful excursions of a fertile imagination; the other merely skims the surface of the fountain of learning, while the aberrations of his fancy are often checked by the chilling influence of method. The productions of the first may, indeed, challenge competition, without the risk of being excelled, whilst the mechanical efforts of the last seldom elicit beyond an expression of momentary applause. The mind of the one is like the ocean, rolling its waters with sullen majesty; whilst that of the other resembles at best but a parling stream.

It must, however, be confessed, that every epoch in the annals of literature, connected with this interesting portion of the globe, must naturally be regarded with feelings of the highest veneration. It is seldom, we protest, that we happen to light upon any thing worthy the attention of the admirers of true poetic genius; and it will, no doubt, be readily admitted, that, of late years, this department has not been so barren as we might from various conflicting circumstances have been led to apprehend : occasionally our attention has been directed towards poetic effusions of no ordinary stamp; and it is with regret we are constrained to say, that we cannot, in unison with this sympathy, venture to place the author of the poem under consideration, along with a few others, as the foremost in rank; and while we hail with lively emotions of joy and gratitude every approach towards poetic excellence in this remote corner of the world, we, on the other hand, candidly acknowledge, that we have never taken any pains to conceal the very great repugnance and antipathy, which we have at all times cherished towards pretending empirics; but, on the contrary, have shown a degree of hostility to the pigmy race commensurate with our dislike. Having voluntarily made this confession, we trust it will not be said of us that we are unnecessarily harsh in our strictures upon those who legitimately fall under the lash of criticism; nor should we, in all probability, have laboured to expose to public derision and contumely the imperfections of the *genus poetarum* of India, did they not arrogate to themselves a merit, which even their most ardent admirers would be cautious in ascribing to them, when they found that

In passing a censure, however, which may possibly be conceived as too general and sweeping, on the whole tribe of versifiers, we beg to be clearly understood, that nothing is further from our intention, than indiscriminately to include in it those "peerless spirits," the insinuating loveliness of whose strains is sufficient to entitle them to be associated with the "demigods of poetry;" and who, having successfully climbed the Parnassian hill, now repose in perfect security "amidst the eternal serenity of its majestic summit." Compared with these divinities, whose holy aspirations are beyond all rivalry, the insignificant aspirers to poetic fame are but a brood of pigmies made for the sport of giants. Even the efforts of such a man as Sir Wm. Jones could not be styled the "unseen soarings of the illustrious dead;" and though it must be confessed, that in other departments of the literary commonwealth, his overpowering genius shone forth in a transcendent degree; yet, when directed to the study of poetical harmony, its highest flights were never distinguished by that intensity of feeling and warmth of passion which pervade the divine productions of a Byron, or with which the more glowing effusions of a Moore are imbued. It was thus too that the inimitable author of *Don Quixote* laboured under similar disadvantages; and though reason and nature might have early taught him that the lyre of Apollo was not placed in *his* hands, still was he continually touching its "loosened strings," which instead of breathing the solemn "music of the departed," produced only the disagreeable "jarrings of faded harmony and harsh execution." We are somewhat apprehensive that the poetasters of Calcutta, who have all very *ticklish* fancies, will think it a compliment paid to their talents, or what would be far more consonant to their feelings, consider it a recognition of merit in them, were we incautiously to draw a parallel between them, *sweet souls*, and the above *duo*; they are welcome to enjoy this imaginary triumph, in the vanity of their hearts, if it will yield them any comfort or consolation: for our own part, we will never disturb their self-approbation. But let them, at the same time, remember, that the element which lends its support to the meanest tribe of the feathered creation, bears also on its bosom the imperial bird of Jove, beautiful in form and majestic in deportment, that, after having quaffed the purple contents of the cup held out to him, dashes the fragile vessel from the hand of Hebe; and, Phoenix-like, boldly towers to the regions of the sun to bathe his plumage in its fiery stream, and shake off his drowsiness, till, at the first gleam of his mistress's smiles, he again poises himself in the aerial void, and, fluttering his wet and weary pinions, scatters from his luxuriant plumes drops of gold to irradiate the world.

After these preliminary observations, in which we are not conscious of having advanced any thing repugnant to sound judgment and critical taste, it becomes our duty to say a few words about the poems which we have selected, with a view to make them the subject of our present strictures. The scene of the first, entitled "Lord Carrick," is laid in those days of romantic extravagance and folly when chivalry was at the height of its fascination; and embraces a record of the exploits of Robert Bruce, after his expulsion from the throne of Scotland, in disguise. The subject is indeed worthy the highest efforts of poetry; and in the hands of a Byron, a Moore, or a Walter Scott, we know, it would never have failed; but how far our author has succeeded in his professions, of which he has given us a sample in his preface, so *exquisitely* written, that were it not for the great length of the introductory observations into which we have been necessarily led, we should have regaled our readers with it, we shall leave it to others to decide. The remaining portion of the volume contains amatory and lyrical pieces, the merits of which, whatever they may be, are fully considered and discussed elsewhere. In the mean time, we proceed to give a brief sketch or outline of Lord Carrick; in the first place intreating those who may be pleased to favour our strictures with their notice, to be grave when we are serious, and to laugh when we are inclined to smile and be jocular.

The poem in question (we know not whether by honouring this *scapp-goat* of a production with so dignified a title, we are not literally prostituting the sacred name of the Muses) opens with what may very well be called a truly appalling scene, described in language as obscene and unintelligible, as is the idea of darkness and horror, attempted in the first two lines to be conveyed to us. The whole story, though interesting in itself, is remarkable for a lameness of narrative, which soon grows tiresome, and is sufficient to induce oscitation, and which marks the progress and conduct of the four cantos throughout; so that one cannot help imagining that the same cause, which seems to have inspired the breast of the hero with terror and consternation, must have operated, in some measure, on the inventive faculty of the author himself, when he seriously sat down to compose the poem before us, so as to *damp* his poetic feelings with the cold mildew of the "vaults beneath," supposing him, by some fatality, to have been transported to those dismal habitations, with the charitable view of making him an eye-witness of that which was about to employ his pen, and become the theme of his song. Who knows but he might, at the same instant, while rolling his visual organs around him, have started with involuntary horror, and exclaimed, in the words of Shakspere, "Angels and ministers of grace defend *me*," when the "clashing

of sounds," so pathetically described in the outset, strangely saluted his ears. After such a *promising* commencement, which, by way of distinction, we would humbly suggest, ought to be emphatically denominated the *terrific*, and which certainly reflects the highest credit on the *sensibility* of a writer, in whose "musing eye," to say the least of it, "Genius" is gravely said to "have glistened" with poetic fire, the reader is supposed to be sufficiently prepared for the catastrophe. We will first present him with the *highly animated* picture of the hero in *ostentio*, which would have done honour even to the masterly touches of a Raphael's pencil. He first challenges our attention by the singularity of his situation, the actual state of which we are left to conjecture, as a matter of course; for we are not told whether he was amusing himself with the discovery of the principles of the "lateral momentum," by which a balloon is supposed to be propelled or confined in a subterranean dungeon; but we merely learn that "darkness and horror brooded round him."

"O yes; erected was his hair,
Cold dew distill'd from every pore;
His strain'd eyes wandered here and there,
Downwards a fearful look now casting,
Then to the gloomy wainscoat hasting,
Now on this side and then on that,
Then at the door by which he sat,
Unconscious next from whence, or what,
To hear or view may be his lot:
At length a distant grating slow,
And then more close and close he hears,
And soon (O dreadful sure to know!)
One—not a living one—appears." P. 10.

Railery apart, this is no bright beginning; and, if one may form a judgment of the author's powers of versification from the sample here afforded, it will be found that the rest of the performance is of a piece with it. In the second stanza, we indeed meet with the object, which it appears had caused all this terrible consternation; and we hope we shall be forgiven in saying, that the ghost in Hamlet is tame and inspirited, when contrasted with the "goblin damned" of Lord Carrick. Shakspeare's night scene in Macbeth is a farce to the same image, presented in the following couplet:—

"And in his hand he bore a light,
Blue serving but to shew the night." P. 10.

This horrific spectre, clad from top to toe in full armour, wields a battle-axe in one hand, and carries a taper in the other, having his scull adorned with red plumes, that wave to and fro with *frightful* sublimity: thus accoutred, he rather unexpectedly encounters the eternal of his kind.

dergo a momentary agitation ; but who soon recovers his presence of mind, his firmness and resolution.

“ Speechless awhile the chief remain’d,
This object strange to find
Before him, but cftsoon regain’d
His usual strength of mind.” *Ibid.*

What follows is a miserable parody of Hamlet’s speech to the ghost ; and of the truth of this assertion let the reader judge for himself :—

“ Say,” he exclaim’d, “ hy heaven’s King,
What purpose thee doth hither bring ?
Or whether doom’d on earth to rove,
Or hell below, or heaven above:
Whether thou be a soul at rest,
And come from regions ever blest ;
Whether thou be a goblin fell,
Bred in the deepest shades of hell ;
Or stain’d by murder quit the tomb,
To walk the midnight’s awful gloom ;
Say, say, what thee doth hither bring ;
I charge thee thus by heaven’s King.” Pp. 10, 11.

To all this stuff, the spectre, by the bye, shews more sense than really belongs to Lord Carriek, or than usually falls to the lot of the hackneyed tribe of *scribleri*, at the head of which, without doubt, stands our author, in not returning an answer ; but shaking his empty skull at the chieftain, slowly retires, while young Carriek evinces a disposition to follow him whithersoever he went. Having descended a flight of steps, and in his passage trodden upon the mouldering bones of the dead, he at length reaches a closet, where he suddenly stops, and to his amazement is presented with the sickening sight of a couple of skeletons.

“ One of a yonth in armour drest,
First met his eager view ;
A dagger lay upon the breast,
Which pierced was thro’ and thro’.
The other of a woman seem’d ;
And doubtless once by her were worn
The costly garments that lay torn,
And gems that round about her gleam’d :
Tho’ all was gloom, yet on the floor
He did behold the marks of gore.” P. 12.

Lord Carrick must have been gifted with the power of witchcraft, or blessed with cat’s-eyes, to have been able to discover marks of blood, or any thing else, while all around him was absolute darkness ;—but after all we may be mistaken, for the gems with which the female corpse was richly adorned, might have emitted a lustre equal perhaps to day-light. Then how *harmonious* is the verse, “ pierced was through and through ;”

and we may be permitted to observe, that the exquisite beauty of it has no parallel in modern composition. Nor, we trust, shall we be pronounced singular, in extending the benefit of our remark to the line commencing with "the costly garments," which we think the most poetic of the two; and which could only have had its birth in the fertile brain of our author. It is not to be wondered that *our* chieftain should be struck with horror at the sight of such unscemly spectacles; but no sooner does the spectre raise his vizor and disclose his "grisly aspect," than Carrick overcomes his terror, and even finds time to manufacture a suitable speech:—

"Ye saints defend me,
Am I indeed among the dead?
Tell me, thou phantom tall and lean,
What do these horrid objects mean:
And thou didst take the lives of those,
And God denieth thee repose?
Why dost thou thus so hollow groan;
Why are thine eyes like chalky stone,
Thy cheeks sunk in, and pale as clay,
Thy lips—Oh! eaten half away." P. 13.

The ghost, unlike any that we ever heard or read of, cautions Carrick against pursuing the gratification of an idle curiosity; and an opportunity is thus most seasonably afforded to the author for indulging in all the *luxury* of pathos. Here this strange interview abruptly terminates, and our author breaks out into a digression, so elegant and sublime, that it might very well set all emulation at defiance. He seriously informs us, that his

"—— Fancy's prone to range,
Mid objects fair and objects strange;
The jocund little fairy elves
Determin'd to delight themselves,
Their orgies holding then might be,
And mystic dance and revelry." Pp. 14, 15.

Carrick then returns to his chamber; and, after communing with his own thoughts awhile, determines upon a visit to a baron of Norman lineage, whose guest, it seems, he had been all this time.—He is next led through scenes fraught with horror and dismay; yet it turns out that Lord Carrick is still *dozing*; for,

"He rubb'd his eyes as thus he spake,
To know if he were broad awake!
Then walked *with a majestic gait*,
His spirits to exhilarate." P. 16.

This conceit is worthy of the author, and the author worthy of the conceit, and both worthy of this *elegant* production. Yet he might have surely spared us this effort of his genius, since after ages will hardly credit that a writer, of whatever merit, could be absurd enough to rest his whole fame on the suc-

cess of a species of false wit, that might probably tend to create the loud laugh of obstreperous mirth among fools and simpletons, but which would only tend to excite the contempt and pity of men of understanding and judgment.

Canto the second opens with the description of the audience chamber of the Norman Baron, with his courtiers and vassals of state, whom the author is pleased to dignify with the *honourable* title of villains, seated around him. This minion of power, we are told, had given himself up to thoughtfulness, because it seems he had been guilty of the perpetration of bloody deeds, and it was in consequence of this that he never enjoyed peace of mind.

" 'Twas in his vision to behold,
Convulsed, a brother, who foretold,
That after certain time was past,
The wrath of Heaven would come at last,
And as the shaft of lightning sped,
Descend upon his guilty head:
A stranger from a northern rhine,
Would be the avenger of his crime.
All this the elder vassals knew ;
'Twas whispered round the castle still ;
And nigh the time appointed drew,
Which should the prophecy fulfil." Pp. 17, 18.

Such was the state of things when Lord Carrick made his appearance at the court of the Norman Baron, who, though at sight of the stranger he suddenly recollected the warning given him by the vision, yet took no steps whatever for the preservation of his own security, which he might have easily accomplished, by at once dismissing the object of his dread to the shades of darkness. Any man, gifted with common foresight and common caution, would have shewn more shrewdness and penetration on the occasion; and, at any rate, have imitated the conduct of many less hardened criminals than himself. But it seems this forbearance on the part of one, who had long been familiarized to deeds of blood, was only a *finesse* of the author; for had the fatal catastrophe taken place at this stage of the story, the poem could not have been proceeded with, and so much valuable matter would have been evidently lost to a wondering world. The haughty Baron, instead of exhibiting, at this trying moment, the courage, of the assumption of which prudence commonly dictates the necessity, and with which more frequently the despair of cowardice arms a man, falls into a swoon, and on his recovery, even finds words to welcome young Carrick, in a pithy address, which is thus *beautifully* summed up:—

" But I beseech, if not amiss,
Us, you will gratify in this—
Where is the country whence you came,
And what your family and name." P. 19.

These particulars, one would imagine, had been inquired into when "Sir Knight" first became his guest; but this would have been treading a beaten track, and our author disdained to copy the example of poets who had gone before him: or what is far more likely, as we shrewdly suspect, our author was induced to reserve the disclosure of this incident, that he might have a fitter opportunity allowed him of surprising the reading community with a high-wrought climax. The Baron's curiosity is fully gratified, and this gives occasion to eke out in, about eight and twenty lines, some of the most hackneyed common places that the numskull of the veriest dolt ever produced.

"Meanwhile, unmoved, the Baron sate
Though, with a foresight of his fate,
Becoming by this tune inspired,
He had resolved his rage to vent;
Howe'er, when Bruce said all he meant,
All, seeming satisfied, retir'd." P. 21.

It will, we presume, be difficult to find a parallel to the picture of Ellen. In this respect, it would indeed be a want of courtesy in us to say that the author has not surpassed even Tommy Moore himself; and as to Lord Byron, he has left him far in the shade: the bard of Lord Carrick approaches the sublimity of a Milton; and the portrait of the lovely herome is animated enough to fire the breast of any man with the most intense passion for her. She is indeed a peerless, angelic creature; and Zeuleeka, the *Peri*, &c. in *Lalla Rookh* are mere insipidities to her.

"Upon her swelling breast blush'd love;
She spoke as coos the gentle dove;
Her neck—one of so fine an air,
I doubt if famous Zeuxis e'er
Found in th' assembled Grecian fair;
Her lips—you would have thought they bled,
More than carnations' was their red;
Her hands and cheek were soft and white,
Her eyes—good Heavens! as dark as night;
And her black locks, with speechless grace,
Waved on her shoulders and her face." Pp. 21, 22.

If Ellen's eyes were an exact representation of night, we presume they could never have been of the least use to her; and it must be owned, that we never before heard of a woman's locks being gifted with speech. But the episode to love is really a *nonpareil* of its kind: let our poetical hypocrities read, wonder, and admire:—

"O love! a limitless controul
Thou dost possess o'er every soul.
That brave, that blooming chieftain; he
Whom neither raging of the sea,

Nor lengthen'd yell of bloody fight,
 As yet could in the least alight:
 Even he affections soft shall prove,
 And bow to thee, Oh power of love!" P. 22.

The ninth stanza of the canto under examination contains another specimen of the author's versatility of genius, and it would be a pity to withhold it from the reader.

"To end when Bruce his story drew,
 Ellen met him, he Ellen's view;
 They lov'd, and soon they own'd their love;
 And swore, them *not naught* should sever;
 No might but that of him above—
 No, never, never, never." Pp. 22, 23.

To guess what is meant by "*not naught* should sever," may well defy comprehension, and the last line is in the true pitch of an amorous ditty. This love-making between Bruce and Ellen at length reaches the ears of the Norman Baron, who in the first paroxysms of rage, orders the unhappy lover to be bound and thrown into a damp dungeon, there to await his future fate. What passes in this abode of misery and wretchedness is most pathetically described in the author's usual happy way.

"Soon, (shameful thing!) the chief was bound,
 And put in prison under ground.
 'Wretch!' thus to him the Baron said,
 'As thou deserv'dst, there be laid.
 No more the beauteous face of heaven,
 To view, to thee, shall it be given.
 Wretch! thou didst break egregiously,
 The laws of hospitality.'
 He shut the door, and *kept the key*." Pp. 23, 24.

How the noble Baron came to be Bruce's jailor is not intelligible, because the order for his confinement had been issued to the warder, and it is natural to suppose that the Baron remained seated in the hall of state. But the story is only half gone through, for which we have the author's assertion.

"Tho' half my tale I now have told,
 Methinks, as strange at midnight hour,
 As e'er was harp'd in hall or bow'r,
 Yet it remaineth to unfold,
 Such actions foul, as may be well
 Deem'd worthy of the prince of hell." P. 24.

The third canto opens with the tolling of a bell, the clanking of fetters, and the appearance of the identical ghost before Lord Carrick in the dungeon, into which we have just been apprized he was cast by the Norman Baron for daring to woo Ellen, whom, we find, he had destined for his own bride. The spectre addresses Bruce by the affectionate title of son, and after telling

him that he was about to disclose to him circumstances, the bare relation of which would be sufficient to horrify his soul, and hinting that the time was fast approaching when *his* murderer would meet his doom, abruptly changes the topic, and asks Bruce what perhaps was a theme far more pleasing to his agonized feelings.

“ ‘ But, fair knight now wrapt in anguish,
Dost thou still for Ellen languish?
‘ Dost thou mean the Baron’s daughter,
Yester-morn, who met my view?
Though by foeman doom’d to slaughter,
Am and ever will be true.’ ” P. 26.

Herenpon the ghost informs Carrick, that he is himself the father of Ellen, but that he had been treacherously murdered by the Baron for obvious purposes. He next enters into a long narrative (remarkable only for dullness and prolixity) of his life, as to what dangers he had encountered, what exploits he had achieved, what narrow escapes he had had, and ends with stating, that, after all these wonderful feats, in which he had from his earliest youth been engaged, he had at last resolved upon paying a visit to a brother, under whose fostering care and protection he had, before going to the wars, left a wife and daughter, and the heir of his patrimonial estates. But how miserably the fondest hopes which Alphonso had ever been taught to cherish, were ultimately disappointed, we shall permit the author to describe in his own felicitous manner.

“ When he (the alligator !) he,
Who fondly wept to part with me,
Soon to my princely dome returning,
With lust and with ambition burning,
My Elfrida, my lovely wife,
First robb’d of honour, then of life.
My boy, who sought the field of fight,
Was waylaid and was stabb’d that night !
When I came back, as overjoy’d,
Met me, and to you wood decoy’d,
And in its unfrequented part,
(O human frailty !) pierc’d my heart.
Then, in that closet, dark and small,
Where thou hast been, he laid us all ;
And he to-morrow means to wive,
Ellen, my only child alive.” P. 29.

It must be confessed that the violation of Elfrida’s honour appears to be too easily accomplished. Women have been known to offer the stoutest resistance even at the point of the dagger, signifying that they would sooner suffer the cruellest tortures, and even death itself, than quietly submit to a surrender of their virtue. What sort of virtue *Elfrida* possessed, is a problem that does not appear very difficult of solution ; but we certainly cannot much commend her for the facility with which she parts with

her innocence. It is strange also that some suspicious idea never shot across Alphonso's mind; for had this been the case, we venture to predict he would rather have rejoiced at the catastrophe, which he seems now so pitifully to lament. And it is still more extraordinary with what ease he suffers himself to be decoyed into the most unfrequented parts of a wood, for the purpose of being assassinated, when the very circumstance ought to have sounded the tocsin of alarm in his imagination. The tender, the lovely Ellen, likewise consents with the utmost *sang-froid* to bestow her hand on---whom, gracious Heaven! why the fell murderer of her parents and her brother---but she too, perhaps, is equally virtuous as her susceptible mother. The spectre afterwards gives Carriek to understand, that he is the individual decreed by Heaven to avenge the murder of three innocent beings, (by the bye, the ghost is a *wee* bit of a prophet,) instructs him how to act on this trying occasion; and, telling him that he beholds the angels of heaven beckoning to him from the starry firmament, wings his flight to those regions, no doubt; whilst we have all this time been thinking, that ghosts and goblins of every description are doomed, at least for a certain season, to walk in the sulphureous flames of *Tartarus*. On the departure of the spectre, Carriek is surprised with an unlooked for visit from Ellen, which instead of creating any feeling of astonishment in his breast, when the circumstances connected with the interview are taken into consideration, he, on the contrary, addresses her indeed, but in the inflated language of cold and studied affectation.

“ ‘My Ellen,’ stilled was his speech,
 He pressed her hand and follow'd straight,
 'Through winding paths, till they did reach
 The castle's back, unguarded gate,
 'There did a snowy charger wait;
 'Mount,' cried the pensive maid, 'and fly:
 The Baron said, your fate was nigh;
 So, at my peril these I stole,
 For the unlocking of your gaol.
 God bless--O heave not heavy sigh.'
 'No,' Bruce exclaim'd, 'life's naught to me,
 When I'm to risk it, love, for thee.'” P. 31.

Ellen, after a little maiden coyness, is at last persuaded by her gallant lover to link her fate with his, and accompany him wheresoever chance or fortune may direct them. In their wanderings they hear the chauntings of a song, which is too long and too dull to be quoted entire; but it may suffice to extract a stanza or two, if only to afford the reader a chance of appreciating the versatile talents of the author in every department of poetry. Thus is the power of memory described:—

"Fond memory! why dost thou use all thy power,
 And bring back the days that in youth I did pass!
 What joys did I taste by Lord Gordon's gay tower,
 While link'd to Edwina, my *loveliest lass*!
 But (O recollection!) my life now fast closes:
 Sn beautiful nnee, in the tomb she reposes.
 I fancy I'm gazing on lilies and roses,
 While naught but the cypress I really see." P. 33.

But we really see nothing in the above, or in any of the following stanzas worth commendation; and with one more extract from this most exquisite of all *exquisite* lays, we shall resume the thread of the narrative.

"Glenalvon, Glenalvon! why dost thou thus gaily,
 What thnn wilt behold again never, recall?
 Yea, fast to the grave thou art going down daily:
 A victim to death in this must thou fall?
 Yet, my dearest country! wilt I die desiring
 Of Heaven, thy chiefs to make bold and aspiring;
 With spirits to keep Edward off from acquiring
 The land of my fathers—I never shall see." P. 35.

At the conclusion of this song, on the invocation of the knight and his lady, the invisible minstrel makes his appearance, and guides the travellers to his cell, where he sets such humble fare before his illustrious guests, as his industry had enabled him to collect. The host is an anchorite; and, considering his ascetic life, no bad *proficient* in the polished arts of a courtier; for he knew full well, not only how to entertain them during their waking faculties, but when the evening shades began to prevail, exerted his skill in music to send them a *dozing*. Here ends this *elegant* canto, and the fourth and last one opens with a description of the court of Philip, in whose *august* and *awful* presence appears Bruce, in the disguise of a knight-errant; but where he contrives to leave the partuer of his escape all this while, is left to the reader to conjecture. He first tells his own story, and impeaching the character of the Norman Baron, ends his bravado with sending him a challenge. A messenger is accordingly despatched to the castle of the accused, who is found surrounded by his vassals, plunged in a state of the utmost consternation at the flight of Bruce and Ellen. But scarcely is the errand delivered to him, before he breaks out into a fury, and retorts the foul charges on the head of the calumniator, in a short and energetic exclamation:—

"O miscreant! cried the Baron bold:
 'Him t'other day I snatch'd from death:
 I will defy him to his teeth.
 Grnoni, bring my horse.'—The horse was brought,
 And all the court of Philip sought." P. 38.

Having arrived at the scene of rendezvous, he glances his eye all around him, and no sooner discovers Bruce amidst the throng, than he retaliates upon him, in the most scornful and indignant terms, the foul vilifications of his enemy.

“ He cried, when Carrick caught his eye,
 ‘ I swear, by God, sir knight, you lie ;
 Will you a single combat try ?
 ‘ I will, and for thy horrid deed,
 The powers above shall make thee bleed.’
 The king consented, as desired,
 And frowning, both the foes retired.” Pp. 38, 39.

Without questioning the propriety of such courteous language, as is put into the mouth of the noble Baron, may we venture to ask, if there is any poetry in the third and fourth lines ? Should a reply be made in the affirmative, we would then say, that the cranium of our author could alone have produced it. The two combatants hereupon enter the lists, and after great “ notes of preparation,” borrowed probably from some publication or poem extant, the author thus describes the assemblage of beauties.

“ I ween the fair that him espied,
 Were inwardly electrified !
 ‘ I come,’ he said, ‘ to prove that *he*
 Is foe to heaven, and man, and me ;
 In just and equal fight :
 So God defend the right.’
 This said, into the field he ran,
 And soon a furious fray began.” P. 40.

At the inchoation of the attack, however, poor Carrick is “ laid low,” to use the author’s own elegant and expressive phraseology ; but by some magical influence or another, or perhaps from an inherent *principle of resurrection*, he suddenly revives, and pressing his antagonist quite close, or what is technically termed *upon the heels*, performs unheard-of wonders.

“ He rushes, like a lion, round,
 And *shoves* his foeman to the ground ;
 And swift as lightning, sword he drew,
 And stabb’d him, *through and through and through.*” P. 41.

This is more than elegant ; it is sublime. The admirers of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, may, after this, well hide their diminished heads ; for here is a combination of all those qualities for which the above *trio* have ever been distinguished. Of course it is to be expected, that the last scene of an expiring atheist, as we are given to understand, like the Norman Baron, would be of a horrid description, which it will not be necessary for us to repeat here. The amiable, the lovely, the *seraphic* Ellen, at length becomes united to Carrick, who on his way back to the land of his nativity, pays a visit to the aged hermit, whom they have the rare luck to persuade to quit his ascetic life, and accompany them to

their native country, where, on their arrival, all is mirth and jollity.

“Then merry bells began a ringing,
And all the castle tenants singing,
Welcome to the wedded pair,
Youthful knight and lady fair :
Lady fair, lady fair, lady, lady, lady fair.” P. 44.

This, we repeat, is beautiful, and sublime, beyond any thing we ever recollect reading ; and we would seriously recommend to the author, when he next happens to be in a musing mood, to write a prize poem for not only one, but both the universities ; for we may venture to assure him, that his genius is too transcendent to suffer an eclipse from the rivalry of any living bard. In the midst of these festivities, Carrick is seen hastening, with all the impatience of burning love, to revel in the arms of beauty, when the aged hermit takes occasion to bestow his parting admonition on the revellers.

“My sons, while now dancing is joy in your breast,
Let this on your hearts be for ever imprest :
Though crimes may be hidden from man’s weaken’d sight,
Yet God, who sees all things, will bring them to light.” P. 43.

This concludes this *truly elegant* poem, the like of which we declare we never before perused ; and with the *merits* it undoubtedly possesses, we may take upon ourselves to affirm, that even the combined efforts of a Byron, a Walter Scott, a Moore, and a Southey, could hardly be expected to produce any thing equal to even one verse of it. Of the remaining pieces, we shall be rather sparing in our quotations, as we have already bestowed more time and space on the foregoing than we had originally intended.

Of the poetical lines addressed to his present Majesty, though the motive which dictated them may be unquestionable, the two first stanzas develope no great vein of poetical thought ; but when we apply our observation to the succeeding ones, we know not in what terms to speak of the “sweetness of expression, the pathos and imagination” which appear to pervade them. We are not sure whether the author did, or did not compose the effusion in question under a similar feeling, which, in the simplicity of his heart, he so charitably ascribes to his venerable sovereign.

“I hear that you are furious grown,
Against poor Caroline your Queen ;
But I advise you, Sire, to own
Her, and let amity be seen.” P. 61.

One is naturally led to ask, was the poet himself *furious*, when he penned the above *furious* couplets ? The familiarity which he seems to have assumed on the occasion, is, we must own, not a little consistent with the feelings of loyalty, which

burned so ardently in the breast of the author, who concludes this *choice morceau* thus elegantly.

“ O Castlereagh ! O Castlereagh !
Bring not your favourite bag so green,
Nor Southey form the tuneful lay,
For undervaluing our Queen.” P. 62.

The Impromptu, which is graced with a motto from Otway, exhibits a vein of conceit, to which it would be impossible to find a parallel, except from the author's own productions. What sort of feeling will be excited in the reader's breast, on perusing the piece we allude to, we cannot pretend to say ; but it will be difficult, very difficult indeed, to meet with a being, who centres in her own individual person all the graces under heaven, and who, if alive, would find a very easy task to dethrone even the queen of love from the empire of the heart.

“ On high Olympus' top assembled,
Before dread Jove, the gods all trembled—
And why ? Of graces that surround
Fair Venus, one could not be found.
'Where is she gone ? It strange appears.'
All said, but you dispelled their fears.
'Ye gods !' says he, 'my daughter, pent
In mortal mould, to earth I sent.'
He looks below, and smiles to see,
And points to *Sue in Vepery*.” Ibid.

Of the Epigram, written in imitation of the manner of *Martial*, we shall merely remark, that it is unworthy of notice ; and of the description of night, immediately following, that it stands in no better predicament : but in rescuing the dirge on Ellen from a similar fate, we beg to assure the author that no *irony* lurks beneath our opinion, and hope that he will do us the justice to believe us when we say, that this effort of his mind is equal to the inimitable stanzas of Gay, beginning with “ 'Twas when the seas were roaring,” and superior to the beautiful ballad of Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina.

“ By Java's isle, the sea below,
Many mountains blue appear :
Along them as your vessels go,
Gentle sailors, shed a tear.
Ye savage sharks, away, away !
Never on that spot be seen !
But pretty little dolphins play,
Mid the ocean-weeds so green.
Sweet mermaids ! raise the chaunted moan,
Meeting on the curling wave ;
For there, by blustering tempests blown,
Ellen found a watery grave.” P. 64.

The address to Louisa is really so *sweet* and *melodious*, that we feel confident our motives in snatching it from the grave of

oblivion, into which it would otherwise have sunk, will be duly appreciated. We shall therefore make no apology in quoting the four concluding lines of the first, and the two last of the terminating stanza, which we trust will not fail to be admired:---

“ Or in the hall together sat,
Engaged in sweet and tender *chat* !
Then would'st thou smile so charmingly !
I knew thy smiles were oft on *me*.” P. 65.

“ Should I forget my love to thee !
May choicest curses light on *me*.” P. 66.

But whether the smiles or the curses of the poet will light upon us, when we inform him, that we have hitherto purposely assumed a playfulness of tone in our strictures, and tried to disguise even the appearance of severity in them, is a question which passes our skill in divination to conjecture. Whatever may, therefore, be the result of this candid confession, we boldly declare, it will not move a single muscle of our gravity ; and let the author imprecate on our heads all the maledictions of disappointed vanity, we shall remain perfectly indifferent as to what he may think of us. We should not perhaps have “ raised our vizor ” so soon, had not our facetiousness been somewhat checked by the perusal of the poetical effusion entitled “ The Wanderer,” in which a feeling of the most culpable arrogance and coxcombry, is mixed up with a share of the most criminal self-conceit and shameless effrontery that ever disgraced humanity. Whoever will have the patience to glance his eye on the following extract will perceive, without labour and without forethought, that the author is speaking of himself, and that, however well he may attempt to conceal the high-wrought panegyric, which he appears so ambitious of indirectly lavishing on himself, the object is seen through too clearly to be misconstrued.

“ What tho' unknown in ample rolls of fame,
Yet genius glisten'd in his musing eye ;
I marked him well. At early break of day,
His feet were constant on the mountain's side,
Whence rose to view unnumbered scenes of wood,
And hills and rivers, and the main immense,
With sheen of liquid gold. At evening's hush
Beneath her dewy star, he used to roam,
And secret converse hold with other worlds.” P. 67.

This is a fair sample of self-praise, which, according to the old adage, he ought to be aware is worse than useless. But the author's want of modesty is rendered doubly reprehensible by what follows ; for he has the presumption to suppose, that it would be utterly impossible for any one of the fair sex to look on him, without being sensible of that tenderness for him, which springs from genuine affection alone for a beloved object.

———“ He was prone
 To give indulgence to exquisite feelings.
 The smoothness and hue of beauty's cheek
 Escaped him not: and for him many a nymph
 In secret sigh'd, and call'd the sweetest flowers,
 To weave a garland to adorn his brow.” P. 68.

This stupid specimen of jejune vanity concludes with what cannot but be considered a more pitiful symptom than the foregoing, of that most incurable of all mental diseases, self-conceit.

“ He was a gentle youth. The maiden's song,
 Shall weep for him, who wanders far away.” *Ibid.*

“ The Blush” is too tame to require any comment from us; and “ Gray's Ode” possesses no extraordinary merit; we therefore pass both over without saying another word either in praise or censure of them: but the address to Maria is too glaringly defective to preclude our noticing it at greater length, than the effusions we have just mentioned. We really do not know if the author ever served his apprenticeship in a chandler's shop; yet how else are we to account for an idea apparently borrowed from that circumstance, and which is so descriptive of that loftiness of imagery, which we recollect the author once made it his boast was the principal ornament of his poetry?—

“ Her raven ringlets richly flow
 About her neck *in dangling row*,
 And seem like those that light the brow
 Of Serapis.” P. 71.

The remaining stanzas would not recompense the trouble of quotation, and we in consequence refrain from obtruding them on the time and attention of our readers.

The Epitaph on Rosamond contains nothing but stale and hackneyed sentiments, while the versification is inflated and vapid; and that on a spaniel is too *doggish* to be generally relished: we shall content ourselves with extracting only the two last lines of it. After enumerating its various good qualities, which, we are told, with becoming gravity, consisted in the peculiar wagging of the animal's tail at, and gazing in mute, but impressive, eloquence on his master—indicative perhaps of its pity for his poetical madness, the author concludes with the following emphatic ejaculation:

“ Whose roof protected, and whose board maintained him—
 Or, if he *not forget*, can seek to ruin!” P. 73.

The *elegance* of the concluding line is surpassed only by its *intelligibility*; yet these are the qualities which the author possesses in a pre-eminent degree. From the specimens we have collected, the dullest apprehension may be made sensible of the vast profundity of the author's mind, of the vigour of his imagination, and the power of his poetry.

It now only remains for us to speak of the merits and faults of the poems before us; and we are sorry to be obliged to say, that while they most conspicuously abound with the former, they do not possess a single redeeming beauty which could have compensated us for the pains we have bestowed on their examination. They are miserably deficient in all the true characteristics of genuine and inspired poetry; and their diction, so far from being chaste and classical, exhibits nothing beyond the "crippled efforts of plodding dulness." The poetry is of the lowest standard, without being considered capable of interesting the reader, still less of earning the author the common distinction, which attaches to the reputation of a good and skilful versifier; whilst, on the whole, we are of opinion that any man, with a grain of modesty in his composition, would be ashamed to lay claim to these *products* of a "luckless brain."

It has been said, that undue severity of criticism has the tendency to nip genius in the bud. The correctness or otherwise of this observation, it does not become us to dispute; but we will nevertheless take upon ourselves to affirm, without the hazard of contradiction, that true poetic genius has nothing to dread from critical disquisition, which may safely be compared to the flaming sword, that guarded the gates of paradise, and turned in every direction, to punish the boldness of intrusion.

Our sister Presidencies have never been much famed for poetry, whatever success they may have acquired in the cultivation of other ramifications of literature; and if a comparison on the former score were to be instituted between Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, we hesitate not a moment in saying, that the poetical scale would preponderate greatly in favour of the first. We do not think that there is any thing extraordinary in the air of Madras, that could be imagined in the least calculated to give a sudden turn to the mind from its original bias; and certain it is, that change of climate has as yet wrought no miracle in the intellect of our author, to impress us with due reverence for his poetical faculty, if we may judge from the samples which he has from time to time afforded us. In short, no other name of celebrity, except Peter Pindar, at this instant occurs to our recollection; but even he does not appear to us to have soared above mediocrity: and as to the present writers of poetry at Madras and Bombay, we think them absolutely worthless; for it may very safely be urged, that, with all their united efforts, they have hitherto failed to add one solitary wreath to the brow of poetic genius at those Presidencies.

In taking a review of Oriental poetry, we are necessarily led to associate with a consideration of it others of far greater eminence than our author, who, it is scarcely to be supposed, will ever at-

tain to that zenith of perfection which the former have reached. Among the mighty masters in the craft of poesy, therefore, we are constrained to mention Bernard Wycliffe, Cytheron, Richardson, and Heera, as most worthy to be ranked amongst the "demigods of poetry." Of their muse it may be remarked, that she treads the very galaxy of poetical harmony; and to use an eastern metaphor, we would say, that when she is in a happier mood, her smiles scatter clusters of gems around her; but when touched with a feeling of pity and tenderness, her very tears became converted into Orient pearls. In these times of poetical charlatanism, it is much to be regretted, that the writers, whom we have just noticed, are not oftener prevailed upon to charm us with the beautiful effusions of their brilliant fancies; but even their occasional silence is not without its advantages, as it forcibly reminds us of the dying moanings of the breeze amongst the foliage, when the storm has subsided, and the distant murmurings of the sea, mingled with the mournful sighs of the wind, after the fury of the tempest was hushed, and the agitation of the ocean had begun to sink into stillness. Sometimes their poetry is one solid blaze of flaming gold, and at others it resembles so many sunbeams gilding the surrounding landscape with their golden rays. Compared to these consummate masters of the art, the wretched poetasters of our day are absolutely a spurious brood. Could we imagine it to be the work of enchantment, to fix an *Æolian* harp on the top of the loftiest tree towering on the summit of a mountain in a forest, making music with its notes at every parting embrace of an enamoured zephyr, while a benighted pilgrim, overcome with hunger and weariness, lay on the glade below; with what pleasurable emotions would not his heart bound, at the instant his ears caught the enrapturing sound: such, we may aver, is the transition which our own feelings undergo, when we turn from the sickening measures of the miserable bastards of *Apollo* to the heavenly strains of a real offspring of the *Muses*:—or could we for a moment fancy to ourselves that, through some supernatural agency, a sweet-toned lyre were suspended in the air over the ocean, while the moon threw her silver light on the murmuring waves, and some invisible hand swept its chords with the plastic touch of an *Orpheus*, so as to disturb with its soothing cadence the slumbers of the shipwrecked mariner, as he lay stretched at some distance from the beach; what the state of his feelings would be on so extraordinary an occasion, may be identified with our own, when, after having with disgust and reluctance listened to the discordant jarrings of some rude, unfinished instrument, we had turned to the melodious strains of a skilful musician. The laboured compositions of the former

are as destitute of the magic creations of poetry, as they are devoid of every excellence, by which the effusions of the latter are always characterized. Music is doubtless the soul of poetry; and were it possible to picture to ourselves the circumstance of a prisoner, condemned to linger out in a dark and dreary dungeon his wearied and miserable existence, while ruminating on his forlorn condition, the soothing strains of a lute, borne on the bosom of a passing breeze, stole over his cell; how would every pulsation of his heart beat at the rapturous sound!—Or what must the state of that man's feelings be, who, having been condemned to suffer on the block on the morrow, ere the sun rose in the east, was nevertheless,---perhaps conscious of his innocence and of the injustice of his fate,---grasped in the arms of Morpheus; and, while his imagination revelled in cheering visions of fairy bowers and unearthly happiness, the symphony of lyres, harps, and lutes, sighing to the touch of ærial musicians, in the dead stillness of the night, broke on his ears, and awoke him; we question whether he would not forget half his wretchedness, and think only of his dreams: in like manner, our own sensibility suffers a change, when we throw aside the insipid songs of *mimic* poets, and listen to the sacred strains of a Bernard Wyeliffe, and others of his stamp. We cannot but be delighted and amused with the wonderful performances of these authors, whose productions discover the nice and skilful touches of genius; whilst the magical influence of their divine numbers imperceptibly winds round the affections of the heart with the force of enchantment. Indeed, whenever we meet with any thing which we know to be the production of an inspired writer, we are conscious of treading on consecrated ground, or imagine ourselves suddenly transported to Sylphic land, where every object we behold brings to our recollection the shadowy phantoms of a vision, and every sound we hear, sometimes resembles the swell of an organ, and sometimes, borne swiftly on the light wings of a gentle zephyr, appears commingled with the plaintive notes of the sweet warbler, or bears an approximation to the rapturous accents of music played by ærial performers dancing by moonlight.

To some indeed the tiresome effusions of distempered brains may afford a short-lived pleasure, and we shall be much mistaken if others will not regard them with feelings of undissembled superciliousness and contumely. We confess ourselves to be of sterner mould, and as a necessary consequence, our taste and judgment may be hostile to the reputation of *pseudo* poets. They indeed exhibit specimens of the utmost extravagance, but without any variety of matter, or diversity of style, brilliancy and fertility of imagination, or ex-

pansion of thought. We cannot stop to admire the mild glow of morning twilight, when we have the liberty of gazing, with wonder and admiration, on the splendour of the sun, rising triumphant over the powers of darkness, in unclouded majesty. In conclusion, we shall use the freedom of observing, that, in the choice *morceaux* we have given, there is such a poorness of design, such a want of the grappling vigour of strong intellect, and such a miserable deficiency of that poetic vein, all which qualities combine to distinguish the true son of genius from the pantomimic aspirant to excellence, that we cannot hesitate a moment in pronouncing them totally unworthy of the consideration of our readers.

An Elegy to the Memory of the Rev. Henry Martyn, with smaller Pieces. By JOHN LAWSON, Missionary at Calcutta. London. 1823.

It was remarked by Dr. Johnson, that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke; and if we may be allowed to apply this observation to the *genus poetarum* of India, it will be found that the elaborate productions of the majority of them have all the smoke, without a single spark of the fire of genuine poetry. There is, perhaps, no department of literature, which seems to have attracted so great a share of general attention, or to have been studied with so much ardour, as the craft of poesy; but it is not a little wonderful that, of those who have shewn the utmost eagerness in its pursuit—whether urged on by a feeling of overweening conceit, or a consciousness of the possession of the poetic faculty, is a point which we are not required at the present moment to decide—few indeed we believe, have ever succeeded in distinguishing themselves, as highly gifted with poetic talent. The race of poetasters, we fear, has continued increasing of late with wonderful rapidity, in spite of the critic's lash. This may no doubt be rather discouraging to our vocation in the abstract; but still we are of opinion, that a vast deal may be done by steady perseverance, and well-directed castigation; and our poetasters may yet be expelled the court of Apollo, and exiled to *Bæotia*, should they rashly persevere in their unworthy offerings.

It is, on the other hand, the privilege of the genuine votary of the Muses to charm us with his magic creations, and to call into existence a world of his own. The plaintive warblings of the nightingale are not more grateful to the ears of the wearied pilgrim, than the strains of the mighty masters

of poetic harmony to their admirers. It is the inspired son of genius alone, who is capable of presenting to the mind's eye the beauties of nature, in all their variegated bloom and freshness, stripped of all redundancies and harshnesses, repulsive to the *beau ideal* in his imagination; and it is only by the power of his superior *tact*, that he is enabled to paint the blazing glories of the spangled firmament, in the glowing language of enthusiasm. He exercises a kind of witchery over our feelings and passions; and, in short imparts by his skill, vigour and animation to subjects, that had but a while before appeared incapable, or unworthy, of illustration or embellishment.

Admiration for the charms of poetry seems inherent in the mind; and few will be sceptical, or cynical enough to affirm, that from our earliest infancy, we do not express delight at viewing those picturesque exhibitions of the beauties of nature and art, spread forth before us by the truly classic votaries of the sister arts of poetry and painting. In every country, and in the rudest states of society, poetry has powerfully engaged the attention of mankind, and the bard has been held in a degree of veneration, scarcely inferior to that paid to the gods. The untutored Laplander, who wakes with the dawn, to pursue the hardy toils of the chase, or to meet the object of his tenderest wishes, vents his grateful emotions in an address to the rein-deer, embellished with allusions to the beautiful and romantic, though rude, imagery of his native hills and wilds, and invocations of those deities, who, he conceives, may aid or thwart his purpose: while his more serious labours are no less pleasingly beguiled by the fascination of the song and the dance.

As man advances in civilization and refinement, in attaining by due, but always by unequal degrees, (as more or less favoured by soil and climate,) the comforts, and after them the luxuries of life, while his intellect expands by successfully exploring the mysteries of nature, and imitating her operations in every department of art, his poetic sense, or facility to perceive and adequately describe the beautiful and sublime in nature, in modes of combination infinite as the range of thought, progresses to the degree of perfection to which his powers are limited, as a finite being; but which conducts him, nevertheless, to that glorious immortality, which the most highly gifted of our species have been ambitious to gain, and associates his name with some of the noblest feelings that animate the human bosom.

Such being the well-earned meed of those great moral masters of mankind, who by truth "severe in fairy fiction drest," divest our natures of their gross alloy, or who in their excursive wanderings through the boundless realms of fancy, lead our souls to

pansion of thought. We cannot stop to admire the mild glow of morning twilight, when we have the liberty of gazing, with wonder and admiration, on the splendour of the sun, rising triumphant over the powers of darkness, in unclouded majesty. In conclusion, we shall use the freedom of observing, that, in the choice *morceaux* we have given, there is such a poorness of design, such a want of the grappling vigour of strong intellect, and such a miserable deficiency of that poetic vein, all which qualities combine to distinguish the true son of genius from the pantomimic aspirant to excellence, that we cannot hesitate a moment in pronouncing them totally unworthy of the consideration of our readers.

An Elegy to the Memory of the Rev. Henry Martyn, with smaller Pieces. By JOHN LAWSON, Missionary at Calcutta. London. 1823.

It was remarked by Dr. Johnson, that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke; and if we may be allowed to apply this observation to the *genus poetarum* of India, it will be found that the elaborate productions of the majority of them have all the smoke, without a single spark of the fire of genuine poetry. There is, perhaps, no department of literature, which seems to have attracted so great a share of general attention, or to have been studied with so much ardour, as the craft of poesy; but it is not a little wonderful that, of those who have shewn the utmost eagerness in its pursuit—whether urged on by a feeling of overweening conceit, or a consciousness of the possession of the poetic faculty, is a point which we are not required at the present moment to decide—few indeed we believe, have ever succeeded in distinguishing themselves, as highly gifted with poetic talent. The race of poetasters, we fear, has continued increasing of late with wonderful rapidity, in spite of the critic's lash. This may no doubt be rather discouraging to our vocation in the abstract; but still we are of opinion, that a vast deal may be done by steady perseverance, and well-directed castigation; and our poetasters may yet be expelled the court of Apollo, and exiled to *Bæotia*, should they rashly persevere in their unworthy offerings.

It is, on the other hand, the privilege of the genuine votary of the Muses to charm us with his magic creations, and to call into existence a world of his own. The plaintive warblings of the nightingale are not more grateful to the ears of the wearied pilgrim, than the strains of the mighty masters

of poetic harmony to their admirers. It is the inspired son of genius alone, who is capable of presenting to the mind's eye the beauties of nature, in all their variegated bloom and freshness, stripped of all redundancies and harshnesses, repulsive to the *beau ideal* in his imagination; and it is only by the power of his superior *tact*, that he is enabled to paint the blazing glories of the spangled firmament, in the glowing language of enthusiasm. He exercises a kind of witchery over our feelings and passions; and, in short imparts by his skill, vigour and animation to subjects, that had but a while before appeared incapable, or unworthy, of illustration or embellishment.

Admiration for the charms of poetry seems inherent in the mind; and few will be sceptical, or cynical enough to affirm, that from our earliest infancy, we do not express delight at viewing those picturesque exhibitions of the beauties of nature and art, spread forth before us by the truly classic votaries of the sister arts of poetry and painting. In every country, and in the rudest states of society, poetry has powerfully engaged the attention of mankind, and the bard has been held in a degree of veneration, scarcely inferior to that paid to the gods. The untutored Laplander, who wakes with the dawn, to pursue the hardy toils of the chase, or to meet the object of his tenderest wishes, vents his grateful emotions in an address to the rein-deer, embellished with allusions to the beautiful and romantic, though rude, imagery of his native hills and wilds, and invocations of those deities, who, he conceives, may aid or thwart his purpose; while his more serious labours are no less pleasingly beguiled by the fascination of the song and the dance.

As man advances in civilization and refinement, in attaining by due, but always by unequal degrees, (as more or less favoured by soil and climate,) the comforts, and after them the luxuries of life, while his intellect expands by successfully exploring the mysteries of nature, and imitating her operations in every department of art, his poetic sense, or facility to perceive and adequately describe the beautiful and sublime in nature, in modes of combination infinite as the range of thought, progresses to the degree of perfection to which his powers are limited, as a finite being; but which conducts him, nevertheless, to that glorious immortality, which the most highly gifted of our species have been ambitious to gain, and associates his name with some of the noblest feelings that animate the human bosom.

Such being the well-earned meed of those great moral masters of mankind, who by truth "severe in fairy fiction drest," divest our natures of their gross alloy, or who in their exursive meanderings through the boundless realms of fancy, lead our souls to

heavenly musing, can it be said, that we critics must not mercilessly scourge that *servum pecus* of literature, the swinish multitude infesting the foot of Parnassus, who assail Apollo and the Nine with their *monotonous grunting*, and imagine it the music of the spheres, while their hostile tusks, in formidable array, present an impenetrable barrier against the approach of modest aspiring merit? Can it be endured, that we shall be daily nauseated to loathing, by the drugs of a race of literary empirics, without a show of resistance?

In taking a survey, then, of Indian poetry, we need scarcely say, we have never met with what we could wholly approve. It must be allowed, however, that some of the writers of our day have acquired a certain *knack* of producing an easy flow of rhymes—their greatest strength lies in the indiscriminate employment of high-sounding epithets, and more particularly the use of far-fetched similes and incongruous metaphors, with an exuberance of imagery the most common and hackneyed imaginable: with these artifices, little poets are strangely conversant; but yet with all their ingenuity, it will be found that they usually abound in greater inconsistencies, absurdities, and contradictions.

We fear we have too long suffered our attention to be diverted from Mr. Lawson's little work, containing an Elegy to the memory of that zealous teacher of Christian doctrines and accomplished scholar, the Reverend Henry Martyn, and other smaller poems. We are aware, that this author has obtained a certain standing in public estimation as a poet; but we are, at the same time, constrained to say, that his productions are not so universally read and admired as they deserve, when their intrinsic merit is taken into consideration.

In presenting our readers with a few selections from the work in question, we find some little difficulty in making a choice; but in justice must observe, that almost all the pieces before us are of a description far surpassing, in point of excellence and value, the common run of Indian effusions. We care not to be lavish of our encomiums on this author, though we are aware that sacred poetry is not popular, at least not so much so as it ought to be; but for our part we confess, that we have listened with feelings of devotion to the strains which Mr. Lawson has here poured forth.

The Elegy very appropriately begins with a fervid and pathetic address to the glorious orb of night; and we should not deserve to be forgiven, did we suffer it to escape our observation. In our opinion, the application of the epithet "wheeling," while it adds to the effect of the imagery presented by the description of the surrounding scenery, taken connectively with the object

tenderness and grief is excited in the sympathetic breast by the melancholy recollection of departed worth, appears extremely judicious and correct, as it is characteristic of the functions which that celestial luminary has been ordained to perform in the vast chain of events.

“ Rise, O thou wheeling moon, with chasten'd ray,
Pale, and of sorrowing aspect! come serene
Out of thy shrouding clouds, that weep like urns
Their silvery waters o'er the sacred grave,
Not lone, though in a wilderness,
For waiting angels watch;

“ If trembling my slow dirge may wail upon
Thy waking night winds rushing with high gust,
As thou with solemn footsteps dost appear
Forth travelling from the east, obscure till thou
Uprisest with broad countenance,
Scattering thy vestige gold.” Pp. 1, 2.

Nothing can be more beautiful and noble than the idea expressed in the two concluding lines of the first stanza, where it is observed, that though the remains of this man of God lay buried in a wilderness, remote from all human ken, and apparently unpitied, unlamented, and forgotten, yet, while thus consigned to moulder away and sink into oblivion, without a tear being shed to moisten the earth which covered the sacred relics, they were attended with a circumstance having a tendency to revive other feelings than those of unavailing sorrow and regret; for in the midst of the dreariness and solitude stated to reign throughout, his mortal parts had become the anxious care of supernatural agency, in as much as celestial intelligences were commissioned to watch over the silent tomb. After an apostrophe to the spirit of Martyn, which has a very pleasing effect, produced more by the unassuming and simple pathos of the strain, than by any high-wrought excellence in the lines, the sudden and abrupt transition to lifeless objects, in which a spirit of animation seems, as it were, to be suddenly and spontaneously infused, is admirably managed, and is characteristic of a certain peculiarity that is at once striking and elegant.

“ I ask not, O ye ever whispering trees,
Chanting in windy solitude, your aid.
To fill the funeral lay; nor yours, ye flowers,
Bright with the freshest glory of the sun,
That bids your fragrance breathe above
The weary hallow'd dead;

“ Nor your vain babble, thro' your runnell'd course,
Ye gurgling waters, hurrying as ye wend
Haply where Orient gems do lurk; nor yours,
Sweet talking echo, when the silent eve

Doth hear thee mock the whistling bird,
Lone, on her chosen yew." Pp. 2, 3.

The stanzas entitled, "O where is the cloud," and versified from the 4th verse of the 6th chapter of Hosea, we give entire.

"O where is the cloud of the morn?
Like the entrance of heaven 'twas bright;
The crimson that stretch'd far away,
Like the path of the seraph was light.
The dawn seem'd all holy and blest,
When the calm orb of majesty rose,
And scatter'd abroad in the skies,
The splendour of heavenly repose.

O where is the freshness of morn?
O where that fair promise of day?
The gold-edg'd effulgence is gone;
The pageant hath hasted away.
Frail mortal! thy light hath declin'd,
Thy fugitive glory now dies;
Thy goodness the glow of a dream---
A mutable eloud of the skies!" P. 12.

From "The Pilgrim of Night," we have it not in our power to quote beyond a single stanza; though the whole composition, to our thinking, is of that superior description, which would claim for it the meed of praise from every true worshipper of the Muses.

"Watch thou the pale sojourner there,
Embark'd on the main of the skies,
While perilous cloudy waves wild on the gale
To glory tempestuous arise.
Like pearly-edg'd billows they swell,
And gleam with fantastical form,
Dashing round like the sea-foam the crescent all bright,
With her silver horns toss'd on the storm." P. 16.

"Light" is the next piece, consisting of five stanzas, from which we extract the two following, satisfied that every person of taste and feeling will join us in our favourable opinion of them.

"O LIGHT, how divine is the influence that guides thee!
First-born of creation! All hail thy blest ray!
Thou bid'st the lost star in his wide revolution
Shine forth from the gloom of his intricate way.
Thou visit'st the earth in thy plentiful goodness,
Profoundly thou dwell'st in the bottomless sea,
Thou kindest all nature to rapture and gladness,
And the voice of thy praise is inspired by thee.

Yet thou'rt but the shadow of HIM who first call'd thee,
The visible veil of the Father of lights;
The cloud and the darkness about his pavilion;
The vision obscure of unspeakable heights.

He spake; and the throne of old Chaos demolish'd,
 And light was the hope of creation new born.
 He speaks! and dispels the dark cloud of my sadness,
 And hope is my light, as I wander forlorn." P. 20.

"Spring" is the subject of the stanzas which follow, in order of succession. It is not our intention to startle the reader by associating the recollection of Thomson with the name of our author; because we feel assured, that when Mr. Lawson sat down to compose the lines on Spring, he never thought of competing with that elegant and accomplished poet; and the very character of the respective poems is too diametrically opposite to raise any the smallest suspicion of vanity and presumption in the mind of our author. The "Spring" of Mr. L. is nothing more than a simple effusion of an excursive fancy; and standing distinct, as it must, from the more elaborate and dignified product of Thomson's brilliant imagination, it will not be found destitute of every charm. It possesses a smoothness and flow of versification, hardly surpassed by any of the other poetical compositions in this little volume.

"Come away to the sweet-breathing fields;
 The gloom of the winter is past,
 No longer the rude torrents deluge the vale,
 Nor howls thro' the wood the cold blast.
 Come away to the sweet-breathing fields,
 And watch the first blush of the rose,
 While the sun in his youth with a gold glowing beam,
 Paints its bow on the storm as it goes." P. 21.

There is no attribute of the Divinity, the exercise of which towards such frail and sinful creatures as ourselves ought to be a more pleasing theme of gratitude to us, than mercy. The feelings of the reader will accompany us in appreciating the poetic excellence of the lines entitled "Mercy," which are quoted entire, as mutilation would only tend to mar their effect.

"O murmur not that the outrageous sea
 Boils with her mountain troubles; calmly view
 Beyond the storm's wild path, that placid blue,
 Solemn as angel's sapphire sphere—O see,
 Like gladness to the soul of misery,
 Sunshine of fairer regions bursting through
 The howling wrath—it comes all fresh and new,
 Rushing with hope's o'erwhelming ecstasy:
 So the mild eye of mercy sheds a light
 On pale-struck mariners, and breaks the spell
 That chains the racking clouds of crazy night,
 Then the delirious ocean's whirling swell
 Serenely settles. Pilgrim, all is well,
 For he who guides thy bark doth hold the tempest's might." P. 25.

The perusal of the "Angel's Flight" has afforded us considerable pleasure, but we are unable at present to do justice to

its merits. While the poet is left to his liberty and leisure to follow the bent of his inclination, to compose in quietness what the best impulses of his feelings dictate to him, and to exert his powers of fascination for the recreation and diversion of his admirers, the hapless critic must wade through the drudgery of his invidious task. If in the unsuspecting warmth of his admiration, which he may lack the art to disguise from the sneers of envy, he happen to overstep cold prudence, or if his impartiality constrain him, on the other hand, to chastise, in terms of strong censure, the presuming arrogance of a splenetic Parnassian booby, smarting from the scourge, he runs the risk of being bescribbled to death for his temerity.

“ Through the dark clouds that roll’d on high
Soaring, the angel of the sky
Pursued his solemn way :
Bright was his track, the gloomy night
Fled back to hell, and holy light
Blushed into lovely day.” P. 35.

This is well conceived, and beautifully executed. After describing the confusion, horror, and vanquishment, which the spirits of darkness sustained in their fruitless engagement with those of a better and more glorious world, our author continues in his usual happy vein :—

“ Headlong the banner’d multitude,
The wrathful Dragon’s hated brood,
Plung’d from the warring sky :
Old Slavery, bound in lightning’s chains—
Corruption, with her loathsome stains,
In endless ruin lie.” P. 36.

The triumphs of the gospel are forcibly depicted in the concluding stanza :

“ The gospel trump yet louder peals,
And beaming light the truth reveals
To every land and tongue.
Speed, angel! thy propitious flight!
The heavens shall sing thy glorious might,
And earth shall join the song!” *Ibid.*

If, tempted by our quotation, the reader will look into this little work, he will find, that Mr. Lawson has smoothness, pathos, and imagination, in a higher degree than the generality of his brethren can boast of; but with all these claims on our admiration, he appears, in our judgment, far more elaborate and cautious in measuring his poetical vigour than most of them. With regard, however, to the publication, the title of which we have quoted at the head of this article, we need hardly add, that it contains much of genuine poetry. His composition in general is rich, varied, and elegant; while the language in which his ideas are clothed is usually melodious, fori-

ble, and lofty, though in some places studied in the extreme. Another defect is, that his images are chiefly composed of the *sun, moon, and stars*, glittering in his pages with the most unsparing profusion and prodigality; whilst the lavish exuberance of *light and darkness, heaven, earth, and hell, clouds, skies, mountains, hills, and ocean, cherubim and seraphim*, with the whole host of the *angelic* order, become tiresome to a degree. We are ready to allow, that these are perhaps the noblest objects in nature, and that a judicious selection of such imagery always produces a pleasing variety; but a too frequent and uninterrupted repetition of it cloy the mind with sameness, and forces it to seek relief in scenes of less dazzling splendour. A hyperbolical and indiscriminate use of metaphor is as blameable, as the entire absence of ornament and decoration. On the whole, however, we may be permitted to remark, that the poems in question display a considerable portion of talent, and stamp their author a legitimate son of genius and inspiration.

In reviewing a work like the one we have noticed, we cannot help associating Mr. Lawson's sacred effusions with the Hebrew Melodies of Lord Byron. Let not our readers smile at the comparison, nor Mr. Lawson himself blush at the honour we do him. We mean not to ascribe to his poetry, that power, of which Byron is alone the mighty master; yet in that most essential and living-like quality in effusions of a sacred nature, *devotional ardour*, we presume, Mr. L. rises somewhat superior to Byron. No part of Lord Byron's poetical works has been read by us with greater satisfaction, unminged with any feeling of disgust and abhorrence, than his Hebrew Melodies: there he has succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectation, in transfusing the *spirit* of his great original: in this respect Mr. Lawson is far distanced by his illustrious cotemporary; but we imagine that, in occasional bursts of enthusiasm, and fervency of religious veneration, he may challenge competition. Lord Byron is more of the poet; Mr. Lawson of the Christian. Lord Byron resembles the majestic orb of day, mild, but glowing on his first appearance, when the eye of curiosity may view his glories without the aid of the prism, and without being painfully forced to withdraw itself from the intensity of his burning rays, as at mid-day; but gradually assumes a brighter and brighter effulgence, as he proceeds in his diurnal career, until, having reached the meridian of his splendour, he becomes too dazzling for mortal gaze. Mr. Lawson reminds us of the "refulgent lamp of night," which, while it diffuses its benignant lustre over the whole globe, suffers the meanest reptile to bask in its radiance without the peril of being scorched. Lord Byron wrote in the consciousness of his superior strength;—Mr. L. as if retiring into the inmost

recesses of his heart, composed as his poetic feelings dictated. Lord Byron, Prometheus-like, stretched forth his strong arm, and wrenched a burning torch from the altar of the god of poetry;—Mr. Lawson, with submissive humility, erected a pile in honour of Him, who inspires alike the peasant and the noble; and fire descended from the cerulean spheres to kindle the faggots, which his piety had consecrated to the Divinity. Lord Byron would, if he had it in his power, have hurled old Phœbus from his chariot, and set the world in a flame, smiling with scorn and derision at the groans and cries of his fellow creatures;—Mr. L. has a tear to shed over the infirmities of human weakness, a heart that would prompt him to alleviate the pang which our own miseries create, and speak peace to the troubled soul. Though Lord Byron loves to revel in fairy bowers, where every object assumes, by the spell of the enchanter, an attractive and a fascinating appearance; where birds are taught to sing, and the lambkin to skip; where the music of ærial performers lulls the senses into a pleasing lethargy, and pleasure, under every hue and semblance, courts attention; where flowers of every season bloom in all the freshness of vernal beauty, and the fountains bubble without the aid of human art; where, in short, nature is made to smile under every circumstance; there is yet a time when the malignant spirit of Byron would breathe a pestilential blast over the whole scene, and change the felicities of Elysium into the gloom and horrors of Tartarus. Mr. Lawson's better genius would turn earth into a paradise.

THE END.

CONCLUSION.

No apology, it is hoped, will be deemed necessary for submitting the foregoing Reviews for general perusal. It may be thought by some, now that the great Byron is no more, that undue severity has been employed in the critical analysis of Don Juan; while others will, no doubt, be of opinion, that human infirmities and follies, of whatever complexion, should be forgotten and buried in oblivion, the instant the grave closes over our mortal remains. The present Reviews are not published with the view of disturbing the ashes of the dead; but to remove every unfavourable impression from the mind of the reader, it may be proper merely to state, that the critique on the 12th, 13th, and 14th cantos was composed some time prior to the demise of their illustrious author, and that certain circumstances subsequently operated to render its publication a matter of absolute necessity. For the re-publication of the two last Reviews, no other reason need be assigned than what was originally set forth in the Prospectus. One of them appeared several months ago in the columns of a daily newspaper; but in so incorrect a form, that the author became anxious to restore it to some degree of accuracy, when an opportunity offered. The other met with a flattering reception in one of the Calcutta periodicals; but as at the time of its appearance, the work in question had not obtained an extensive circulation, it was imagined that there could be no impropriety in incorporating it with the aforementioned pieces of criticism, to give it the chance of a wider spread.

Before concluding, the writer begs to return his most grateful thanks to his subscribers for the encouragement afforded him, which, he however regrets to add, is confined within very narrow limits. From those, who he was led to expect would have been the most forward in encouraging him, he has experienced nothing but disappointment. Kindred feeling seems to be a stranger in the bosoms of those who ought to be the first to encourage the literary efforts of such as have strong claims, arising out of circumstances of a peculiar nature, on their patronage and protection. On the contrary, his present attempt has been viewed by some with envy and jealousy, and by others with perfect apathy and indifference. The writer refrains from being more explicit in his remarks, as it is to be trusted that the hint here conveyed will be understood by those for whose *benefit* it is chiefly hazarded. In venturing these observations, the writer begs to declare, that they are not levelled at any one particular individual; though he laments that the same forbearance has not been exercised towards him. The sneers, not so much remarkable for their sarcasm as their vulgarity, which have been indulged in at his expense, are any thing but creditable to the feelings of those, who seem to take a sort of pleasure in traducing the literary reputation of the objects of their dislike. Conduct like this is base and unmanly, and should ever be held up to public reprobation.

The writer is sorry that he should have taken up so much of the reader's time; but it was incumbent on him to enter into this explanation, in order, not only to convince certain people that he puts little value either upon their animadversions or their praise; but also to shew that what is censured with virulence is not always worthless, and that which is lauded with vehemence is not entirely free from faults. It is not, however, meant to insinuate that the foregoing Reviews are worthy of being ranked with the productions of a similar class, which periodically issue from the press of

England. It would indeed be the height of presumption and folly to entertain such a thought ; but in thus endeavouring to procure a literary repast for the gratification of the reader, the writer sincerely hopes his efforts will not go unrewarded with the smile of approbation, which can alone animate an author, and cheer his spirits in the arduous and difficult journey to the Temple of Fame, and smooth the asperities of the path that leads to it.



ERRATUM.

P. 95, line 37, *for* "inspired," *read* "spiritless."

as the United States, where the rate of wages is high, it is probable that it would rather have a tendency to infuse a spirit of economy into the people, than, by checking the former rate of their increase, and diminishing the supply of labour, to raise its price. But in all old settled, and fully peopled countries, the wages of labour are seldom so high as to permit workmen to economize to any great extent. Nor is this to be at all desired. It is, whatever may be said to the contrary, the great and leading defect in the lower classes, that they submit to privations with too little reluctance. Nothing ought to be more earnestly deprecated, than any change in the sentiments of the great body of the people, which may have the effect of inducing them to lower their opinion as to what is necessary to their comfortable subsistence. Every such degradation is almost sure to be permanent; inasmuch as wages would always fall in a corresponding ratio.

But there are limits to this fall of wages, and there are consequently limits to the power of the labourers to pay taxes. And whenever these limits have been attained, and it is for the interest of society that they should be easily reached, or that wages should be kept as high and as steady as possible, every succeeding tax on wages, or on the necessities required for the maintenance of the labourers, will fall entirely on the profits of their employers.

We have thus endeavoured, and we trust not altogether unsuccessfully, to lay before our readers an accurate exposition of the nature, as well of those general principles which Mr Ricardo has been the first to ascertain, as of those which he has adopted from late writers, and combined with the others into one harmonious, consistent, and beautiful system. It is to Mr Ricardo's own work, however, that such of our readers as wish to acquire a thorough knowledge of the subject, must have recourse; and although his conciseness of manner, coupled with the complexity and multiplicity of the details which every inquiry of this nature necessarily involves, may sometimes give the appearance of obscurity to his reasoning, it will be found, when rightly examined, to be no less logical and conclusive, than it is profound and important.

ART. III. *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto the Fourth.* By LORD BYRON. 8vo. pp. 257. London, 1818.

THERE are two writers, in modern literature, whose extraordinary power over the minds of men, it may be truly said,

has existed less in their works than in themselves,—Rousseau and Lord Byron. They have other points of resemblance. Both are distinguished by the most ardent and vivid delineations of intense conception, and by an intense sensibility of passion, rather than of affection. Both, too, by this double power, have held a dominion over the sympathy of their readers, far beyond the range of those ordinary feelings which are usually excited by the mere efforts of genius. The impression of this interest still accompanies the perusal of their writings: But there is another interest of more lasting, and far stronger power, which the one has possessed, and the other now possesses,—which lies in the continual embodying of the individual character,—it might almost be said, of the very person of the writer. When we speak or think of Rousseau or Byron, we are not conscious of speaking or thinking of an author. We have a vague but impassioned remembrance of men of surpassing genius, eloquence and power,—of prodigious capacity both of misery and happiness. We feel as if we had transiently met such beings in real life, or had known them in the dim and dark communion of a dream. Each of their works presents, in succession, a fresh idea of themselves; and, while the productions of other great men stand out from them, like something they have created, theirs, on the contrary, are images, pictures, busts of their living selves,—clothed, no doubt, at different times in different drapery, and prominent from a different background,—but uniformly impressed with the same form, and mien, and lineaments, and not to be mistaken for the representations of any other of the children of men.

But this view of the subject, though universally felt to be a true one, requires perhaps a little explanation. The personal character of which we have spoken, it should be understood, is not, altogether, that on which the seal of life has been set,—and to which, therefore, moral appraisal or condemnation is necessarily annexed, as to the language or conduct of actual existence. It is the character, so to speak, which is prior to conduct, and yet open to good and to ill,—the constitution of the being, in body and in soul. Each of those illustrious writers has, in this light, filled his works with expressions of his own character,—has unveiled to the world the secrets of his own being,—the mysteries of the framing of man. They have gone down into those depths which every man may sound for himself, though not for another; and they have made disclosures to the world of what they beheld and knew there—disclosures that have commanded and enforced a profound and universal sympathy, by proving that all mankind, the troubled and

the untroubled, the lofty and the low, the strongest and the frailest, are linked together by the bonds of a common but inscrutable nature.

Thus, each of these wayward and richly-gifted spirits has made himself the object of profound interest to the world,—and that too, during periods of society when ample food was everywhere spread abroad for the meditations and passions of men. What love and desire,—what longing and passionate expectation hung upon the voice of Rousseau, the idol of his day!—That spell is broken. We now can regard his works in themselves, in great measure free from all the delusions and illusions that, like the glories of a bright and vapoury atmosphere, were for ever rising up and encircling the image of their wonderful creator. Still is the impression of his works vivid and strong. The charm which cannot pass away is there,—life breathing in dead words,—the pulses of passion,—the thrilling of the frame,—the sweet pleasure stealing from senses touched with ecstacy into sounds which the tongue frames, and the lips utter with delight. All these still are there,—the fresh beauty, the undimmed lustre—the immortal bloom and verdure and fragrance of life. These, light and vision-like as they seem, endure as in marble. But that which made the spirits of men, from one end of Europe to the other, turn to the name of Rousseau,—that idolizing enthusiasm which we can now hardly conceive, was the illusion of one generation, and has not survived to another. And what was the spell of that illusion? Was it merely that bewitching strain of dreaming melancholy which lent to moral declamation the tenderness of romance? Or that fiery impress of burning sensibility which threw over abstract and subtle disquisitions all the colours of a lover's tale? These undoubtedly—but not these alone. It was that continual impersonation of himself in his writings, by which he was for ever kept brightly present before the eyes of men. There was in him a strange and unsated desire of depicting himself, throughout all the changes of his being. His wild temper only found ease in tracing out, in laying bare to the universal gaze, the very groundwork, the most secret paths, the darkest coverts of one of the most wayward and unimaginable minds ever framed by nature. From the moment that his first literary success had wedded him to the public, this was his history,—and such his strange, contradictory, divided life. Shy, and shunning the faces of men in his daily walks, yet searching and rending up the inmost recesses of his heart for the inspection of that race which he feared or hated. As a man, turning from the light, as from something unsupportably loathsome, and plunging into the thickest

shades. Yet, in that other existence which he held from imagination, living only in the presence of men,—in the full broad glare of the world's eye,—and eagerly, impetuously, passionately, unsparingly seizing on all his own most hidden thoughts—his loneliest moods—his most sacred feelings—which had been cherished for the seclusion in which they sprung—for their own still deep peace—and for their breathings of unbeheld communions,—seizing upon all these, and flinging them out into the open air, that they might feed the curiosity of that eager, idle, frivolous world from which he had fled in misanthropical disgust—that he might array an exhibition to their greedy gaze,—and that he, the morbid and melancholy lover of solitude, might act a conspicuous and applauded part on the crowded theatre of public fame. .

It might, on a hasty consideration, seem to us, that such undisguised revelation of feelings and passions, which the becoming pride of human nature, jealous of its own dignity, would, in general, desire to hold in unviolated silence, could produce in the public mind only pity, sorrow, or repugnance. But, in the case of men of real genius, like Rousseau or Byron, it is otherwise. Each of us must have been aware in himself of a singular illusion, by which these disclosures, when read with that tender or high interest which attaches to poetry, seem to have something of the nature of private and confidential communications. They are not felt, while we read, as declarations published to the world,—but almost as secrets whispered to chosen ears. Who is there that feels, for a moment, that the voice which reaches the inmost recesses of his heart is speaking to the careless multitudes around him? Or, if we do so remember, the words seem to pass by others like air, and to find their way to the hearts for whom they were intended,—kindred and sympathizing spirits, who discern and own that secret language, of which the privacy is not violated, though spoken in hearing of the uninitiated,—because it is not understood. . There is an unobserved beauty that smiles on us alone; and the more beautiful to us, because we feel as if chosen out from a crowd of lovers. Something analogous to this is felt in the grandest scenes of Nature and of Art. Let a hundred persons look from a hill-top over some transeendent landscape. Each will select from the wide-spread glory at his feet, for his more special love and delight, some different glimpse of sunshine,—or solemn grove,—or embowered spire,—or brown-mouldering ruin,—or eastelated cloud. During their contemplation, the soul of each man is amidst its own creations, and in the heart of his own solitude;—nor is the depth of that solitude broken, though it

lies open to the sunshine, and before the eyes of unnumbered spectators. It is the same in great and impressive scenes of art,—for example, in a theatre. The tenderest tones of acted tragedy reach our hearts with a feeling as if that inmost soul which they disclose revealed itself to us alone. The audience of a theatre forms a sublime unity to the actor; but each person sees and feels with the same incommunicated intensity, as if all passed only before his own gifted sight. The publicity which is before our eyes is not acknowledged by our minds; and each heart feels itself to be the sole agitated witness of the pageant of misery.

But there are other reasons why we read with complacency writings which, by the most public declaration of most secret feelings, ought, it might seem, to shock and revolt our sympathy. A great poet may address the whole world in the language of intensest passion, concerning objects of which, rather than speak, face to face, with any one human being on earth, he would perish in his misery. For it is in solitude that he utters what is to be wafted by all the winds of heaven. There are, during his inspiration, present with him only the shadows of men. He is not daunted, or perplexed, or disturbed, or repelled by real living breathing features. He can updraw just as much as he chuses of the curtain that hangs between his own solitude and the world of life. He thus pours his soul out, partly to himself alone,—partly to the ideal abstractions, and impersonated images that float round him at his own conjuration,—and partly to human beings like himself, moving in the dark distance of the every-day world. He confesses himself, not before men, but before the Spirit of Humanity. And he thus fearlessly lays open his heart,—assured that nature never prompted unto geniuses that which will not triumphantly force its wide way into the human heart. We can thus easily imagine the poet whom, in real life, the countenances and voices of his fellow-men might silence into shame, or fastidiousness, or timidity, or aversion or disdain,—yet kindling in his solitude into irrepressible passion and enthusiasm towards human nature and all its transitory concerns,—anxiously moulding himself into the object of men's most engrossing and vehement love or aversion,—identifying his own existence with all their strongest and profoundest passions,—claiming kindred with them, not in their virtues alone, but in their darkest vices and most fatal errors;—yet, in the midst of all this, proudly guarding his own prevailing character, so that it shall not merge in the waves of a common nature, but stand 'in shape and gesture proudly eminent,' contemplated with still-increasing interest by the millions that,

in spite of themselves, feel and acknowledge its strange and unaccountable ascendancy.

The reasons then are obvious, why a writer of very vivid sensibilities may, by empassioned self-delineation, hold a wondrous power over the entranced minds of his readers. But this power is in his living hands; and, like the wand of the magician, it loses its virtue on its master's death. We feel chiefly the influence of such a writer, while he lives—our cotemporary—going with us a fellow-voyager on the stream of life, and from time to time flashing towards us the emanations of his spirit. Our love—our expectation follow the courses of his mind, and, if his life repel us not, the courses of his life. It was the strange madness of Rousseau to pour the blaze of his reputation over the scandals of his life. But this was later in his career; and his name for a long time in Europe was that of an hermitage,—a martyr of liberty and virtue,—a persecuted good man loving a race unworthy of him, and suffering alike from their injustice and from the excess of his own spirit. He made a character for himself;—and whatever he had made it, it might have been believed. It was an assumed ideal impersonation of a character of literary and philosophical romance. At last, indeed, he broke up his own spell. But if he could have left the delusion behind him, he could not have left the power;—for the power hangs round the living man: it does not rest upon the grave.

When death removes such a writer from our sight, the magical influence of which we have spoken gradually fades away; and a new generation, free from all personal feelings towards the idol of a former age, may perhaps be wearied with that perpetual self-reference which to them seems merely the querulousness or the folly of unhappy or diseased egoism. It is even probable, that they may perversely withhold a portion of just admiration and delight from him who was once the undisputed sovereign of the soul, and that they may show their surprise at the subjection of their predecessors beneath the tyrannical despotism of genius, by scorning themselves to bow before its power, or acknowledge its legitimacy. It is at least certain, that by the darkness of death such luminaries, if not eclipsed, are shorn of their beams. So much, even in their works of most general interest, derives its beauty and fascination from a vivid feeling, in the reader's mind, of its being a portraiture of one with whom he has formed a kind of strange, wild and disturbed friendship, that they who come after, and have never felt the sorcery of the living man, instead of being kindled up by such pictures into impassioned wonder and delight, may

gaze on them with no stronger emotion than curiosity, and even turn from them with indifference. Such must be more or less the fate of all works of genius, however splendid and powerful, of which the chief interest is not in universal truth, so much as in the intensity of individual feeling, and the impersonation of individual character.

It would, indeed, be in most violent contradiction to all we have formerly written of Lord Byron, were we to say that he stands in this predicament. Yet, there is a certain applicability of our observations even to him, as well as to Rousseau, with whom, perhaps too fancifully, we have now associated his nature and his name. Posterity may make fewer allowances for much in himself and his writings, than his contemporaries are willing to do; nor will they, with the same passionate and impetuous zeal, follow the wild voice that too often leads into a haunted wilderness of doubt and darkness. To them, as to us, there will always be something majestic in his misery—something sublime in his despair. But they will not, like us, be withheld from sterner and severer feelings, and from the more frequent visitings of moral condemnation, by that awful commiseration and sympathy which a great poet breathes at will into all hearts, from his living agonies,—nor, by that restless, and watchful, and longing anxiety, to see again and again the princely sufferer rising up with fresh confessions of a still more magnificent sorrow,—nor, by that succession of affecting appeals to the frailties and troubles of our own hearts, which now keeps him vividly, and brightly, in our remembrance, wherever his soul, tempest-like, may have driven him over earth and sea,—nor, above all, by the cheering and lofty hope now felt by them who wish to see genius the inseparable companion of virtue,—that he whose inspiration holds us always in wonder, and so often in delight, may come ere long to breathe a serener atmosphere of thought,—and, after all his wanderings, and all his woes,—with subsided passions, and invigorated intellect, calmly rest at last in the collected majesty of his power.

We are not now writing a formal critique on the genius of Byron, but rather expressing our notions of the relation in which he stands with the lovers of poetry. There is felt to be between him and the public mind, a stronger personal bond than ever linked its movements to any other living poet. And we think that this bond will in future be still more closely rivetted. During the composition of the first cantos of *Childe Harold*, he had but a confused idea of the character he wished to delineate,—nor did he perhaps very distinctly comprehend the scope and tendencies of his own genius. Two conceptions, distinct

from each other, seem therein to be often blended,—one, of ideal human beings, made up of certain troubled powers and passions,—and one, of himself ranging the world of Nature and Man in wonder and delight and agitation, in his capacity of a poet. These conceptions, which frequently jostled and interfered with each other, he has since more distinctly unfolded in separate poems. His troubled imaginary beings,—possessing much of himself, and far more not of himself, he has made into Giaours, Conrads, Laras and Alps,—and his conception of himself has been expanded into Childe Harold, as we now behold him on that splendid pilgrimage. It is not enough to say that the veil is at last thrown off. It is a nobler creature who is before us. The ill-sustained misanthropy, and disdain of the two first Cantos, more faintly glimmer throughout the third, and may be said to disappear wholly from the fourth, which reflects the high and disturbed visions of earthly glory, as a dark swollen tide images the splendours of the sky in portentous colouring, and broken magnificence.

We have admitted, that much of himself is depicted in all his heroes; but when we seem to see the poet shadowed out in all those states of disordered being which such heroes exhibit, we are far from believing that his own mind has gone through those states of disorder, in its own experience of life. We merely conceive of it as having felt within itself the capacity of such disorders, and therefore exhibiting itself before us in possibility. This is not general—it is rare with great poets. Neither Homer, nor Shakspeare, nor Milton, ever so show themselves in the characters which they portray. Their poetical personages have no reference to themselves; but are distinct, independent creatures of their minds, produced in the full freedom of intellectual power. In Byron, there does not seem this freedom of power. There is little appropriation of character to events. Character is first, and all in all. It is dictated—compelled by some force in his own mind necessitating him,—and the events obey. These poems, therefore, with all their beauty and vigour, are not, like Scott's poems, full and complete narrations, of some one definite story, containing within itself a picture of human life. They are merely bold, confused, and turbulent exemplifications of certain sweeping energies and irresistible passions. They are fragments of a poet's dark dream of life. The very personages, vividly as they are pictured, are yet felt to be fictitious; and derive their chief power over us from their supposed mysterious connexion with the poet himself, and, it may be added, with each other. The law of his mind is, to embody his own peculiar feelings in the forms of other men. In all his

heroes we accordingly recognise—though with infinite modifications, the same great characteristics,—a high and audacious conception of the power of the mind,—an intense sensibility of passion,—an almost boundless capacity of tumultuous emotion,—a haunting admiration of the grandeur of disordered power,—and, above all, a soul-felt, blood-felt delight in beauty,—a beauty which, in his wild creations, is often scared away from the agitated surface of life by stormier passions, but which, like a bird of calm, is for ever returning, on its soft, silvery wings, before the black swell has finally subsided into sunshine and peace.

It seems to us, that this exquisite sense of beauty has of late become still more exquisite in the soul of Byron. *Parasina*, the most finished of all his poems, is full of it to overflowing;—it breathes from every page of the *Prisoners of Chillon*;—but it is in *Manfred* that it riots and revels among the streams and waterfalls, and groves, and mountains, and heavens. Irrelevant and ill-managed as many parts are of that grand drama, there is in the character of *Manfred* more of the self-might of Byron than in all his previous productions. He has therein brought, with wonderful power, metaphysical conceptions into forms,—and we know of no poem in which the aspect of external nature is throughout lighted up with an expression at once so beautiful, solemn and majestic. It is the poem, next to *Childe Harold*, which we should give to a foreigner to read, that he might know something of Byron. Shakspeare has given to those abstractions of human life and being, which are truth in the intellect, forms as full, clear, glowing as the idealized forms of visible nature. The very words of *Ariel* picture to us his beautiful being. In *Manfred*, we see glorious but innature manifestations of similar power. The poet there creates, with delight, thoughts and feelings and fancies into visible forms, that he may cling and cleave to them, and clasp them in his passion. The beautiful *Witch* of the Alps seems exhaled from the luminous spray of the *Cataract*,—as if the poet's eyes, unsated with the beauty of inanimate nature, gave spectral apparitions of loveliness to feed the pure passion of the poet's soul.

We speak of *Manfred* now, because it seems to us to hold a middle place between the *Tales* of Byron, and *Childe Harold*, as far as regards the Poet himself. But we likewise do so, that we may have an opportunity of saying a few words on the moral of this poem, and a few words on a subject that may scarcely seem to fall under the legitimate province of the critic, but which, in the case of this great writer, forms so profoundly-interesting a part of his poetical character—we mean, his scepticism.

The moral character of Byron's poetry has often been assailed, and we have ourselves admitted that some strong objections might be urged against it. But we think that his mind is now clearing up, like noon-day, after a stormy and disturbed morning;—and when the change which we anticipate has been fully brought about, the moral character of his poetry will be lofty and pure. Over this fine drama, a moral feeling hangs like a sombrous thunder cloud. No other guilt but that so darkly shadowed out could have furnished so dreadful an illustration of the hideous aberrations of human nature, however noble and majestic, when left a prey to its desires, its passions and its imagination. The beauty, at one time so innocently adored, is at last soiled, profaned and violated. Affection, love, guilt, horror, remorse and death come in terrible succession, yet all darkly linked together. We think of Astartè as young, beautiful, innocent—guilty—lost—murdered—buried—judged—pardoned; but still, in her permitted visit to earth, speaking in a voice of sorrow, and with a countenance yet pale with mortal trouble. We had but a glimpse of her in her beauty and innocence; but, at last, she rises up before us in all the mortal silence of a ghost, with fixed, glazed and passionless eyes, revealing death, judgement and eternity. The moral breathes and burns in every word,—in sadness, misery, insanity, desolation and death. The work is 'instinct with spirit,'—and in the agony and distraction, and all its dimly imagined causes, we behold, though broken up, confused and shattered, the elements of a purer existence.

On the other point, namely, the dark and sceptical spirit prevalent through the works of this poet, we shall not now utter all that we feel, but rather direct the notice of our readers to it as a singular phenomenon in the poetry of the age. Whoever has studied the spirit of Greek and Roman literature, must have been struck with the comparative disregard and indifference wherewith the thinking men of these exquisitely polished nations contemplated those subjects of darkness and mystery which afford, at some period or other of his life, so much disquiet—we had almost said so much agony to the mind of every reflecting modern. It is difficult to account for this in any very satisfactory, and we suspect altogether impossible to do so in any strictly logical manner. In reading the works of Plato and his interpreter Cicero, we find the germs of all the doubts and anxieties to which we have alluded, so far as these are connected with the workings of our reason. The singularity is, that those clouds of darkness, which hang over the intellect, do not appear, so far as we can perceive, to have thrown at any time any

very alarming shade upon the feelings or temper of the ancient sceptic. We should think a very great deal of this was owing to the brilliancy and activity of his southern fancy. The lighter spirits of antiquity, like the more mercurial of our moderns, sought refuge in mere *gaieté du cœur* and derision. The graver poets and philosophers—and poetry and philosophy were in those days seldom disunited—built up some airy and beautiful system of mysticism, each following his own devices, and sniting the erection to his own peculiarities of hope and inclination; and this being once accomplished, the mind appears to have felt quite satisfied with what it had done, and to have reposed amidst the splendours of its sand-built fantastic edifice, with as much security as if it had been grooved and rivetted into the rock of ages. The mere exercise of ingenuity in devising a system, furnished consolation to its creators or improvers. Lucretius is a striking example of all this; and it may be averred that, down to the time of Claudian, who lived in the 4th century of our era, in no classical writer of antiquity do there occur any traces of what moderns understand by the restlessness and discomfort of uncertainty as to the government of the world, and the future destinies of Man.

There are three only even among the great poets of modern times, who have chosen to depict, in their full shape and vigour, those agonies to which great and meditative intellects are, in the present progress of human history, exposed by the eternal recurrence of a deep and discontented scepticism. But there is only one who has dared to represent himself as the victim of these nameless and undefinable sufferings. Goëthe chose for his doubts and his darkness the terrible disguise of the mysterious Faustus. Schiller, with still greater boldness, planted the same anguish in the restless, haughty and heroic bosom of Wallenstein. But Byron has sought no external symbol in which to embody the inquietudes of his soul. He takes the world and all that it inherit for his arena and his spectators; and he displays himself before their gaze, wrestling unceasingly and ineffectually with the demon that torments him. At times there is something mournful and depressing in his scepticism; but oftener, it is of a high and solemn character, approaching to the very verge of a confiding faith. Whatever the poet may believe, we his readers always feel ourselves too much ennobled and elevated even by his melancholy, not to be confirmed in our own belief by the very doubts so majestically conceived and uttered. His scepticism, if it ever approaches to a creed, carries with it its refutation in its grandeur. Their is neither philoso-

ply nor religion in those bitter and savage taunts which have been cruelly thrown out, from many quarters, against those moods of mind which are involuntary, and will not pass away;—the shadows and spectres which still haunt his imagination, may once have disturbed our own;—through his gloom there are frequent flashes of illumination;—and the sublime sadness which, to him, is breathed from the mysteries of mortal existence, is always joined with a longing after immortality, and expressed in language that is itself divine.

But it is our duty now to give our readers an analysis of the concluding Canto of *Childe Harold*; and as it is, in our opinion, the finest of them all, our extracts shall be abundant. The poem which it brings to an end is perhaps the most original in the language, both in conception and execution. It is no more like Beattie's *Minstrel* than *Paradise Lost*—though the former production was in the Noble author's mind when first thinking of *Childe Harold*. A great poet, who gives himself up, free and unconfined, to the impulses of his genius, as Byron has done in the better part of this singular creation, shows to us a spirit as it is sent out from the hands of Nature, to range over the earth and the societies of men. Even Shakespeare himself submits to the shackles of history and society. But here Byron traverses the whole earth, borne along by the whirlwind of his own spirit. Wherever a forest frowns, or a temple glitters—there he is privileged to bend his flight. He may suddenly start up from his solitary dream by the secret fountain of the desert, and descend at once into the tumult of peopled, or the silence of desolated cities. Whatever lives now—has perished heretofore—or may exist hereafter—and that has within it a power to kindle passion, may become the material of his all-embracing song. There are no unities of time or place to fetter him,—and we fly with him from hilltop to hilltop, and from tower to tower, over all the solitude of nature, and all the magnificence of art. When the past pageants of history seem too dim and faded, he can turn to the splendid spectacles that have dignified our own days; and the images of kings and conquerors of old may give place to those yet living in sovereignty or exile. Indeed, much of the power which *Harold* holds over us is derived from this source. He lives in a sort of sympathy with the public mind—sometimes wholly distinct from it—sometimes acting in opposition to it—sometimes blending with it,—but, at all times,—in all his thoughts and actions having a reference to the public mind. His spirit need not go back into the past,—though it often does so,—to bring the objects of its love back to earth in more beautiful life. The ex-

istence he paints is—now. The objects he presents are marked out to him by men's present regards. It is his to speak of all those great political events which have been objects of such passionate sympathy to the nation. And when he does speak of them, he either gives us back our own feelings, raised into powerful poetry, or he endeavours to displace them from our breasts, and to substitute others of his own. In either case, it is a living speaker standing up before us, and ruling our minds. But chiefly he speaks our own feelings, exalted in thought, language, and passion. The whole substance and basis of his poem is, therefore, popular. All the scenes through which he has travelled, were, at the very moment, of strong interest to the public mind, and that interest still hangs over them. His travels were not, at first, the self-impelled act of a mind severing itself in lonely roaming from all participation with the society to which it belonged, but rather obeying the general motion of the mind of that society. The southern regions of Europe have been like a world opening upon us with fresh and novel beauty, and our souls have enjoyed themselves there, of late years, with a sort of romantic pleasure. This fanciful and romantic feeling was common to those who went to see those countries, and to those who remained at home to hear the narrations of the adventurers,—so that all the Italian, Grecian, Peninsular, Ionian and Ottoman feeling which pervades *Childe Harold*, singularly suited as it is to the genius of Byron, was not first brought upon the English mind by the power of that genius, but was there already in great force and activity.

There can be no limits set to the interest that attaches to a great poet thus going forth, like a spirit, from the heart of a powerful and impassioned people, to range among the objects and events to them most pregnant with passion,—who is, as it were, the representative of our most exalted intellect,—and who often seems to disclose within ourselves that splendour with which he invests our own ordinary conceptions. The consciousness that he is so considered by a great people, must give a kingly power and confidence to a poet. He feels himself entitled, and, as it were, elected to survey the phenomena of the times, and to report upon them in poetry. He is the speculator of the passing might and greatness of his own generation. But though he speaks to the public, at all times, he does not consider them as his judges. He looks upon them as sentient existences that are important to his poetical existence,—but, so that he command their feelings and passions, he cares not for their censure or their praise,—for his fame is more than mere literary fame; and he aims in poetry, like the fallen chief whose image is so often be-

fore him, at universal dominion, we had almost said, universal tyranny, over the minds of men.

Childe Harold is now in Italy; and his first strain rises from Venice, 'the City of the Sea.' There is, unquestionably, much vigour in his lament over her fallen greatness,—yet we confess, that, during the first thirty stanzas of this Canto, the poet's mind seems scarcely to have kindled into its perfect power; and that there is not much in them beyond the reach of a far inferior intellect. It seems to us, also, the only part of the poem in which he forces his own individual feelings into reluctant words, instead of giving vent to them, as is usual with him, in impassioned music. The following stanzas are fine.

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long file
Of her dead Doges are declin'd to dust;
But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthral,
Have hung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands—his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt—he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

I lov'd her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Rutchiff, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,
Had stamp'd her image in me, and even so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,

Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show. p. 10—12.

Escaping from Venice, he presents us with an exquisite moonlight landscape on the banks of the Brenta. Indeed, the whole of this Canto is rich in description of Nature. The love of Nature now appears as a distinct passion in his mind. It is a love that does not rest in beholding, nor is satisfied with describing what is before him. It has a power and being, blending itself with the poet's very life. Etherially and ideally beautiful and perfect, and therefore satisfying the longings of a poet's soul, Nature yet seems to woo with delight his very senses—to love him, frail, weak and lowly as he is, and to breathe upon him the blessedness and glory of her own deep, calm, and mighty existence. Though Byron had, with his real eyes, perhaps seen more of Nature than ever was before permitted to any great poet, yet he never before seemed to open his whole heart to her genial impulses. But in this he is changed; and, in the third and fourth Cantos of *Harold*, he will stand a comparison with the best descriptive poets, in this age of descriptive poetry.

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhatian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,
Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray. p. 16, 17.

Passing through Arqua, the mountain-village where Petrarch 'went down the vale of years,' he beautifully muses over the remains of his simple mansion and his sepulchre, and then starts away from the peacefulness of the hallowed scene, into one of those terrible fits, which often suddenly appal us in his poetry.

There is a tomb in Arqua ;—rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover : here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
To raise a language, and his land reclaim
From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :
Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ;
The mountain village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain
And venerably simple, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
Is one of that complexion which seems made
For those who their mortality have felt,
And sought a refuge from their hopes decay'd
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,
For they can lure no further ; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;
It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give
No hollow aid ; alone—man with his God must strive :

Or, it may be, with Demons, who impair
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey
In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,

And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestin'd to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom. 18—20.

In Ferrara, he vents his pity over the fate of Tasso, and his wrath against the tyrant Alphonso; and after some eloquent eulogiums on Italy and her finest spirits, we find him at Florence. The delight with which the pilgrim contemplates the ancient Greek statues there; and afterwards at Rome, is such as might have been expected from any great poet, whose youthful mind had, like his, been imbued with those classical ideas and associations, which afford so many sources of pleasure, through every period of life. He has gazed upon these masterpieces of art with, as it seems to us, a more susceptible, and in spite of his disavowal, we had almost said with a more learned eye, than can be traced in the effusions of any poet who had previously expressed, in any formal manner, his admiration of their beauty. It may appear fanciful to say so;—but we think the genius of Byron is, more than that of any other modern poet, akin to that peculiar genius, which seems to have been diffused among all the poets and artists of ancient Greece; and in whose spirit, above all its other wonders, the great specimens of Sculpture seem to have been conceived and executed. Modern poets, in general, delight in a full assemblage of persons or ideas or images, and in a rich variety of effect, something not far dissimilar from which is found and admired in the productions of Painters. Byron alone seems to be satisfied with singleness, simplicity and unity. He shares, what some consider to be the disadvantages of Sculpture, but what we conceive to be, in no small degree, the sources of that power, which, unrivalled by any other productions, save only those of the poet, breathes from the inimitable monuments of that severest of the arts. His creations, whether of beauty or of strength, are all single creations. He requires no grouping to give effect to his favourites, or to tell his story. His heroines are solitary symbols of loveliness, which require no foil; his heroes stand alone as upon marble pedestals, displaying the naked power of passion, or the wrapped up and reposing energy of grief. The artist who would illustrate, as it is called, the works of any of our other poets, must borrow the mimic splendours of the pencil. He who would transfer into another vehicle the spirit of Byron, must pour the liquid metal, or hew the stubborn rock. What he loses in ease, he will gain in power. He might draw from Medora, Gulnare, Lara, or Manfred, subjects for relieves, worthy of enthusiasm almost as great as Harold

has himself displayed on the contemplation of the loveliest, and the sternest relics, of the inimitable genius of the Greeks.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a new morn.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What Mind can make, when Nature's self would fail;
And to the fond idolaters of old

Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould:

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness; there—for ever there—
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.
Away!—there need no words, nor terms precise,
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have eyes:
Blood—pulse—and breast, confirm the Dardan Shepherd's prize.

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this guise?
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord of War?
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are
With lava kisses melting while they burn,
Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an urn!

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the weight
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!

We can recast such visions, and create,
From what has been, or might be, things which grow
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below. p. 27—29.

With the same divine glow of enthusiasm he speaks of the Greek statues at Rome.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
 Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
 A father's love and mortal's agony
 With an immortal's patience blending :—Vain
 The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
 And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
 The old man's clench ; the long envenomed chain
 Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
 Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.
 Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
 The God of life, and poesy, and light—
 The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
 All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
 The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
 With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
 And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
 And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
 Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
 Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
 Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
 And madden'd in that vision—are exprest
 All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
 The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
 When each conception was a heavenly guest—
 A ray of immortality—and stood,
 Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god !

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
 The fire which we endure, it was repaid
 By him to whom the energy was given
 Which this poetic marble hath array'd
 With an eternal glory—which, if made
 By human hands, is not of human thought ;
 And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
 One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
 A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas
 wrought. p. 83, 84.

While he yet remains at Florence, he meditates for a while on the ashes of the great men in Santa Croce ; and then, expressing a feigned scorn of those very works of art, which had awakened his inspiration, he carries us at once into the bloody field of Thrasimene.

——I roam
 By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles.

Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
 The host between the mountains and the shore,
 Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
 And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore,
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain winds ;
 And such the storm of battle on this day,
 And such the phrenzy, whose convulsion blinds
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away !
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
 Upon their bucklers for a winding sheet ;
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
 Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw
 The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
 The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge and withdraw
 From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.
p. 34, 35.

How delightful, after such a terrible picture, is the placid
 and beautiful repose of what follows.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
 Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—
 A little rill of scanty stream and bed—
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead
 Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave
 Of the most living crystal that was e'er
 The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
 Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
 Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
 Grazes ; the purest god of gentle waters !
 And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;
 Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters—
 A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
 Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
 The finny darter with the glittering scales,
 Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
 While, chance, some scatter'd water-lily sails
 Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

p. 35, 36.

This gentle scene is again suddenly disturbed by a description of the Cataract of Velino, which absolutely thunders in our ears like a reality. The passion with which the whole description is imbued, is peculiarly characteristic of Byron.

The roar of waters !—from the headlong height
 Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
 The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
 The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss ;
 The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
 And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
 Of their great agony, wrung out from this
 Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
 That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
 And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
 Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
 With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
 Is an eternal April to the ground,
 Making it all one emerald :—how profound
 The gulf ! and how the giant element
 From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
 Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
 With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent
 To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
 More like the fountain of an infant sea
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
 With many windings, through the vale :—Look back !
 Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,
 Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn.
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene

Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :

Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,

Love watching Madness with unalterable mien. p. 37-39.

There immediately follows this a passage, which produces a powerful effect on our imagination, as it would seem almost entirely by the mere enumeration of the names of famous mountains. We feel as if we, as well as the poet, had been eyewitnesses of all the sublimity.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,

The infant Alps, which—had I not before

Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine

Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar

The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd more ;

But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear

Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar

Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,

And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name ;

And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly

Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,

For still they soared unutterably high :

I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye ;

Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made

These hills seem things of lesser dignity, ' &c. p. 39, 40.

But the Pilgrim now approaches—and enters that place whither all his visions were tending, and which surpasses in grandeur all that even his eyes had before witnessed on earth. He has not disappointed us in his poetical commemoration of the Eternal City. Souls the most untouched with that inspiration of which he has drunk so deeply, cannot gaze upon that most affecting of all earthly scenes, without being wrapt for a season into something of that high ecstacy which is the privileged element of genius,—without catching a Roman grandeur in the midst of the crumbled palaces of Rome. The Seven Hills themselves have mouldered into one mass of ruin. The concussions of war, time, and barbarism, have levelled the old land-marks with which we are familiar in the pages of Livy, Tacitus and Virgil,—they have bereaved not only the Palatine of its splendour, but the Tarpeian of its height. We descend, not ascend, to the Pantheon ; and in a few damp, dreary, and subterranean dungeons, we survey the only relics of the gigantic palace of the Cæsars, ' the Domus Aurea, ' the wonder of the world. In the midst of this chaos and this desert—throned on the pathless labyrinth of her ruin, sits the Genius of the place—a personification which is not dreamlike or imaginary, but which rivets and rules the soul of the most prosaic observer,—the ma-

jestic image or memory of the fallen city. Here indeed the sombre spirit of Harold must have found a fitting resting-place. Here, indeed, there was no occasion for the exercise of that fearful power, with which it has been his delight to throw a veil over gladness, and make us despise ourselves for being happy even under the fairest influences of the bloom of Nature. The darkest soul might here revel in images of grief, without fearing any want of sympathy for its terrible creations. But Byron has wisely forborne to carry the impression further than was necessary; or rather, with the genuine submission and reverence natural to a truly great mind, he disdains to be other than passive on such an arena; and taking, as it were, the troubled fingers of his Pilgrim from the lyre, he sets up the trembling strings to answer, only as it may be spoken to them by the mournful breezes of the surrounding desolation.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and controul
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—

A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?

Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
 She saw her glories star by star expire,
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car clim'b the capitol: far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,

And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
 All round us; we but feel our way to err:
 The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map.

And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections; now we elap
 Our hands, and cry, "Eureka!" it is clear—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
 The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictur'd page!—but these shall be
 Her resurrection; all beside—decay.

Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on Fortune's wheel,
 Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue
 Thy country's foes ere thou would pause to feel
 The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
 Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
 O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with thy frown
 Annihilated senates—Roman, too,
 With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
 With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown—

The dictatorial wreath,—couldst thou divine
 To what would one day dwindle that which made
 Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
 By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
 She who was named Eternal, and array'd
 Her warriors but to conquer—she who veil'd
 Earth with her haughty shadow, and display'd,
 Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,
 Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Almighty hail'd!

p. 42-45.

Here his mind reverts, in its passion, to the great ruling spirits of his own country or age, in whom he discerns a dark and shadowy resemblance to the Syllas and Cæsars of Rome; and, passing from Cromwell to Napoleon, he glances at the French Revolution, and fills several confused and turbid stanzas with political retrospects and prophecies. From these lucubrations, however, we confess we are not unwillingly brought back to the scene before him, by a very beautiful passage, which ends, like so many others, with the powerful expression of his own gloom and misanthropy. This strain, however, is soon discontinued. Among the ruins of Rome there is no steadfast resting-place for the indulgence of individual sorrow; and the pilgrim, rising into a loftier mood, thus blends his spirit with the glorious decay.

Then let the winds howl on ! their harmony
 Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
 The sound shall temper with the owl's cry,
 As I now hear them, in the fading light
 Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
 Answering each other on the Palatine,
 With their large eyes, all glistening grey and bright,
 And sailing pinions.—Upon such a shrine
 What are our petty griefs ?—let me not number mine.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks heap'd
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strown
 In fragments, chok'd up vaults, and frescos steep'd
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
 Deeming it midnight :—Temples, baths, or halls ?
 Pronounce who can ; for all that Learning reap'd
 From her research hath been, that these are walls—
 Behold the Imperial Mount ! 'tis thus the mighty falls.

There is the moral of all human tales ;
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when that fails,
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last.
 And History, with all her volumes vast,
 Hath but *one* page,—'tis better written here,
 Where gorgeous Tyranny had thus amass'd
 All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
 Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask—Away with words ! draw
 near,

Admire, exult—despise—laugh, weep,—for here
 There is such matter for all feeling :—Man !
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
 Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
 This mountain, whose obliterated plan
 The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
 Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
 Till the sun's rays with added flame were fill'd !
 Where are its golden roofs ? where those who dared to build ?

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
 Thou nameless column with the buried base !
 What are the laurels of the Cæsar's brow ?
 Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
 Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
 Titus or Trajan's ? No—'tis that of Time :
 Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
 Scoffing ; and apostolic statues climb
 To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime,

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
 And looking to the stars: they had contain'd
 A spirit which with these would find a home,
 The last of those who o'er the whole earth reign'd,
 The Roman globe, for after none sustain'd,
 But yielded back his conquests:—he was more
 Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd
 With household blood and wine, serenely wore
 His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's name adore.
 Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
 Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
 Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
 The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
 Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
 Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
 A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
 The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
 And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!

p. 56—59.

On the accidental recurrence to his mind of the character of Numa, his spirit falls into a passionate dream of the Egerian Grot, in which there breathes that full, delicate, and perfect sense of beauty which often steals upon him during moods of a very different kind, and wins him, somewhat reluctantly, away into scenes filled with images of stillness and peace.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
 Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
 As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
 Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
 The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
 Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
 Who found a more than common votary there
 Too much adoring; whatso'er thy birth,
 Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth,
 The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
 With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
 Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
 Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
 Whose green, wild margin now no more crase
 Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
 Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
 Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
 The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy, creep,
 Fantastically tangled; the green hills
 Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
 The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
 Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;

Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
 Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
 Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass ;
 The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
 Kiss'd by the breath of heaven, seems coloured by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
 Egeria ! thy all heavenly bosom beating
 For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover ;
 The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
 With her most starry canopy, and seating
 Thyself by thine adorer, what befel ?
 'This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
 Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell
 Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle !

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
 Blend a celestial with a human heart ;
 And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
 Share with immortal transports ? could thine art
 Make them indeed immortal, and impart
 The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
 Expel the venom and not blunt the dart—
 The dull satiety which all destroys—
 And root from out the soul the deadly weed which cloy's ?

p: 60—62.

But he will not allow himself to be held in the innocent enchantment of such emotions, and bursts again into those bitter communings with misery, without which it would absolutely seem he can have no continued existence, till at last he denounces a curse—the curse of forgiveness it is said to be—on all that has perturbed and maddened his spirit. We wish to avoid, as much as possible, all reference to such distressing passions. But here they give a dark and terrible colouring to the poem, and it is impossible to misunderstand them. Our business is only with the poetry—at least we desire not to extend our privilege : And of the poetry we must say, that the season when the wild curse is imprecated, midnight ; the scene, the ruined site of the Temple of the Furies ; the auditors, the ghosts of departed years ; and the imprecator, a being whose soul, though endowed with the noblest gifts of nature, is by himself said to be in ruins like the grandeur around him—and even dark hints thrown out, that for its aberrations there may be found the most mournful of all excuses in the threatening of the most mournful of all human calamities ;—all this renders the long passage to which we allude, one of the most awful records of the agonies of man—perhaps the most painful and agitating pic-

ture of the misery of the passions, without their degradation, that is to be found in the whole compass of human language. Let us escape from it, and turn our eyes to the moonlight and indistinct shadow of the ruins of the Coliseum.

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is neared:
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have left away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the grey walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

p. 74, 75.

We regret that our limits will not allow us to quote any more of his description of the Ancient City;—not even that of St Peter's—in which the loftiest words and most majestic images render back an image of the angust conceptions by which the mind of the poet seems to have been expanded in its contemplation. There are still, however, two passages in the poem which we would wish to lay before our readers—that on the death of our Princess—and that on the Ocean. On the first we have not yet heart to venture—and with the last, therefore, we shall conclude; in which the Poet bids us farewell in a more magnificent strain than we can hope to hear again till his own harp, which has assuredly lost none of its music, be once more struck—and may it then be with steadier hands and a more tranquil spirit!

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece. Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeyes thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone,

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wanted with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme
 Has died into an echo ; it is fit
 The spell should break of this protracted dream.
 The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
 My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
 Would it were worthier ! but I am not now
 That which I have been—and my visions flit
 Less palpably before me—and the glow
 Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint, and low.

Farewell ! a word that must be, and hath been—
 A sound which makes us linger ;—yet —farewell !
 Ye ! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell ;
 Farewell ! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
 If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his strain ?

p. 92-96.

The Pilgrimage of Childe Harold has now been brought to its close ; and of his character there remains nothing more to be laid open to our view. It is impossible to reflect on the years which have elapsed since this mysterious stranger was first introduced to our acquaintance, without feeling that our own spirits have undergone in that time many mighty changes—sorrowful in some it may be, in others happy changes. Neither can we be surprised, knowing as we well do who Childe Harold is, that he also has been changed. He represented himself, from the beginning, as a ruin ; and when we first gazed upon him, we saw indeed in abundance the black traces of recent violence and convulsion. The edifice has not been rebuilt ; but its hues have been sobered by the passing wings of time, and the calm slow ivy has had leisure to wreath the soft green of its melancholy among the fragments of the decay. In so far, the Pilgrim has become wiser. He seems to think more of others, and with a greater spirit of humanity. There was some-

thing tremendous, and almost fiendish, in the air with which he surveyed the first scenes of his wanderings; and no proof of the strength of genius was ever exhibited so strong and unquestionable, as the sudden and entire possession of the minds of Englishmen by such a being as he then appeared to be. He looked upon a bull-fight, and a field of battle, with no variety of emotion. Brutes and men were, in his eyes, the same blind, stupid victims of the savage lust of power. He seemed to shut his eyes to every thing of that citizenship and patriotism which ennoble the spirit of the soldier, and to delight in scattering the dust and ashes of his derision over all the most sacred resting-places of the soul of man.

Even then, we must allow, the original spirit of the Englishman and the poet broke triumphantly, at times, through the chilling mist in which it had been spontaneously enveloped. In Greece, above all, the contemplation of Athens, Salamis, Marathon, Thermopylae and Plataea, subdued the prejudices of him who had gazed unmoved upon the recent glories of Trafalgar and Talavera. The nobility of manhood appeared to delight this moody visitant; and he accorded, without reluctance, to the shades of long-departed heroes that reverent homage, which, in the strange mixture of envy and scorn wherewith the contemplative so often regard active men, he had refused to the living, or to the newly dead.

At all times, however, the sympathy and respect of *Childe Harold*—when these have been excited by any circumstances external to himself—have been given almost exclusively to the intellectual, and refused to the moral greatness of his species. There is certainly less of this in his last Canto. Yet we think that the ruins of Rome might have excited within him not a few glorious recollections, quite apart from those vague lamentations and worshippings of imperial power, which occupy so great a part of the conclusion of his Pilgrimage. The stern purity and simplicity of domestic manners—the devotion of male and female bosoms—the very names of *Lueretia*, *Valeria*, and the mother of the *Gracchi*, have a charm about them at least as enduring as any others, and a thousand times more delightful than all the iron memories of conquerors and consuls.—But the mind must have something to admire—some breathing-place of veneration—some idol, whether of demon or of divinity, before which it is its pride to bow. Byron has chosen too often to be the undoubting adorer of Power. The idea of tyrannie and unquestioned sway seems to be the secret delight of his spirit. He would pretend, indeed, to be a republican,—but his heroes are all stamped with the leaden signet of despotism; and we

sometimes see the most cold, secluded, immitigable tyrant of the whole, lurking beneath the 'scallop-shell and sandal-shoon' of the Pilgrim himself.

In every mien and gesture of this dark being, we discover the traces of one that has known the delights, and sympathized with the possessors of intellectual power; but too seldom any vestiges of a mind that delights in the luxuries of quiet virtue, or that could repose itself in the serenity of home. The very possession of purity would sometimes almost seem to degrade, in his eyes, the intellectual greatness with which it has been sometimes allied. He speaks of Pompey with less reverence than Cæsar; and, in spite of many passing visitings of anger and of scorn, it is easy to see that, of all cotemporary beings, there is *ONE* only with whom he is willing to acknowledge mental sympathy—one only whom he looks upon with real reverence—one only whose fortunes touch the inmost sanctuaries of his proud soul—and that this one is no other than that powerful, unintelligible, unrivalled spirit, who, had he possessed either private virtue or public moderation, might still have been in a situation to despise the offerings of even such a worshipper as Harold.

But there would be no end of descanting on the character of the Pilgrim, nor of the moral reflections which it awakens. Of the Poet himself, the completion of this wonderful performance inspires us with lofty and magnificent hopes. It is most assuredly in his power to build up a work that shall endure among the most august fabrics of the genius of England. Indeed, the impression which the collective poetry of our own age makes upon our minds is, that it contains great promise of the future; and that, splendid as many of its achievements have been, some of our living poets seem destined still higher to exalt the imaginative character of their countrymen. When we look back and compare the languid, faint, cold delineations of the very justest and finest subjects of inspiration, in the poetry of the first half of the last century, with the warm, life-flushed and life-breathing pictures of our own, we feel that a great accession has been made to the literature of our day,—an accession not only of delight, but of power. We cannot resist the persuasion, that if literature, in any great degree, impresses and nourishes the character of a people,—then this literature of ours, pregnant as it is with living impressions,—gathered from Nature in all her varieties of awfulness and beauty,—gathered too from those high and dread Passions of men, which our ordinary life scarcely shows, and indeed could scarcely bear, but which, nevertheless, have belonged, and do belong, to our human life,—and held up in the powerful representations of the poets to our con-

sciousness at times, when the deadening pressure of the days that are going by might bereave us of all genial hope and all dignified pride,—we say it is impossible for us to resist the belief that such pregnant, glowing, powerful poetry, must carry influences into the heart of this generation, even like those which are breathed from the heart of Nature herself,—or like those which lofty passions leave behind them in bosoms which they have once possessed. The same spirit of poetical passion which so uniformly marks the works of all our living poets, must exist very widely among those who do not aspire to the name of genius; it must be very widely diffused throughout the age, and, as we think, must very materially influence the reality of life. Yet highly as we estimate the merits of our modern poetry, it is certain, that the age has not yet produced any one great epic or tragic performance. Vivid and just delineations of passion there are in abundance,—but of moments of passions—fragments of representation. The giant grasp of thought, which conceives, and brings into full and perfect life, full and perfect passion—passion pervading alike action and character, through a majestic series of events, and at the same time cast in the mould of grand imagination,—this seems not to be of our age. In the delineation of external nature, which, in a poet's soul, requires rather moral beauty than intellectual strength, this age has excelled. But it has produced no poem gloriously illustrative of the agencies, existences, and events, of the complex life of man. It has no *Lear*—no *Macbeth*—no *Othello*. Some such glory as this Byron may yet live to bring over his own generation, His being has in it all the elements of the highest poetry. And that being he enjoys in all the strength of its prime. We might almost say, that he needs but to exercise his will to construct a great poem. There is, however, much for him to alter in what may be called, his Theory of Imagination respecting Human Life. Some idols of his own setting-up he has himself overthrown. There are yet some others, partly of gold, and partly of clay, which should be dashed against the floor of the sanctuary. We have already spoken of his personal character, as it shines forth in his poetry. This personal character exists in the nature of his imagination, and may therefore be modified—purified—dignified by his own will. His imagination does, to his own eyes, invest him with an unreal character. Purposes, passions, loves, deeds, events, may seem great and paramount in imagination, which have yet no power to constrain to action; and those which perhaps may govern our actions, vanish altogether from our imagination. There is a region—

world—a sphere of being in imagination, which, to our real life, is no more than the world of a dream; yet, long as we are held in it by the transport of our delusion, we live, not in delight only, but in the conscious exaltation of our nature. It is in this world that the spirit of Byron must work a reformation for itself. He knows, far better than we can tell him, what have been the most hallowed objects of love and of passion to the souls of great poets in the most splendid eras of poetry,—and he also knows well, that those objects, if worshipped by him with becoming and steadfast reverence, will repay the worship which they receive, by the more fervent and divine inspiration which they kindle.

ART. IV. *Notes on a Journey in America, from the Coast of Virginia to the Territory of the Illinois.* By MORRIS BIRKBECK. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 163. London. Ridgway, 1818.

WE have no hesitation in pronouncing this one of the most interesting and instructive books that have appeared for many years. The subject is curious and important in the highest degree; the rapid growth of one country, still in its early infancy,—and the formation of another in its neighbourhood, by the overflowings of its population. The author is an eyewitness of every thing he describes; and, with a good sense extremely rare among authors, he is content to tell what is material, without tedious dissertations or trifling details, and to tell it in the plainest language. His matter is condensed, and his style is unexceptionable. We think he deserves peculiar credit, too, for the unassuming appearance, and moderate price of his book. What he has given for a few shillings, in the form of a pamphlet, would have swelled to a guinea quarto in the hands of a regular bookmaker. Indeed, which of the costly volumes for the last twenty years poured upon the publick by travellers of all descriptions, can vie with this modest little tract, in the importance, the novelty, or the interest of its contents?

We have heard much said of Mr Birkbeck's work; and its merits have been very generally allowed. But we have found, that this tribute is most reluctantly paid in certain quarters, where his statements, and their effect on the publick mind, have given great umbrage, and even excited considerable alarm. They who hate America, as it were, personally; who meanly regard with jealousy every step she advances in renown, or foolishly view with apprehension each accession to her power,

- ART. VIII. 1. *The Works of Garcilaso de la Vega*. Translated into English Verse, by J. H. WIFFEN. London, 1823.
 2. *Floresta de Rimas Antiguas Castellanas*. Por BÖHL DE FABER. Tom. 2do. Hamburgo, 1823.

AN elegant translation of an elegant poet, induces us to resume the subject of Spanish Literature, and to present, not a detailed account, but a rapid sketch, of the lyric poetry of Spain during the age of Charles V., a period which Spanish critics seem to consider as the golden age of their poetry. The remarkable feature of this period, is the decline of that old chivalrous poetry to which we had occasion lately to direct the attention of our readers, and the general introduction of the Italian taste.

Till the labours of Herder, Dieze, and other critics in Germany had brought to light those rich collections of ballads in which the poetry of Spain abounds, foreigners seem scarcely to have been aware that there existed any thing like a poetical literature in Spain before Garcilaso. To them Spain seemed to have made her appearance at once in the field of letters and of European politics. They were acquainted with her literature, only after it had approximated so closely to the Italian as to render it no easy matter to point out a characteristic difference independently of language, and were ignorant of the remarkable phenomenon exhibited by the decline of a national literature, among a people peculiarly attached to old habits and associations, and the introduction of a foreign taste, opposed in almost every point to that which it supplanted. From the Spanish critics little information was to be derived. Their notices of their older poets and their productions, are given in the same brief, patronizing style, in which, until lately, it was the custom for French critics to speak of their own poetry before the age of Louis XIV.: And the change from the old Castilian poetry to the Italian is generally mentioned as a matter of course—an exchange of rudeness for refinement—which almost necessarily took place as soon as a fair opportunity of comparison was afforded, by the temporary connexion occasioned by the political relations of the two countries.

But the publication of the early monuments of Spanish poetry which the industry of modern critics has accumulated, while it has introduced juster views of the state of literature during that period which her national critics have passed over in silence, has tended materially to increase the difficulty of accounting for the decline of this captivating style of poetry, and the adoption of

the Italian. Whatever may have been the opportunities of intercourse afforded by the wars of Charles, and whatever the talent of Boscan and Garcilaso, by whom the new system was first practised, it is difficult for us to ascribe to their individual efforts such a revolution, or to doubt that it had its origin in remoter and more general causes. Nor is it to be inferred that these had no existence, because they are little noticed by the critical historians of that period, who find a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon in the influence which a more artful and elaborate style of composition was likely to exert over a nation whose first forms of versification were of a ruder nature. It is probable, that we are, at the present day, more capable of appreciating the effect of such causes, than those who wrote at a period more nearly approaching to the events which they describe. Men have a tendency to overrate the importance of events in which they have themselves participated, or which still operate on their minds by a kind of personal interest. To them, a small object in the foreground is sufficient to shut out miles of distance. The birth or death of a king—the loss or gaining of a battle—the opinions of some insulated critic—the labours of some favourite poet, magnified by their proximity, appear sufficient to account for revolutions which have in truth been the silent work of centuries. It is only when events have ceased to agitate with this personal feeling—when, at the distance of a century or two, they have all subsided into their proper position in the chain of causes, that we learn to appreciate their relative influence on literature, and to perceive, as we generally do, how powerless is any single event, or the efforts of any individual, to arrest or accelerate its course of progression or decay.

To enable us, then, to understand properly the extent of the change now introduced into Spanish Literature, it is necessary to state briefly the character of Italian poetry at this period, and the circumstances out of which it had originated.

In Italy, a number of causes had concurred to give to poetry a peculiar tone, to limit its objects, and to repress the development of those feelings which give dignity and stability to national poetry; but, at the same time, to communicate, by these very restraints, a degree of polish and elegance, certainly far superior to any thing that had preceded them, and in itself not a little attractive and imposing. Amidst the general activity of intellect and fancy that accompanied the rise of chivalry, the descendants of the former masters of the world alone partook of no spark of the common enthusiasm. The wild romantic legends, and the heroic fictions, which else-

where animated the courage, and exalted the sentiments of Europe, though sufficiently known in Italy, are sought for in vain in its literature. A few passing allusions in Dante—an occasional adoption of some incident from the French romances in the *Cento Novelle*—a contemptuous expression in Petrarch, are almost the only traces to be met with; and it may certainly be said, that before the time of Zinabi or Pulci, these fictions had never exercised any influence on the literature of Italy.

This might be owing to many causes. Agitated by intestine tumults, or overrun by foreign enemies, the various provinces of Italy were united by no connecting link. Since the removal of the empire to Constantinople, her history had been little but a record of disasters. There were no national and brilliant recollections, therefore, to which, as to a bond of fellowship, the inhabitants of her scattered states might appeal; and that mercantile and commercial spirit* which even at this period prevailed in every province where war allowed some intervals of repose, seemed to have quenched for ever the sparks of national enthusiasm.

But the evil did not terminate here. States originally despotic became gradually more so; and, even in those which still retained the name of republican, the subjects found they had only exchanged one tyrant for many. It is true, that among the petty sovereigns of Italy, there were some that affected to patronize and encourage literature. Even among the families of Sforza, Visconti, Gonzaga, Scala, and ‘the antique brood of Este,’ those turbulent spirits whose names are associated with ideas of rudeness and ferocity, a desire to add the lustre of learning to the splendour of a military reputation, is occasionally visible. But what one sovereign cultivated, his successor frequently laboured to suppress; and literature, to maintain its ground, requires some steady and systematic support, independent of the caprice of individuals. On the whole, therefore, its vigour declined during these fitful alternations of storm and sunshine. A check had been given to free discussion and to moral energy, and its effects were speedily visible on literature. Music and painting indeed continued to flourish, for it seems to be of their nature to flourish under any government. Deriving but little impulse from public opinion, they exercise on it in turn but a feeble action; nor is it perhaps too much to say, that no great or abiding emotion was ever yet produced by the sight of a painting, or the sound of a strain of music. Hence they excite little attention and jealousy even in the

* This is peculiarly visible in the *Decameron*, the spirit of which, like that of the *Arabian Tales*, is entirely commercial.

most arbitrary states; nay, it is probable they may rather be regarded with a friendly eye. There is a species of contemplative idleness and passive enjoyment of the present, with an indifference to the future, connected with the indulgence of these fascinating pursuits, which, on the whole, harmonizes better with the stillness of despotism, than with the stir and activity of the popular forms of government. But the higher branches of philosophy and eloquence—the science that investigates principles, and the art that clothes them with a splendid colouring—were almost annihilated by the vigilance of the Italian princes. Philosophy was confined to the discussion of points that bore not the remotest relation to the business of life; and these discussions, unimportant as they now appear, were characterized by a disgraceful ferocity of personal invective, which can only be believed by those who have looked into the letters of Filelfo and Poggio. Eloquence was employed in multiplying *Novelle*—imitations of the *Decameron*, which surpassed the original in licentiousness as much as they fell short of it in feeling and beauty. Poetry again, which seems to hold a middle rank between the passive and sensual tendencies of the arts, and the intellectual activity which is the essence of philosophy and eloquence, partook of the general restraint which fettered the imagination, and the consequent tendency to quiet and thoughtless enjoyment. The great mind of Dante had indeed outstripped the spirit of his age; but his inspiration was personal; and perhaps no poet of such distinguished talent ever exercised less influence on the literature of his country. The stern vigour and vehemence of his sentiments—the masterly boldness which sketches a portrait in a single line—the carelessness of petty beauties—the sublime reach of invention which distinguish the *Divina Commedia*, had expired with its author; and the true spirit of the fifteenth century must be traced in its diffuse and feeble lyrics. Where the poet is sensible that there exists no unity of feeling among his countrymen, he naturally adopts the lyric form—the expression of individual feeling. His own mind, too, insensibly takes a colour from surrounding circumstances; his first ebullitions of feeling grow tamer; he learns to suppress those strains which find no echo in the bosoms of his countrymen; and at last confines himself to those safe topics on which all are permitted to expatiate.

Hence we may explain something of that monotonous and languid eloquence which pervades the Italian poetry of the fifteenth century. Excluded from the use of national traditions by that wretched system of subdivision which has doomed Italy

‘per se vir sempro, ò vincitrice o vinta;’—harred from all themes connected with Roman glory by the misgovernment of sovereigns, who, knowing the transitory nature of their power, used it with the greater harshness, Poetry turned her attention to themes which could excite no jealousy or distrust—to the complaints or triumphs of love—to the celebration of the delights of a pastoral life—to the delineation of a world of magic and enchantment—to the unrestrained indulgence of a vein of buffoonery which delighted in dispelling the illusions of Romance, by coupling them with low or ludicrous imagery—to all, in short, which was most remote from the existing state of things. The elaborate Sonnet, the artificial Canzone, the intricate Sestina,—sufficient alone to have chilled the flow of lyrical inspiration—harmonized well with sentiments as artificial as themselves. Every thing took a tone of listlessness and luxurious ease—an air of composed melancholy, or quiet Epicurean enjoyment, that seemed to lull emotion to rest, and blend, in equal forgetfulness, the senses and the soul.

Yet this very limitation of the efforts of poetry to one class of subjects, this studious exclusion of themes of more national and warmer interest, must be admitted, to have given to the amatory and pastoral poetry of Italy a degree of perfection unequalled by that of any other nation. The love-verses of Petrarch, of Giusto da Conti, of Bembo, Lorenzo de Medici, Politian and Sannazzaro, are models of elegance and refinement: and calculated, beyond doubt, to exercise a considerable influence on the taste of any nation, whose poetry was of a less ornate and elaborate kind. Borrowing from the Troubadours the harmonious intricacy of the canzone, and from the Sicilians the form of the sonnet, they had eclipsed and cast into the shade the sources from which they had obtained them. It is an easy task to point out their conceits and affectation; but who can be insensible, at the same time, to their exquisite imagination—the refinement of their sentiments—the beauty of their pastoral pictures—the classic air that pervades their eclogues—or the delicious harmony of their choruses, that float around us like lyrical voices heard in the air? It is but a slender boast, perhaps, for a nation, that she has carried to its perfection the poetry of the senses; but never, before or since, has it been dignified by so much genius, or allied to so many tender and amiable sentiments, or embalmed in such a stream of sweetness and melody.

Such appears to have been the general character of Italian poetry during the latter part of the fourteenth, and the whole of the fifteenth century; and those who recollect the nature of

the original romantic poetry of Spain will perceive, that it was opposed to the spirit of the Italian in almost all its leading features. The very essence of Spanish poetry was activity—that of the Italian repose. The former had devoted its strains to the celebration of the national glories, and presented, only in a more dignified shape, events which really adorned its annals; in the latter, patriotism seemed to have expired with Dante and Petrarca,* and all allusions to national events were scrupulously avoided. Hence the character of Spanish poetry, with all its occasional Orientalism, was natural; for it was the poetry of life and action;—that of the Italian, occupied with an ideal world and an imaginary Arcadia, was contemplative, dreamy, and unsubstantial.

From what causes, then, did it arise, that the reign of Charles V. should be remarkable for the decline of the old chivalrous taste in Spain, and the adoption of a system so different as the Italian? Did it arise entirely from the influence of the superior polish and perfection of Italian versification, as displayed in the works of Boscan and Garcilaso; or was it rather the gradual result of other principles, more remote in their origin, and more general in their operation?

We confess we lean to the latter opinion. We are persuaded that the superior polish of the Italian poetry never could have impressed the Castilians with an idea of the rudeness of their own, had the national character remained the same. It is a mistake, in the first place, to suppose that the character of Italian poetry was unknown in Spain till the wars of Charles in Italy, and the publication of the works of Boscan. Specimens of the Italian *Endecasyllabic* verse occur even in the Count-Lucanor of Juan Manuel, as early as 1362; and it was evidently familiar to the Marquis of Santillana,† who, before 1458, had published about forty sonnets in the Italian style, which occur in the *Cancionero* of Argote de Molina. But though recommended by the talents of such men, the innovation did

* Even theirs is of a suspicious cast. Dante was evidently more a Ghibelline than an Italian; and Petrarch's patriotism evaporated in a single canzone, and a foolish admiration of the insane schemes of Cola de Rienzi.

† In his letter to the Constable Don Pedro, he talks of Italian poetry as well known, and mentions his reasons for preferring it in some points to the French. He mentions also, that the eleven-syllable measure, which the Italians themselves had borrowed from the Provençals, was commonly used for centuries before by the Valentians and Catalans.

not then succeed, because it was opposed to the general feeling of the people. It may be said perhaps that Boscan was a man of greater talents than Mannel or Santillana, and that its ultimate success was owing to this circumstance. But without meaning to underate the talents of Boscan and Garcilaso, there are many things, we think, that show that such a general movement as took place in Spain during the sixteenth century, was not owing to the labours of any individual poet. Poets, in fact, are seldom so far in advance of the opinions of their age as is believed. It is true that, in the earliest periods of a national literature, the influence of individual talent is generally more visible than the influence of the spirit of the age on that individual; but as the circumstances which render poets a peculiar class alter with the progress of society, the latter influence gradually becomes the strongest; and in advanced periods of civilization, even the most original poets content themselves with stamping the character of the age upon their works, instead of endeavouring to communicate from the superiority of their own minds, a new direction to national propensities. Now, in Spain, those circumstances that tend to insulate men of genius, and to separate the spirit of society from individual inspiration, had never existed at all—partly from the universal diffusion of intelligence, which, at a peculiarly early period, had resulted from the connexion with Arabia; and partly from the character of Spanish poetry, which, as it was in its nature essentially popular, partook from the first of all the variations of popular opinion.

We shall find it more difficult to ascribe the revolution in taste, of which we are now speaking, to the influence of the two poets we have mentioned, when we consider the character of their genius, which had nothing in it of an inventive or creative cast, and seemed fitted only to improve on the ideas that had been suggested by the more active imagination of others. Men of taste and refinement they undoubtedly were—but it is not by mere men of taste that the ancient habits, and cherished associations of centuries are altered, and the canons of a national literature subverted and overthrown. Such events have their origin in deeper causes; and those poets in whom the innovation first appears will generally be found to have only concentrated and systematized opinions which were already floating on the surface of society. Accordingly, when we look to the history of Spain, we shall see that her national character had been silently undergoing a complete change since the era to which her romantic poetry belongs, under the operation of new political

relations, new principles of government, and new views of religious toleration.

The struggle between Arabia and Spain, after fluctuating for five centuries, began, towards the commencement of the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic, to draw to a crisis. The tide of conquest had been for some time before gradually retreating to the eastward. Leon and Castile, after long wasting their strength in fruitless rivalry, became united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella; and Granada, the last possession of the Arabs, submitted to their arms in 1492. The same year witnessed the discovery of those vast countries on the other side of the Atlantic which at first seemed to promise to Spain the possession of inexhaustible treasures. Navarre was added in 1512. The accession of Charles V., the possessor of the Netherlands, of the imperial crown, and the dominions inherited from Maximilian, completed that enormous accumulation of territory, which, in the course of half a century, raised Spain from an unknown and insignificant state to the proudest rank among the kingdoms of Europe.

Possessed of a power more extensive than any that had been witnessed in Europe since the days of Charlemagne, it is not surprising that Charles should have indulged in dreams of universal conquest, or that his subjects should have fallen into the same delirium. The brilliancy of his first campaigns served to confirm these anticipations, and to create and sustain in the mind of the Spanish people an insatiable ambition, and a diseased appetite for military glory. It was to the career of arms that all talent now looked forward for its reward;—to *that* the energy and constancy of Spanish character were devoted, and, in the hope of rendering the name of Spain illustrious, the Spanish soldier sacrificed (as he thought for a time) his personal freedom, and seemed to feel the same pride in passive obedience, which he had been accustomed to do in the consciousness of independence. Whatever courage, perseverance, or discipline could perform, the warriors of Charles undertook and accomplished; wherever the voice of their leader called them—to toil, or danger, or death—we find them still yielding the same unshaken, unmurmuring obedience.

This is the bright side of the picture; and doubtless there is, at first sight, something imposing in this altered state of Spanish character. There is something that appeals to the imagination, if not to reason, in that unquestioning devotion which courted dangers, and privations, and toils; that bastard patriotism which led the Spanish soldiery to forget even the interests of liberty, in the desire of aggrandizing their coun-

try,—and to cherish the recollection or anticipation of her greatness, in the wildest and most distant of those regions where she had sent them to conquer—or, perhaps, to die. We are ready to imagine, that the same grandeur of thought was conspicuous in other parts of their character, and yield reluctantly to the belief which is forced upon us by the history of this period—that the perfection of military virtue was united with almost every moral vice; with the most deliberate treachery, and the most unrelenting cruelty. But the fact cannot be disguised. The noblest warriors of the sixteenth century were not more terrible for their prowess than their crimes; and if, as Sismondi says, they presented to the enemy a front of iron, they presented to the unfortunate an iron heart.

It may be asked, why we attribute such demoralizing effects to the wars of Charles, while we ascribe to the more protracted struggle with Arabia so different a result? But there were striking distinctions in the character of these contests. It is true, that the effects of war on national character can never be in themselves favourable. Those sacrifices of principle to situation, and that confinement of every thing within the pale of military duty which it exacts—that submissive apathy which it dignifies with the name of discipline—that callousness of feeling which it tends to foster—are always prejudicial to the character of a nation, unless they are counteracted by some strong principle of generous and amiable feeling. But the precise degree in which they operate depends materially upon particular circumstances. A contest which unites all hearts—which animates the exertions of the soldier as well as the leader—which is connected with principles of lofty feeling, instead of mere calculations of interest or territorial accession, has always in itself a counteracting principle, which neutralizes, in some measure, the evil consequences of war. An additional check is furnished, when, in addition to the noble character of the end in view, long intercourse has taught the contending parties to respect each other, and fostered a romantic connexion, and cemented private attachments in the midst of public opposition. Both these are to be found in the warfare with Arabia. But the campaigns of Charles contemplated only the acquisition of territory. They had no connection with that enthusiasm of religion and patriotism which gives to every one engaged a proud consciousness of individual importance. They were diversified and softened by none of those peaceful interludes that relieve the tragedy of war. Strangers among strangers, the Spaniards could cultivate no intercourse with the nations to which they were opposed; and thus, in Europe or America—among Pro-

testants or Catholics—in Germany, or at the sack of Rome—they preserved the same inflexible pride, and the same undistinguishing ferocity. Add to this the decay of that chivalrous spirit, which had been mainly supported by the irregular nature of military tactics, and the opportunities thus afforded for feats of individual heroism. The use of gunpowder had become general by the time of Charles V.; and the consequences which Ariosto had foreseen * had already become evident.

Other elements were united with this military spirit in deteriorating the Spanish character. While threatening or destroying the liberties of other nations, they had been insensible to the gradual decline of their own, amidst the confusion of attack, the excitation of victory, and that privileged dictatorship which is occasioned by the necessities of war. The immense enlargement of the Spanish dominions had also been unfavourable to the preservation of the proper balance of power in the state. While Spain continued an insulated kingdom, the nobles, the guardians of the national privileges, had felt themselves almost on an equality with their king, and, with the inclination, had also the power of confining, within its proper boundary, the powers of monarchy. But, when the immense dominions of Germany, Holland, and part of Italy, were added, Spain became only a small item in the list of his possessions, and the power of the nobility shrunk into nothing, compared with that of a prince who could range under his standard the troops of the greater part of Europe. It then became necessary for the nobles to preserve, by submission, the dignity they could no longer maintain by resistance; and thus, the same anxiety to support their own importance, which in one state of society had been the means of securing the national liberties, became, by a change of circumstances, one of the strongest props of arbitrary power.

Last came the influence of the Inquisition. This terrible tribunal had been established in 1478 by Ferdinand and Isabella, and had scarcely reached, during the reign of Charles, its maturity of guilt. It seems undeniable indeed, that, even before the foundation of the Inquisition, the Spanish character was tinctured with fanaticism in a considerable degree; and per-

* When Orlando throws Cymosco's gun into the sea.

' Lo tolse e disse—Perehe più non stia
 Mai cavalier per te d'essere ardito,
 Ne quanto il buon val, mai più si vanti
 Il rio per te valer,—quà giù rimanti. —C. 9.

haps its institution was at first in unison with the spirit of the nation. But, though levelled ostensibly against heresy in religion, its real sphere of action was far more comprehensive; and it is probable, indeed, that the crafty Ferdinand would never have consented to its establishment, had he not foreseen that it might be rendered as effectual a check upon political as religious heterodoxy. To those who have been accustomed to observe, by what secret, but strong ties, all the powers of mind are bound together,—and how surely even the subtle movements of the imagination are affected by the restraint of the sterner faculties, it will be evident how unfavourably such an institution must have been to the spirit of poetry.

Thus, then, had the Spanish character, by the operation of these concurring causes, been gradually assimilating, in many important points, to the Italian. The causes which, in the one country, had fettered the progress of intellect, and lulled the imagination into an Arcadian repose, had, in the other, prepared the way for the introduction of a similar taste, by destroying the relish for those older strains which were no longer in unison with the change of feelings, and gradually withdrawing the attention of Poetry from the affairs of actual life, which she could no longer look upon without disgust, or censure without danger. How else could it happen, that, amidst an age of great events—sudden and fearful catastrophes—revolutions of empires and opinions—of all that is calculated to sublimate the imagination, and to awaken strains of indignation or triumph, the Spanish Muse should have exchanged her ancient lyre for the lute, and sung only the strains of love or pastoral idleness?—That, with a new world opened to Spanish discovery abroad—the Moors expelled at home—France defeated at Parma and Pavia, and her monarch a captive in Madrid—the Ottoman power humbled in Hungary and Tunis, and her fleets whelmed in the waters of Lepanto—Portugal, in her turn, falling at Alcazar—the Church torn by the reformation of Luther—Imperial Rome sacked by an apostate Bourbon, and all Europe agitated by civil wars and religious dissensions—the influence of these mighty changes on Spanish Poetry should be traced only in three of Herrera's Odes, some uninteresting Epistles, and in the pages of some dead and forgotten Epics? How strange does it at first appear, to find the greatest of the Spanish Poets, who were themselves engaged in these tumultuous scenes, passing over in silence the record of their dangers and their victories, and even in eulogizing the character of Alva, celebrating, not his military prowess, but that patronage and love of literature, which, by a strange in-

consistency, was united with cruelty in his character ! * But when we reflect what were the crimes that sullied the glory of these wars, and neutralized their poetical and inspiring tendencies—and think of those causes which checked the free exercise of thought and expression—we shall understand and approve that feeling of the Spanish poets, which refused at least to celebrate, what it was not permitted to censure, and sought a refuge from the realities of life in the innocent delights of an ideal Arcadia. Viewed in this light, the gentle, melancholy spirit which pervades the poetry of Garcilaso and his cotemporaries, such as Boscan, Montemayor, and Mendoza, soldiers like himself, and habitually conversant with scenes little calculated to soften the heart, or awaken the finer sensibilities of our nature, becomes delightful. Doubtless there appears some inconsistency in this union of practical ferocity with theoretical innocence ; nor is it easy to conceive how the Spanish Poets could thus reconcile war and peace, and trace, as it were, their pastoral verses on the green turf with the point of their swords. But there is still something of a redeeming quality in this sensibility to the beauty of goodness. It is the expression of that homage which the heart pays to nature whenever it yields itself to the pure influences of poetry : and when we find even the stern Mendoza, the ‘ *Tyrant of Sienna*,’ in his Epistles to Boscan and Zuniga, breathing out his wishes for solitude and domestic happiness, and returning still unsophisticated to the first impulses of natural emotion, we think of the favourite of Schah

* This union of elegant taste with ferocity of conduct, which is conspicuous in Alva, and to a less extent in Mendoza, is less uncommon than might at first be imagined ; and the annals of France and Italy, during the two centuries that preceded this period, furnish some striking proofs, that Horace’s remark, ‘ *Ingenuas didicisse,*’ &c. is not of universal application. Charles of Anjou, the tyrant of Naples, and the murderer of Conradin, was a poet ; and amatory verses of his in the *langue d’oil*, still exist in the Royal Library at Paris. Folquet, Bishop of Thoulouse, one of the most odious wretches of his age, was a Troubadour and a poet. Filippo Maria, the last of the Visconti, and Francisco Sforza of Milan, men of blood and outrage, surrounded themselves with a court of learned men. Even the gloomy Philip II. amidst the various affairs of importance which engaged him on his entrance into Portugal, is said, by Faria y Souza, to have inquired with eagerness for Camoens, and to have been sensibly affected, by hearing that all that remained of that great poet was the Epitaph in the Church of Santa Anna, which, to the disgrace of his country, commemorates that ‘ he lived poor and miserable—and so he died ! ’

Abbas, who, even in the height of his prosperity, continued to visit in secret the eloak, the crook, and the shepherd's pipe, which he had handled in days less brilliant, but not less happy.

We are not writing a history of Spanish poetry; nor is it our intention to particularize the poets of the age of Charles V. The slight distinctions which separate them from each other, and the minor points of versification and expression, can never be properly appreciated by foreigners. We wish only to throw out some general views of the state of poetry at this period, and of the causes in which its peculiarities originated, and to illustrate these by a few specimens from those poets who may be considered as occupying the highest rank in the departments which they chose for themselves. The general tone of the poetry of this period is so decidedly pastoral, that in a *coup d'œil* of this kind, it might be unnecessary to exhibit any specimens from other departments, were it not that the few we do possess in the heroic, and the moral and religious lyric, though they can be regarded only as exceptions to the prevailing character of the age, are of uncommon excellence;—and in pastoral poetry there is so much sameness and monotony of imagery and sentiment—so much of a conventional cast in which all poets agree, that the character of a very large mass may be completely appreciated from a very few specimens.

In adopting the Italian versification and the Italian taste in the pastoral and amatory lyric, the Spanish poets had never been able to divest themselves of that taint of exaggeration which their early intercourse with the East had communicated to them, or at least increased.* Hence, if there is any prominent distinction between the poetry of the two countries at this period, it arises from this. The Spanish poets have more warmth, but less taste; and, while they are frequently more natural, they are generally deficient in that delicacy of thought and expression which is so eminently the characteristic of the Italians. Something of the old leaven of impetuosity and hyperbole adheres to all of them, perhaps, except Garcilaso; and hence, though undoubtedly at the head of the pastoral poets of Spain, he is by no means the most perfect representation of the general tone of the poetry of the age. In this respect Boscán, Montemayor, and Saa de Miranda, may be said to embody more accurately

* Something of the same fault seems to have adhered to the Spanish writers, even in the days of Roman literature. Quintilian, speaking of the superiority of their imagination to their taste, says, — ‘Velles eos *suo* ingenio seripsisse, *alieno* iudicio.’

the national feeling. Boscan, in particular, who preceded Garcilaso in the use of the Italian measures, though he studied with the greatest care the poetry of Petrarch, Bembo, Sanazzaro, Politian and Bernardo Tasso,* never could acquire their elegance of taste, or divest himself of the national tendency to Orientalism. There are passages, no doubt, in his 'Claros y frescos rios,' which have a truth and nature about them not often to be found in Italian poetry. But wherever he attempted to rival the neatness of Petrarca, he failed.† Montemayor, again, exhibits a strange union, or rather contest of the two styles. In his *Diana* he was perpetually blending them; and while the *fond* of his work is evidently from the Italian and Greek Romances, and many specimens of the Canzone, Sestina, Sonnet, and those triple rhymes (*esdrújolos*) which he had borrowed from the *Arcadia*, occur, yet nearly an equal number of the poems interspersed through that work are *redondillas* and *chanzonetas*, in the old national style, and full of that despairing energy which distinguishes the pieces in the *Cancioneros*.

In Garcilaso, however, the Italian poets found a rival, and, we are inclined to think, a superior: For if the charge of exaggeration applies to the Spanish poets, that of unnatural subtilty is not less applicable to the Italian. The enthusiastic study of the Grecian philosophy in Italy, and particularly of the writ-

* Mr Wiffen enumerates Tansillo among the Italian poets whose fame gave an impulse to the taste of Garcilaso. We rather think that this is a mistake. Garcilaso had certainly written many of his compositions before 1550, and Tansillo had written nothing before 1534, in the autumn of which year he acquired a disgraceful notoriety by the publication of his *Vendemmiafore*. But his Sonnets, his Canzoni, and his Lagrime di' San Pietro, which alone were likely to have been congenial to the pure taste of the Spanish poet, did not appear till after his death.

† One instance will give an idea of this. Petrarch, in one of his Sonnets (LXIX.), speaking of the impression left by the beauty of Laura, even after her charms were beginning to decay, says,

'Piaga per allentar d'arco non sana.'

'The wound does not heal, tho' the bow is relaxed.'

This truism, which pleases in one line, is thus absurdly expanded by Boscan, and applied to the case of Absence.

No sanan las heridas en el dadas;
 Aunqu cese el mirar que las causó
 Se quedan en el alma confirmadas—
 Que se uno esta con muchas cuchilladas
 Porque huya de quien le acuchilló
 No por esto seran' mejor curadas.

Obras de Boscan y Alg. de Garcilaso, p. 52.

ings of the later Platonists, had, at an early period, introduced a metaphysical and reasoning style in subjects where it was peculiarly out of place. Poetry deals only with obvious relations and differences; and whenever it has recourse to distant and far-fetched resemblances, or shadowy distinctions, it trenches on the provinces of wit or philosophy. Garcilaso, however, contrived so finely to temper the subtilty of Italian taste with the impetuosity of the Spanish, that the result is superior to any thing to be found in his models. He has written but a few Odes, Eclogues and Sonnets; and yet he is justly regarded as the first of Spanish classical poets, and his verses pass from mouth to mouth as proverbs among his countrymen.

His fame chiefly rests, however, on his first Eclogue, and his Ode 'A la Flor de Guido.' Garcilaso, whose character in some points bears a striking resemblance to that of Virgil, seemed to have caught a double portion of his spirit while lingering near that Parthenope, which the Roman regarded with such peculiar affection; and this first and finest of his Eclogues was produced at Naples. The plan is as simple as possible. Two shepherds, Salicio and Nemoroso (in whom he is supposed to have figured himself and his friend Boscan), alternately give vent to their feelings in melancholy strains. The subject of the first is the infidelity,—of the second, the death, of a mistress; and it is difficult to say to which the preference ought to be given. The classical reader will at every turn recognise resemblances to the Latin poets; but Garcilaso possessed the talent of introducing these imitations so admirably, that in general the knowledge that they are imitations, rather increases than diminishes our sense of the talent of the poet; and in this Eclogue they are so happily interwoven with the romantic texture of the poem, that they seem rather to receive than to give ornament. This Eclogue has been translated with peculiar beauty by Mr Wiffen, whose elegant volume must be regarded as a great acquisition to the Spanish scholar. His translations uniformly rise with the subject; and he has shown very considerable dexterity in rendering with fidelity, yet in an improved shape, some of those prosing passages which occur here and there in many of Garcilaso's poems.

The following stanzas are from the Lament of Salicio; and Mr Wiffen's translation presents a very faithful idea of the melancholy beauty of the original.

Through thee the silence of the shaded glen,
Through thee the horror of the lonely mountain,
Pleased me no less than the resort of men;
The breeze, the summer wood and lucid fountain,

The purple rose, white lily of the lake,
 Were sweet for thy dear sake ;
 For thee the fragrant primrose dropt with dew
 Was wished, when first it blew !
 Oh how completely was I in all this
 Myself deceiving !—Oh the different part
 That thou wert acting, covering with a kiss
 Of seeming love the traitor in thy heart !
 This my severe misfortune long ago
 Did the soothsaying raven, sailing by
 On the black storm, with hoarse sinister cry,
 Clearly presage ;—in gentleness of woe
 Flow forth my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow.

How oft, when slumbering in the forest brown,
 Deeming it Fancy's mystical deceit,
 Have I beheld my fate in dreams foreshown !—
 One day methought that from the noontide heat
 I drove my flocks, to drink of Tagus' flood,
 And under curtain of its bordering wood
 Take my cool siesta ; but, arrived, the stream,
 I know not by what magic, changed its track,
 And in new channels, by an unused way,
 Rolled its warped waters back ;
 Whilst I, scorched, melting with the heat extreme,
 Went ever following, in their flight astray,
 The wizard waves ;—in gentleness of woe
 Flow forth my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow.

In the charmed ear of what beloved youth
 Sounds thy sweet voice ? On whom revolest thou
 Thy beautiful blue eyes ? On whose proved truth
 Anchors thy broken faith ? Who presses now
 Thy laughing lip, and hopes thy heaven of charms,
 Locked in the embraces of thy two white arms ?
 Say thou, for whom hast thou so rudely left
 My love, or stolen, who triumphs in the theft ?
 I have not yet a bosom so untrue
 To feeling, nor a heart of stone, to view
 My darling ivy, torn from me, take root
 Against another wall or prosperous pine,—
 To see my virgin vine
 Around another elm in marriage hang
 Its curling tendrils and empurpled fruit,
 Without the torture of a jealous pang,
 Even to the loss of life ;—in gentle woe
 Flow forth my tears—'tis meet that ye should flow.

* * * *

Over my griefs the mossy stones relent

Their natural durity, and break ; the trees
 Bend down their weeping boughs without a breeze,
 And, full of tenderness, the listening birds,
 Warbling in different notes, with me lament,
 And warbling, prophesy my death ; the herds
 That in the green meads hang their heads at eve,
 Wearied and worn and faint,
 The necessary sweets of slumber leave,
 And low and listen to my wild complaint.
 Thou only steelst thy bosom to my cries,
 Not even once rolling thy angelic eyes
 On him thy harshness kills ;—in gentle woe
 Flow forth my tears, 'tis meet that ye should flow!

But though thou wilt not come for my sad sake,
 Leave not the landscape thou hast held so dear ;
 Thou mayst come freely now without the fear
 Of meeting me ; for though my heart should break,
 Where late forsaken, I will now forsake.
 Come then, if this alone detains thee, here
 Are meadows full of verdure, myrtles, bays,
 Woodlands and lawns, and running waters clear,
 Beloved in other days,
 To which, bedewed with many a bitter tear,
 I sing my last of lays.
 These scenes, perhaps, when I am far removed,
 At ease thou wilt frequent
 With him who rifled me of all I loved ;
 Enough, my strength is spent,
 And leaving *thee* in his desired embrace,
 It is not much to leave him this sweet place.'

Nemoroso's strain is of a darker and more gloomy cast. Some of the Spanish critics have objected to the cause assigned for the death of the Lady, which is rendered sufficiently intelligible by the allusion to Lucina ; but the objection is certainly of a very hypercritical kind. The imitation of Petrarch and Sannazzaro is more visible here than in any other part of Garcilaso's writings.

Nemoroso.

Smooth sliding waters pure and crystalline !
 Trees that reflect your image in their breast !
 Green pastures full of fountains and fresh shades !
 Birds that here scatter your sweet serenades !
 Mosses, and reverend ivies serpentine,
 That wreath your verdurous arms round beech and pine,
 And climbing crown their crest !
 Can I forget, ere yet my spirit changed,

With what delicious ease and pure content
 Your peace I wooed, your solitudes I ranged,
 Enchanted and refreshed where'er I went !
 How many blissful noons I here have spent
 In luxury of slumber, couched on flowers,
 And with my own fond fancies, from a boy
 Discoursed away the hours,
 Discovering nought in your delightful bowers
 But golden dreams, and memories fraught with joy !—

* * * *

Who would have said, my love, when late thro' this
 Romantic valley, we, from bower to bower,
 Went gathering violets and primroses,
 That I should see the melancholy hour
 So soon arrive, that was to end my bliss,
 And of my love destroy both fruit and flower ?

Since thou hast left us, fulness, rest and peace,
 Have failed the starveling flocks ; the field supplies
 To the toiled hind but pitiful increase ;
 All blessings change to ills ; the clinging weed
 Chokes the thin corn, and in its stead arise
 Pernicious dandel, and the fruitless reed.
 The enamelled earth, that from her verdant breast
 Lavished spontaneously ambrosial flowers,
 The very sight of which can sooth to rest
 A thousand cares, and charm our sweetest hours,
 That late indulgence of her bounty scorns,
 And, in exchange, shoots forth but tangled bowers,
 And brambles rough with thorns,
 Whilst with the tears that falling steep their root,
 My swollen eyes increase the bitter fruit.

As at the set of sun the shades extend,
 And when its circle sinks, that dark obscure
 Rises to shroud the world, on which attend
 The images that set our hair on end,
 Silence, and shapes mysterious as the grave ;
 Till the broad sun sheds once more from the wave,
 His lively lustre beautiful and pure :
 Such shapes were in the night, and such ill gloom
 At thy departure ; still tormenting fear
 Haunts and must haunt me, until death shall doom
 The so much wished for sun to reappear
 Of thine angelic face, my soul to cheer,
 Resurgent from the tomb.

As the sad nightingale, in some green wood
 Closely embowered, the cruel hind arraigns,

Who from their pleasant nest her plumeless brood
 Has stolen,—while she with pains
 Winged the wide forest for their food, and now,
 Fluttering with joy, returns to the loved bough—
 The bough where nought remains :
 Dying with passion and desire, she fills
 A thousand concords from her various bill,
 Till the whole melancholy woodland rings
 With gurglings sweet, or with philippics shrill.
 Throughout the silent night she not refrains
 Her piercing note and her pathetic cry,
 But calls, as witness to her wrongs and pains,
 The listening stars and the responding sky—
 So I, in mournful song, pour forth my pain.

* * * *

Divine Eliza ! since the sapphire sky
 Thou measur'st now on angel wings, and feet
 Sandalled with immortality, oh why
 Of me forgetful !—Wherefore not entreat
 To hurry on the time when I shall see
 The veil of mortal being rent in twain,
 And smile that I am free ?
 In the third circle of that happy land,
 Shall we not seek together, hand in hand,
 Another lovelier landscape, a new plain,
 Other romantic streams and mountains blue,
 And other vales, and a new shady shore,
 Where I may rest, and ever in my view
 Keep thee, without the terror and surprise
 Of being sundered more !

We need not point out those passages in *Petrarca* and *Bembo*, which any one at all familiar with Italian literature will recognise as the originals of many of the beautiful images in this part of the *First Eclogue*. But we may compare these extracts from the *Song of Nemoroso*, with the *Fifth Eclogue* of the *Arcadia* of *Samnazzaro*,* which *Garcilaso* probably had in his eye in writing his own, particularly towards the conclusion. There is a very considerable resemblance in the subjects, and in many of the ideas ; but the melancholy of the Italian wants that air of truth and nature which this *Eclogue* of *Garcilaso* unites to so much elegance and harmony. *Samnazzaro's* is supposed to be addressed by *Ergasto* to the tomb of *Androgeus*, an *Arcadian* shepherd.

* *Alma heata e bella
 Che da legami sciolta
 Nuda salisti nei superni chiostri, &c.*

O ! pure and blessed soul,
That from thy clay's controul
Escaped, hast sought and found thy native sphere ;
And from thy crystal throne
Lookst down, with smiles alone,
On this vain scene of mortal hope and fear.
Thy happy feet have trod
The starry spangled road,
Celestial flocks by field and fountain guiding,
And from their erring track
Thou charm'st thy shepherds back
With the soft music of thy gentle chiding.

And other vales and hills,
And other groves and rills,
And fairer flowers thou see'st in Heav'n above ;
Midst rocks and sunny glades,
With more than mortal maids,
In happier loves new Fauns and Sylvans rove :
Whilst thou beneath the shade,
Midst balmy odours, laid
By Daphne's side or Melibœ's shalt be,
And see the charmed air
Stand mute, and listening there
Unto the magic of thy melody.

As to the elm the twine
Of the enlacing vine—
As to the summer field the waving grain ;—
So, in thy summer day,
Thou wert the pride and stay,
The hope and glory of our youthful train.
O ! who shall death withstand !
Death ! whose impartial hand
Levels the lowest plant and loftiest pine !
When shall our ears again
Drink in so sweet a strain,
Our eyes behold so fair a form as thine ?

The nymphs bemoanèd thy doom,
Around thine early tomb
The hollow caves, the woods and waters wailed.
The herbage greenly gay,
In wint'ry paleness lay,
The mournful sun his sickly radiance veiled ;
Forth issued from his den
No sprightly wild-beast then ;—

No flocks the pasture sought nor cooling fountain,
 But in desponding tone,
 Thy much loved name alone
 Rung through the lonely wood and echoing mountain.

* * * *

It is easy to see that, when this was written, the melancholy of the author had been transferred from the heart to the imagination.

Garcilaso's other Eclogues, though abounding with fine passages, are much less successful; and the only piece which will bear a comparison with this, is his exquisite ode 'A la Flor de Gnido,' (so called from its being addressed to a lady who resided in the Barrio de Gnido at Naples), which breathes more of the delicacy and beauty of the Greek and Roman ode, than any composition that has appeared since the revival of literature in the middle ages.

We cannot say we admire his Sonnets, (which, by the by, are but indifferently translated by Mr Wiffen.) The fact is, that no Spanish writer has completely succeeded in the sonnet. Quevedo's 'Buscas en Roma a Roma o peregrino,' and Lupericio Leonardo de Argensola's 'Imagen Espantosa de la muerte,' which are the best we have met with in Spanish, will not bear a comparison with many of Petrarca's, Costanzo's, Menzini's, or Pastorini's. Filicaja's inimitable 'Italia! Italia!' and Pastorini's 'Genova mia se con asciutto ciglio,' are alone worth all the sonnets that Spain has produced. The best of Garcilaso's is the 14th, 'Como la tierna madre;' but the idea, though prettily expanded, is not by any means original.

Of the numerous imitators of Garcilaso, Montemayor is the best; and his *Diana*, which enjoyed unequalled popularity in its day, and exercised a very extensive influence over the literature of other countries, contains one or two *Canciones* which approach nearly to the best of Garcilaso's Eclogues. Such is his 'Ojos que ya no veis quien os miraba' in the first book,—but we think he appears to as much advantage in the song with which the work opens. Sereno, the lover of Diana, has seated himself on the banks of the Ezla, and, taking out a lock of Diana's hair, as Nemoroso does in Garcilaso's Eclogue, he addresses it in strains, which are thus rendered (rather paraphrastically) by Mr Southey.

Cabellos quanta mudanza.

Ah me! thou relic of that faithless fair!
 Sad changes have I suffered since the day
 When, in this valley, from her long loose hair
 I bore thee, relic of my love, away.

Well did I then believe Diana's truth,
 For soon true love each jealous care represses,
 And fondly thought that never other youth
 Should wanton with the maiden's unbound tresses.

Here on the cold, clear Ezla's breezy side,
 My hand amidst her ringlets wont to rove ;
 She proffered now the lock, and now denied,
 With all the baby playfulness of love.
 Here the false maid, with many an artful tear,
 Made me each rising thought of doubt discover,
 And vowed, and wept, till hope had ceased to fear,
 Ah me ! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witness then how that fondest, falsest, fair
 Has sighed and wept on Ezla's sheltered shore,
 And vowed eternal truth, and made me swear
 My heart no jealousy should harbour more.
 Oh ! tell me could I but believe those eyes ?
 Those lovely eyes with tears my cheek bedewing,
 When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs
 I felt, and trusted, and embraced my ruin.

So false, and yet so fair ! so fair a mien
 Veiling so false a mind, who ever knew ?
 So true, and yet so wretched ! who has seen
 A man like me, so wretched and so true ?
 Fly from me on the wind, for you have seen
 How kind she was, how loved by her you knew me—
 Fly thou vain witness what I once have been,
 Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me.

One evening on the river's pleasant strand,
 The maid too well beloved sat with me,
 And with her finger traced upon the sand
 " Death for Diana—not Inconstancy !"
 And Love beheld us from his secret stand
 And marked his triumph, laughing to behold me,
 To see me trust a writing traced in sand,
 To see me credit what a woman told me !

We shall quote no more of these pastoral poems. Nothing becomes sooner tiresome than these attempts to revive Arcadian fictions.

. . . lactis uberes
 Cantare rivos, atque truncis
 Lapsa cavis iterare mella—

and, in fact, if any characteristic differences between the inferior pastoral poets of this period did exist, they would infallibly disappear in translation.

We have stated the causes which appear to us to have led the Spanish poets into an ideal world, and banished almost entirely the inspiration which is derived from cotemporary events; and the few exceptions to this which occur in the odes of Herrera, will be found, we believe, to confirm the view which we have adopted. For the events which are the subject of his odes are precisely those to which, amidst the gloom of wars which all the splendour of success could not brighten, and of persecutions which all the sophistry of superstition and bigotry could not palliate or disguise, the mind of a poet could turn with feelings of unqualified exultation or majestic sorrow, unmingled with shame:—the triumph of religion, and the liberation of many thousand Christian captives at Lepanto—and the fatal defeat of Sebastian in his expedition to Africa at Alcazar. Of all the Spanish poets, Herrera possesses the loftiest and most elevated style of expression; and in compositions where the dignity of the subject authorized a corresponding pomp of expression, he was eminently successful. Like the Italian poet Filicaja, his mind was deeply imbued with the beauties of the Sacred writings; and in these odes he introduces many of those sublime and terrible images from the prophetic writers, which give such a peculiar majesty and charm to Filicaja's Canzone on the siege of Vienna, and that addressed to John Sobieski. There is a striking resemblance between the tone of these canzoni and those of Herrera, arising, undoubtedly, in some measure, from the similarity of the subjects, both of which are commemorative of the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, but owing, in a still greater degree, to a similarity of genius between the poets. On the whole, however, Herrera is inferior to the Italian; for the canzoni of the Spanish poet generally owe their beauties more to the innate grandeur of the subject than to the characteristic feeling of the writer; and his sonnets are, almost without exception, laboured and affected; while Filicaja poured over all his lyrical poems a melancholy tenderness, which renders even his most trifling compositions interesting and affecting. The following ode on Sebastian's defeat (for the translation of which the public, we believe, is indebted to Mrs Hemans) is nevertheless a noble, though almost a solitary specimen of the historical lyric of this period.

Voz de dolor, y canto de gemido,

A voice of woe, a murmur of lament,
A spirit of deep fear and mingled ire;
Let such record the day, the day of wail
For Lusitania's bitter chastening sent!

She who hath seen her power, her fame expire,
 And mourns them in the dust discrowned and pale !
 And let the awful tale
 With grief and horror every realm o'ershade,
 From Afric's burning main
 To the far sea, in other hues arrayed,
 And the red limits of the orient's reign,
 Whose nations, haughty though subdued, behold
 Christ's glorious banner to the winds unfold.

Alas ! for those that in embattled power,
 And vain array of chariots and of horse,
 O desert Lybia ! sought thy fatal coast !
 And trusting not in Him, th' eternal source
 Of might and glory, but in earthly force
 Making the strength of multitudes their boast,
 A flushed and crested host,
 Elate on lofty dreams of victory, trod
 Their path of pride, as o'er a conquered land
 Given for the spoil ; nor raised their eyes to God,
 And Israel's Holy One withdrew his hand,
 Their sole support, and heavily and prone
 They fell,—the car, the steed, the rider overthrown.

It came, the hour of wrath, the hour of woe,
 Which to deep solitude and tears consigned
 The peopled realm, the realm of joy and mirth ;
 A gloom was in the heavens, no mantling glow
 Announced the morn—it seemed as nature pined
 And boding clouds obscured the sunbeams birth,
 And startling the pale earth,
 Bursting upon the mighty and the proud
 With visitation dread ;
 Their crests th' Eternal in his anger bowed,
 And raised barbarian nations o'er their head,
 The inflexible, the fierce, who seek not gold
 But vengeance on their foes, relentless, uncontrolled.

* * * *

Are these the conquerors, these the lords of fight,
 The warrior men, the invincible, the famed,
 Who shook the earth with terror and dismay,
 Whose spoils were empires ?—They that in their might
 The haughty strength of savage nations tamed,
 And gave the spacious orient realms of day
 To desolation's sway,
 Making the cities of imperial name
 Even as the desert place ?
 Where now the fearless heart, the soul of flame ?
 Thus has their glory closed its dazzling race

In one brief hour? Is this their valour's doom
On distant shores to fall, and find not even a tomb?

Once were they in their splendour and their pride
As an imperial cedar on the brow
Of the great Lebanon! It rose, arrayed
In its rich pomp of foliage and of wide
Majestic branches, leaving far below
All children of the forest. To its shades
The waters tribute paid,
Fostering its beauty. Birds found shelter there
Whose flight is of the loftiest through the sky,
And the wild mountain-creatures made their lair
Beneath; and nations by its canopy
Were shadowed o'er. Supreme it stood, and ne'er
Had earth beheld a tree so excellently fair.

But all elated on its verdant stem,
Confiding solely in its regal height,
It soared presumptuous as for empire born;
And God for this removed its diadem,
And cast it from its regions of delight
Forth to the spoiler, as a prey and scorn,
By the deep roots upturn!
And lo, encumbering the lone hills it lay,
Shorn of its leaves, dismantled of its state,
While pale with fear men hurried far away,
Who in its ample shade had found so late
Their power of rest; and Nature's savage race
Midst its great ruin sought their dwelling-place.

But thou, base Libya, thou, whose arid sand
Hath been a kingdom's deathbed, where one fate
Closed her bright life and her majestic fame,
Tho' to thy feeble and barbarian hand
Hath fallen the victory, be not thou elate!
Boast not thyself, tho' thine that day of shame,
Unworthy of a name;
Know, if the Spaniard in his wrath advance,
Aroused to vengeance by a nation's cry,
Pierced by his searching lance
Soon shalt thou expiate crime with agony,
And thy stained rivers to the ocean flood
An ample tribute bear of Afric's Paynim blood.

The greatest of the Spanish poets of this age, and perhaps one of the noblest lyric poets that ever existed, yet remains to be noticed. While he stands alone among his countrymen of this period in the character of his inspiration, the influence of the spirit of the age is still visible in the absence of every thing

that betrays any extensive acquaintance or sympathy with ætural life. That relief, which other poets sought in the scenery of an imaginary Arcadia, Luis Ponce de Leon, bred in the silence and solitude of the cloister, found in the contemplation of the divine mysteries, and in the indulgence of those rapturous feelings which it is the tendency of Catholicism to create. His mind naturally gentle and composed, avoided the shock of polemical warfare, and seems to have been in no degree tinctured with that fanaticism which characterizes his brethren. Hence it was to the delights, rather than to the terrors of religion, that he turned his attention. A profound scholar, and deeply versed in the Grecian philosophy, he had 'unsphered the spirit of Plato,' and embodied in his poetry the lofty views of the Greek philosopher, with regard to the original derivation of the soul from a higher existence, but heightened and rendered more distinct and more deeply interesting by the Christian belief, that such was also to be its final destination. Separated from a world of which he knew neither the evil nor the good, his thoughts had wandered so habitually 'beyond the visible diurnal sphere,' that to him the realities of life had become as visions, the ideal world of his own imagination had assumed the consistency of reality. His whole life looks like a religious reverie, a philosophic dream, which was no more disturbed by trials and persecutions from without, than the visions of the sleeper are influenced by the external world by which he is surrounded.*

The character of Luis de Leon is distinguished by another peculiarity. It might naturally be expected, that with this tendency to mysticism in his ideas, his works would be tinctured with vagueness and obscurity of expression. But no poet ever appears to have subjected the creations of an enthusiastic imagination more strictly to the ordeal of a severe and critical taste, or to have imparted to the language of rapture so deep an air of truth and reality. While he had thoroughly imbued himself with the lofty idealism of the Platonic philosophy, he exhibits in

* He was confined for five years in the Inquisition, without seeing the light of day, for venturing to translate into Spanish the Song of Solomon, contrary to the prohibitory law, that no part of the Bible should be translated into the vulgar tongue. He bore his imprisonment with the utmost calmness and resignation; and when he was at last released and restored to his theological chair, he never alluded to his imprisonment. An immense crowd had assembled to hear his reopening lecture, but Luis de Leon, as if no such melancholy interval had taken place, resumed his subject with the usual formula, '*Heri dicebamus,*' &c.

his style all the clearness and precision of Horace; and, with the exception of Testi among the Italians, † is certainly the only modern who has caught the true spirit of the Epicurean poet. In the sententious gravity of his style he resembles him very closely. But the Moral Odes of Luis de Leon 'have a spell beyond' the Lyrics of Horace. That philosophy of indolence which the Roman professed, which looks on life only as a visionary pageant, and death as the deeper and sounder sleep that succeeds the dream,—which places the idea of happiness in passive existence, and parts with indifference from love and friendship—from liberty—from life itself, whenever it costs an effort to retain them, is allied to a principle of universal *mediocrity*, which is destructive of all lofty views, and, when minutely examined, is even inconsistent with those qualified principles of morality which it nominally professes and prescribes. But in the odes of Luis de Leon, we recognise the influence of a more animating and ennobling feeling. He looked upon the world

. . . *esta lisongera*

'Vida con cuanto temo, y enanto espera,'

with calmness, but not with apathy or selfishness. The shortness of life, the flight of time, the fading of flowers, the silent swiftness of the river, the decay of happiness, the mutability of fortune,—the ideas and images, which, to the Epicurean poet only afford inducements to devote the present hour to enjoyment, are those which the Spanish moralist holds out as incitements to the cultivation of that enthusiasm, which alone appeared to him capable of fully exercising the powers of the soul, of disengaging it from the influence of worldly feelings, and elevating it to that heaven, from which it had its birth.

We fear that the translation of two of his odes, which we have ventured to subjoin, will hardly bear us out, in the eyes of our readers, in this eulogium. But we shall annex the original Spanish; and we feel confident, that no one who is able to peruse the admirable 'Noche Serena' in that language, will consider our praise as extravagant.

The idea of the first, which is a specimen of his moral odes in the style of Horace, is taken, like the Chorus in Garcilaso's

† We think it is evident that Testi was largely indebted to the Spanish poet. The resemblances between Luis de Leon's ode addressed to Felipe Ruiz, 'Cuando sera que puedo,' and Testi's Canzone to Virginio Cesarini 'Armai d' arco sonoro,' and between Leon's 'No siempre es poderosa' addressed to Carrera, and Testi's ode to Montecuculi, 'Ruscelletto orgoglioso,' are too close to be accidental. The allusion to Typhoeus is expressed by both nearly in the same terms, in these latter poems.

second Eclogue, from the second Epode of Horace; * and Luis de Leon's Ode has, in its turn, been frequently imitated, though very imperfectly, by different Spanish poets. Lope's 'Quan bien aventurado;' and Cosme Gomez Tejada's 'Quan aventurado,' which are among the best of these numerous imitations, are merely glosses on the text of Luis de Leon.

O happy, happy he! who flies
Far from the noisy world away,
Who, with the worthy and the wise,
Hath chosen the narrow way—
The silence of the secret road,
That leads the soul to virtue and to God.

No passions in his breast arise;
Calm in his own unaltered state,
He smiles superior as he eyes
The splendour of the great;
And his undazzled gaze is proof
Against the glittering hall and gilded roof.

He heeds not, though the trump of fame
Pour forth the loudest of its strains,
To spread the glory of his name;
And his high soul disdains
That flattery's voice should varnish o'er
The deed that truth or virtue would abhor.

Such lot be mine: what boots to me
The cumbrous pageantry of power;
To court the gaze of crowds, and be
The idol of the hour;
To chase an empty shape of air
That leaves me weak with toil, and worn
with care?

Oh! streams, and shades, and hills on high,
Unto the stillness of your breast
My wounded spirit longs to fly—
To fly, and be at rest;—
Thus from the world's tempestuous sea,
O gentle nature, do I turn to thee!

Be mine the holy calm of night,
Soft sleep and dreams serenely gay,
The freshness of the morning light,
The fulness of the day;
Far from the sternly frowning eye
That pride and riches turn on poverty.

The warbling birds shall bid me wake
With their untutored melodies;
No fearful dream my sleep shall break,
No wakeful cares arise,
Like the sad shapes that hover still
Round him that hangs upon another's will.

Be mine my hopes to Heaven to give,
To taste the bliss that Heaven bestows
Alone, and for myself to her,
And scape the many woes

Qué descansada vida
La del que huye el mundanal ruido
Y sigue la escondida
Senda por donde han ido
Los pocos sabios que en el mundo han
sido.

Que no le enturbia el pecho
De los soberbios grandes el estado,
Ni del dorado techo
Se admira, fabricado
Del sabio moro en jaspes sustentado.

No cura, si la fama
Canta con voz su nombre pregonera,
Ni cura, si encarama
La lengua lisongera
Lo que condena la verdad sincera.

Qué presta a mi contento
Si soy del vano deito señalado?
Si en busca de este viento
Ando desalentado,
Con ansias vivas, con mortal cuidado?

O campo! o monte! o río!
O secreto seguro deleitoso!
Roto casi el navio,
A vuestro almo reposo
Huyo, de aqueste mar tempestuoso.

Un no rompido sueño,
Un día puro, alegre, libre quiero:
No quiero ver el ceño
Vanamente severo
De quien la sangre ensalza ó el dinero.

Despiertenme las aves
Con su cantar suave no aprendido
No los cuidados graves
De que es siempre seguido
Quien al ageno arbitrio esta atenido.

Vivir quiero conmigo,
Gozar quiero del bien que debo al cielo,
A solas, sin testigo
Libre de amor, de Zelo,

* *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, &c.*

That human hearts are doomed to bear,
The pangs of love and hate, and hope and fear.

A garden by the mountain side

Is mine, whose flowery blossoming
Shows even in spring's luxuriant pride,

What autumn's suns shall bring;
And from the mountain's lofty crown
A clear and sparkling rill comes trembling
down.

Then pausing in its downward force
The venerable trees among,
It gurgles on its winding course;
And as it glides along,
Gives freshness to the day, and pranks
With ever changing flowers its mossy banks.

The whisper of the balmy breeze
Scatters a thousand sweets around,
And sweeps in music through the trees,
With an enchanting sound,
That laps the soul in calm delight,
Where crowns and kingdoms are forgotten
quite.

Theirs let the dear-bought treasure be,
Who in a treacherous bark confide;
I stand aloof, and changeless see
The changes of the tide,
Nor fear the wail of those that weep,
When angry winds are warring with the deep.

Day turns to night—the timbers rend,
More fierce the ruthless tempest blows;
Confused the varying cries ascend,
As the sad merchant throws
His boards, to join the stores that lie
In the deep sea's uncounted treasury.

Mine be the peaceful board of old,
From want as from profusion free;
His let the massy cup of gold,
And glittering baubles be,
Who builds his baseless hope of gain
Upon a brittle bark and stormy main.

While others, thoughtless of the pain
Of hope delayed and long suspense,
Still struggle on to guard or gain
A sad preeminence,
May I, in woody covert laid,
Be gaily chaunting in the secret shade.

At ease within the shade reclined,
With laurel and with ivy crown'd,
And my attentive ear inclined
To catch the heavenly sound
Of harp or lyre, when o'er the strings
Some master-hand its practised finger flings.

VOL. XL. NO. 80.

De odio, de esperanza, de rezelo.

Del monte en la ladera
Por mi mano plantado tengo un huerto
Que con la primavera
De bella flor cubierto
Ya muestra en esperanza el fruto cierto,
Y como codiciosa
De ver y acrecentar su hermosura
Desde la cumbre airosa.
Una fontana pura
Hasta llegar corriendo se apresura:

Y luego so segada
El paso entre los arboles torciendo
El suelo de pasada
De verdura vistiendo
Y con diversas flores va esparciendo.

El aire el huerto orea
Y ofrece mil olores al sentido
Los arboles menean
Con un manso ruido
Que del oro y del cetro pone olvido.

Ténganse su tesoro
Los que de un flaco leño se confían!
No es nio vel el llero
De los que des confían
Cuando el cierzo y el ábrego porfían.

La combatida entena
Cruge, y en ciega noche el claro día
Se torna, al cielo suena
Confusa vocería,
Y la mar enriquecen á porfía.

A mi una pobrecilla
Mesa de amable paz bien abastada
Me baste, y la vasilla
De fino ora labrado
Sea de quien la mar no teme ayrada.

Y mientras miserable—
Mente se estan los otros abrasando
En sed insaciable
Del no durable mando
Tendido yo á la sombra esté cantando.

A la sombra tendido
De yedra y lauro eterno coronado
Puesto el atento oído
Al son dulce acordado
Del plectro sabiamente meneado.

11 h

The next is a specimen of his loftier manner, when, viewing the stars, he abandons himself entirely to the impulses of his fancy, and forgets the mere propriety of Horace in the more exalted feelings and images which his enthusiasm suggests to him. *

Noche Serena.

I gaze upon yon orbs of light,
The countless stars that gem the sky ;
Each in its sphere, serenely bright,
Wheeling its course—how silently !
While in the mantle of the night,
Earth and its cares and troubles lie.

* * *

Temple of light and loveliness,
And throne of grandeur ! can it be
That souls, whose kindred loftiness
Nature hath framed to rise to thee,
Should pine within this narrow place,
This prison of mortality ?

What madness from the path of right
For ever leads our steps astray,
That, reckless of thy pure delight,
We turn from this divine array,
To chase a shade that mocks the sight—
A good, that vanisheth away ?

Man slumbers heedless on, nor feels,
To dull forgetfulness a prey,
The rolling of the rapid wheels
That call the restless hours away ;
While every passing moment steals
His lessening span of life away.

Awake ye mortals ! raise your eyes
To yon eternal starry spheres—
Look on these glories of the skies !
Then answer, how this world appears,
With all its pomps and vanities,
With all its hopes and all its fears.

What, but a speck of earth at last,
Amidst th' illimitable sky,
A point that sparkles in the vast
Effulgence of yon galaxy ;
In whose mysterious rounds the past,
The present, and the future lie.

Who can look forth upon this blaze
Of heavenly lamps so brightly shining ;
Through the unbounded void of space,
A band unseen their course assigning,
All moving with unequal pace,
Yet in harmonious concord joining :

Cuando contemplo el cielo
De innumerables luces adornado
Y miro hacia el suelo
De noche rodeado
En sueño y en olvido sepultado.

* * *

Morada de grandeza
Templo de claridad y hermosura
El almaque á tu alteza
Nació, qué desventura
La tiene en esta cárcel, baxa, oscura.

Qué mortal desatino
De la verdad aleja así el sentido
Que de tu bien divino
Olvidado, perdido,
Sigue la vana sombra, el bien fingido.

El hombre está entregado
Al sueño, de su suerte no cuidando,
Y con paso callado
El cielo vueltas dando
Las horas del vivir le va hurtando.

Ay ! levantad los ojos
A aquella, celestial eterna esfera
Burlareis los anteojos
De esta lisonjera
Vida con cuanto teme y cuanto espera.

Es mas que un breve punto
El baxo y torpe suelo, comparado
Con este gran trasunto
Do vive mejorado
Lo que es, lo que será, lo que ha pasado ?

Quien mira el gran concierto
De aquellos resplandores eternos
Sin movimiento cierto,
Sus pasos desiguales
Y en proporción concorde tan iguales :

* We do not see the force of Bonterwek's remark, that the latter part of this ode is inferior to the commencement.

Who sees the silver chariot move Of the bright moon, and, gliding slow, The star whose lustre from above Rains influence on the world below ; Or the resplendent Queen of Love, So bright and beautifully glow :	La luna como mueve La plateada rueda, y va en pos de ella La luz do el saher llueve, Y la graciosa estrella De amor la sigue, reluciente y bella :
Or, where the angry God of War Rolls redder on his troubled way ; Beyond, the mild majestic star That o'er the gods of old held sway, That beams his radiance from afar, And calms the heav'n beneath his sway :	Y como otro camino Prosigue el sanguinoso marte ayrado ; Y el Jupiter benigno, De bienes mil cercado, Serena el cielo con su rayo amado :
Where Saturn shows his distant beam, Sire of the golden days of yore, Or where the starry host, that seem Thick as the sands that line the shore, From their eternal seats, a stream Of glory and of radiance pour ?	Rodéase en la cumbre Saturno, padre de los siglos de oro ; Tras el la muchedumbre Del reluciente coro Su luz va repartiendo y su tesoro :
Who that has seen these splendors roll, And gazed on this majestic scene, But sighed to 'scape the world's control, Spurning its pleasures poor and mean, To burst the bonds that bind the soul, And pass the gulf that yawns between ? *	Quien es el que esto mira Y precia la bajexa de la tierra ? Y no gime y suspira Por romper lo que encierra El alma y da estos bienes la destierra :
There, in their starry halls of rest, Sweet Peace and Joy their homes have made ;	Aquí vive el contento Aquí reina la paz, aquí asentado
There, in the mansions of the blest, Diviner Love his throne hath laid, With ever-during glory graced, And bliss that cannot fly nor fade.	En rico y alto asiento Esta el amor sagrado De glorias y deleytes rodeado.
O boundless beauty ! let thy ray Shine out unutterably bright ; Thou placid, pure, eternal day, That never darken'st into night ; Thou spring, whose evergreen array Knows not the wasting winter-blight—	Inmensa hermosura Aquí se muestra toda, y resplandeece Clarísima luz pura Que jamas anochece Eterna primavera aquí florece.
O fields of never-dying green, Bright with innumerable flow'rs ! O crystal rills that glide between ! O shady vales and sunny bowers ! Hath mortal eye these glories seen, Yet clung to such a world as ours ?	O campos verdaderos ! O prados con verdad frescos y amenos ! Riquisimos mineros ! O deleytosos senos ! Repuestos valles de mil bienes llenos.

* There is a very striking resemblance between this passage, and one in the moonlight scene in the *Siege of Corinth*.

—' blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright.
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray ?'

These specimens will perhaps enable our readers, in some degree, to appreciate the beauties of Luis de Leon's Odes. Many others, quoted in the Collection of Böhl de Faber, are little, if at all, inferior to these; and to some perhaps his Ode on the Moorish Invasion, which is an imitation of Horace's *Prophecy of Nereus*, may appear even superior, though it is less characteristic of his peculiar excellences. While Rodrigo is indulging in idle dalliance with Cava on the banks of the Tagus, the Spirit of the Stream arises and addresses him in a speech, of which the following spirited stanzas describe the muster and approach of the invaders.

Hark how the vaulted heavens rebound
The thunder of the trumpet sound !
That, from his desert home afar
Calls the fierce Arab to the war,
And bids the banner to the day
Its fluttering pomp and folds display.

I see the savage Moor advance,
Aloft he shakes his beamy lance,
And wounds the air, and with delight
Anticipates the coming fight;
And squadrons countless as the sand
Upon the shore, united stand.

Earth groans beneath the mighty host;
Beneath their sails the sea is lost,
While proudly pealing to the skies,
Confused the varying voices rise;
A dusty cloud denotes their way,
That fills the air and dims the day.

Already see their hosts ascending
Their mighty gallees, and extending
Their arms of vigour to the oar,
Launch proudly from the hostile shore,
Kindling the waters as they urge
Their progress through the sparkling surge.

Right on their swelling sails behind,
Blows, in its force, the fav'ring wind;
And through the Strait of Hercules,
The mighty monarch of the seas
Gives entrance to the long array,
And with his trident points the way.

Oye que al cielo toca
Con temeroso son la trompa fiera
Que en Africa convoca
El Moro á la bandera
Que al aire desplegada va ligera.
La lanza ya blande
El Arabe cruel, y hiere el viento
Llamando á la pelea;
Innumerable cuento
De escuadras juntas veo en un momento.

Cubre la gente el suelo
Debaxo de las velas desaparece
La mar; la voz al cielo
Confusa y varia crece
El polvo rola el dia y le escurece.

Ay! que ya presurosos
Suben las largas naves; ay! que
tienden
Los brazos vigorosos
A los remos y encienden
Las mares espumosas por do lienden

El Eolo derecho
Hineche la vela en popa y larga entrada
Por el Herculeo estrecho
Con la punta acerada
El gran Padre Neptuno da a la Armada.

* * * *

Such are some of the great men, who, during the age of Charles, effected a revolution in Spanish taste; and such the character of that period, which is still considered by the Spanish critics as the golden age of their poetry. We confess we are inclined to question whether this epithet ought to be taken in the same extended sense in which it is used by Spanish writers. That the lyrical compositions of Garcilaso and some of his contemporaries were superior to any single production that had

poem on the death of his father, is no doubt true; but that the poetry of the age, taken as a whole, is to be considered superior to that of any which preceded it, appears to us a more questionable proposition. To appreciate properly the spirit of the romantic poetry, we must peruse its numerous collections of legendary ballads, and take into view the general diffusion of poetical and exalted feeling. The more extensive our acquaintance is with these productions, the higher will be our estimate of Spanish character and genius at that period. On the contrary, *he* will entertain the highest opinion of the poetry of the age of Charles, who confines himself to a few specimens selected from *Anthologies* and *Floreste*. That mellifluous softness of expression which is at first so agreeable, palls on the mind; that limited range of imagery and thought which pastoral poetry admits of, becomes monotonous; and, above all, that extreme delicacy, which, when it is systematically attempted, is perhaps the most trying test of poetical tact, becomes intolerable when produced at second hand by a host of imitated imitators. If we consult our general impressions, the poets of this period leave no strong traces on the mind; they fill our memories with no splendid passages; they animate us by no spirit-stirring appeals; they present us with little that speaks to the heart, or comes home to the business of life:—but they sooth us into an intoxicating Sybaritic softness; they give dignity to indolence; and they please by a gentleness and melancholy, which, without questioning too minutely their reality, we love to contrast with the stormy agitation of the period which gave them birth.

But the real defects of this style of poetry are most visible when we extend our views a little beyond the reign of Charles V. When, instead of a world purely ideal, Nature itself, as displayed in the actual passions, and feelings, and interests of men, forms the general subject of the labours of the poet, however much the public taste may for a short time be led astray by the influence of any one individual, it seldom fails to be led back into the path of good taste and natural feeling. But when moral and political errors have led men to abandon entirely the realities of life as a source of inspiration—to create a world of their own—to invent imaginary characters, incidents, sentiments and language, this rectifying standard of Nature can no longer be resorted to; and when, in the natural and almost inevitable progress of things, that peculiar style of poetry begins to be tainted with exaggeration and bad taste, it generally ‘falls like Lucifer—never to rise again.’ The natural tone which Garcilaso and his contemporaries contrived to blend even with the most ideal of their conceptions, as it depended solely on

their own good taste, was soon forgotten, when their school of poetry began, like every other, to be corrupted by ambitious improvers. Succeeding poets carried the principle, which they had confined to the choice of their subjects, into all the minutiae of imagery and expression; till at last every sentence became an enigma, and every epithet was distorted as much as possible from the purposes to which it was commonly applied. Hence, the corruption of taste which soon after followed was no unnatural sequence of the style of poetry of this period, pure and classical as it appears.

The military and literary glory of Charles V. is, after all, but a specious illusion. The victories of Pavia, of Tunis and Lepanto, were the precursors of the defeat of the Armada, and the mortifying reverses in the Netherlands; and Garcilaso was but the herald of Gongora and Quevedo. The reign of Charles had fostered a system of cruelty and treachery abroad—an indifference to liberty and principle at home—and gradually undermined those sound principles of thought and action, with which, by some mysterious connexion, the sources of good taste seem to be allied. If, for a time, the evil principles, which it had engendered or increased, were concealed by the imposing brilliancy of undeserved success, their real effects became visible in the next century, when we see Spain experiencing the most mortifying reverses,—acknowledging, when it was too late, the value of those early principles which she had been labouring too successfully to destroy,—contemplating at once the decline of her literary and political ascendancy,—and sitting, like Marius in Carthage, a ruin among the ruins she had made.

ART. IX. *The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. With a Dissertation on the Russian Language; and an Appendix, containing Tables, Political, Statistical, and Historical; an Account of the Imperial Agricultural Society of Moscow; a Catalogue of Plants found in and near Moscow; an Essay on the Origin and Progress of Architecture in Russia, &c.* By ROBERT LYALL, M. D., Member of the Imperial Societies of Agriculture and Natural History, and of the Physico-Medical Society at Moscow, &c. 4to. pp. 639. Cadell, London, 1823.

WE do not exactly know whether this book of Dr Lyall's will be thought the best which has yet been published

of its subjects, and strong and glorious, according to their wealth and refinement. In Turkey, assassination may be said to be the natural death of the rulers; and in Russia alone, of all the Christian sovereignties, has the succession of the crown been derived through the same bloody channel. Grievous as constitutional checks may appear to princes accustomed to arbitrary power, we cannot but think that they must be less humiliating and distressing than the constant dread of the cord or the dagger. This last, however, is perhaps a vain speculation; and we rest little upon it. The great lesson is undoubtedly to the people; and them, we think, it should infallibly assure, that every invasion of their political freedom is necessarily attended by the corruption of all parts of the civil and economical administration, and by the demoralization and dishonour of all classes of individuals. These are truths which the world learns feelingly; and must every day both rely on more firmly, and value more highly. In the mean time, we trust that there are already more exceptions to Dr L.'s sweeping proscription of the Russian character than he seems to allow of; and we are satisfied that the number must be gradually increasing. If despotism produces ignorance, ignorance, on the other hand, is the great support of despotism. But the Russians are sensibly rousing, by the general spread of intelligence, and by the wide contact into which they have recently been brought with more instructed races, both by the campaigns they have waged abroad, and the invasions they have sustained at home. The reigning Emperor, too, has undoubtedly done much to reclaim the most abject and brutish of his subjects from their barbarism, by the liberal and most munificent patronage he has extended both to district schools and Bible societies. To the latter, we are happy to find, by the work before us, that he has not only given ample endowments, and made over for their use a great building in Moscow, formerly used as a sort of State Inquisition, but has defrayed the expense of effecting cheap translations of the Scriptures into almost all the many languages that are spoken in his extended domains. We do not inquire too curiously into the probable motives of deeds of such unquestionable utility. It is title enough to our applause that they have been performed.

We do not mean to enter at all into Dr Lyall's detailed account of Moscow. It contains many curious and entertaining particulars; but it is a great deal too long and too minute. We could scarcely submit patiently to a history of LONDON in 600 quarto pages; and certainly would rather die ignorant of the churches, and bells, and bridges, and hospitals of Moscow,—

and even of the wonders of the Kremlin itself,—than pay such a price for the knowledge of them. However, there is a deal of curious reading for curious readers; and the plates with which the work is illustrated and embellished are for the most part very beautiful. There is a large Appendix, containing some remarkable dissertations; particularly one on the Russian architecture, and one on eatable mushrooms. We are happy to learn that the author means shortly to favour the public with an account of his Travels in the Russian empire, which, we have no doubt, will be more to our taste than the statistics of Moscow. We beg leave to recommend to him cheapness and brevity, as two great elements of popularity.

ART. X. *Posthumous Poems of PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.* 8vo. pp. 400. London, 1824. J. & H. L. Hunt.

MR SHELLEY'S style is to poetry what astrology is to natural science—a passionate dream, a straining after impossibilities, a record of fond conjectures, a confused embodying of vague abstractions,—a fever of the soul, thirsting and craving after what it cannot have, indulging its love of power and novelty at the expense of truth and nature, associating ideas by contraries, and wasting great powers by their application to unattainable objects.

Poetry, we grant, creates a world of its own; but it creates it out of existing materials. Mr Shelley is the maker of his own poetry—out of nothing. Not that he is deficient in the true sources of strength and beauty, if he had given himself fair play (the volume before us, as well as his other productions, contains many proofs to the contrary): But, in him, fancy, will, caprice, predominated over and absorbed the natural influences of things; and he had no respect for any poetry that did not strain the intellect as well as fire the imagination—and was not sublimed into a high spirit of metaphysical philosophy. Instead of giving a language to thought, or lending the heart a tongue, he utters dark sayings, and deals in allegories and riddles. His Muse offers her services to elude shadowy doubts and inscrutable difficulties in a robe of glittering words, and to turn nature into a brilliant paradox. We thank him—but we must be excused. Where we see the dazzling beacon-lights streaming over the darkness of the abyss, we dread the quicksands and the rocks below. Mr Shelley's mind was of 'too fiery a quality' to repose (for any continuance) on the probable or the true—it

roared 'beyond the visible diurnal sphere,' to the strange, the improbable, and the impossible. He mistook the nature of the poet's calling, which should be guided by involuntary, not by voluntary impulses. He shook off, as an heroic and praiseworthy act, the trammels of sense, custom, and sympathy, and became the creature of his own will. He was 'all air,' disdaining the bars and ties of mortal mould. He ransacked his brain for incongruities, and believed in whatever was incredible. Almost all is effort, almost all is extravagant, almost all is quaint, incomprehensible, and abortive, from aiming to be more than it is. Epithets are applied, because they do not fit: subjects are chosen, because they are repulsive: the colours of his style, for their gaudy, changeful, startling effect, resemble the display of fire-works in the dark, and, like them, have neither durability, nor keeping, nor discriminate form. Yet Mr Shelley, with all his faults, was a man of genius; and we lament that uncontrollable violence of temperament which gave it a forced and false direction. He has single thoughts of great depth and force, single images of rare beauty, detached passages of extreme tenderness; and, in his smaller pieces, where he has attempted little, he has done most. If some casual and interesting idea touched his feelings or struck his fancy, he expressed it in pleasing and unaffected verse: but give him a larger subject, and time to reflect, and he was sure to get entangled in a system. The fumes of vanity rolled volumes of smoke, mixed with sparkles of fire, from the cloudy tabernacle of his thought. The success of his writings is therefore in general in the inverse ratio of the extent of his undertakings; inasmuch as his desire to teach, his ambition to excel, as soon as it was brought into play, encroached upon, and outstripped his powers of execution.

Mr Shelley was a remarkable man. His person was a type and shadow of his genius. His complexion, fair, golden, freckled, seemed transparent with an inward light, and his spirit within him

——'so divinely wrought,

That you might almost say his body thought.'

He reminded those who saw him of some of Ovid's fables. His form, graceful and slender, drooped like a flower in the breeze. But he was crushed beneath the weight of thought which he aspired to bear, and was withered in the lightning-glare of a ruthless philosophy! He mistook the nature of his own faculties and feelings—the lowly children of the valley, by which the skylark makes its bed, and the bee murmurs, for the proud cedar or the mountain-pine, in which the eagle builds its eyry,

‘and dallies with the wind, and seorns the sun.’—He wished to make of idle verse and idler prose the frame-work of the universe, and to bind all possible existence in the visionary chain of intellectual beauty—

‘More subtle web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in th’ air more lightly flee.’

Perhaps some lurking sense of his own deficiencies in the lofty walk which he attempted, irritated his impatience and his desires; and urged him on, with winged hopes, to atone for past failures, by more arduous efforts, and more unavailing struggles.

With all his faults, Mr Shelley was an honest man. His unbelief and his presumption were parts of a disease, which was not combined in him either with indifference to human happiness, or contempt for human infirmities. There was neither selfishness nor malice at the bottom of his illusions. He was sincere in all his professions; and he practised what he preached—to his own sufficient cost. He followed up the letter and the spirit of his theoretical principles in his own person, and was ready to share both the benefit and the penalty with others. He thought and acted logically, and was what he professed to be, a sincere lover of truth, of nature, and of human kind. To all the rage of paradox, he united an unaccountable candour and severity of reasoning: in spite of an aristocratic education, he retained in his manners the simplicity of a primitive apostle. An Epicurean in his sentiments, he lived with the frugality and abstemiousness of an ascetic. His fault was, that he had no deference for the opinions of others, too little sympathy with their feelings (which he thought he had a right to sacrifice, as well as his own, to a grand ethical experiment)—and trusted too implicitly to the light of his own mind, and to the warmth of his own impulses. He was indeed the most striking example we remember of the two extremes described by Lord Bacon as the great impediments to human improvement, the love of Novelty, and the love of Antiquity. ‘The first of these (impediments) is an extreme affection of two extremities, the one Antiquity, the other Novelty; wherein it seemeth the children of time do take after the nature and malice of the father. For as he devoureth his children, so one of them seeketh to devour and suppress the other; while Antiquity envieth there should be new additions, and Novelty cannot be content to add, but it may decrease. Surely the advice of the Prophet is the true direction in this matter: *Stand upon the old ways, and see which is the right and good way, and walk therein.* Antiquity deserveth

‘ discover what is the best way ; but when the discovery is well taken, then to take progression. And to speak truly, *Antiquitas seculi Juventas mundi*. These times are the ancient times, when the world is ancient, and not those which we count ancient, *ordine retrogrado*, by a computation backwards from ourselves.’ (ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING, Book I. p. 46.)—Such is the text : and Mr Shelley’s writings are a splendid commentary on one half of it. Considered in this point of view, his career may not be un instructive even to those whom it most offended ; and might be held up as a beacon and warning no less to the bigot than the sciolist. We wish to speak of the errors of a man of genius with tenderness. His nature was kind, and his sentiments noble ; but in him the rage of free inquiry and private judgment amounted to a species of madness. Whatever was new, untried, unheard of, unauthorized, exerted a kind of fascination over his mind. The examples of the world, the opinion of others, instead of acting as a check upon him, served but to impel him forward with double velocity in his wild and hazardous career. Spurning the world of realities, he rushed into the world of nonentities and contingencies, like air into a *vacuum*. If a thing was old and established, this was with him a certain proof of its having no solid foundation to rest upon : if it was new, it was good and right. Every paradox was to him a self-evident truth ; every prejudice an undoubted absurdity. The weight of authority, the sanction of ages, the common consent of mankind, were vouchers only for ignorance, error, and imposture. Whatever shocked the feelings of others, conciliated his regard ; whatever was light, extravagant, and vain, was to him a proportionable relief from the dulness and stupidity of established opinions. The worst of it however was, that he thus gave great encouragement to those who believe in all received absurdities, and are wedded to all existing abuses : his extravagance seeming to sanction their grossness and selfishness, as theirs were a full justification of his folly and eccentricity. The two extremes in this way often meet, jostle,—and confirm one another. The infirmities of age are a foil to the presumption of youth ; and ‘ there the ‘ anties sit,’ mocking one another—the ape Sophistry pointing with reckless scorn at ‘ palsied old,’ and the bed-ridden hag, Legitimacy, rattling her chains, counting her beads, dipping her hands in blood, and blessing herself from all change and from every appeal to common sense and reason ! Opinion thus alternates in a round of contradictions : the impatience or obstinacy of the human mind takes part with, and flies off to one or other of the two extremes ‘ of affec-

tion' and leaves a horrid gap, a blank sense and feeling in the middle, which seems never likely to be filled up, without a total change in our mode of proceeding. The martello-towers with which we are to repress, if we cannot destroy, the systems of fraud and oppression should not be castles in the air, or clouds in the verge of the horizon, but the enormous and accumulated pile of abuses which have arisen out of their own continuance. The principles of sound morality, liberty and humanity, are not to be found only in a few recent writers, who have discovered the secret of the greatest happiness to the greatest numbers, but are truths as old as the creation. To be convinced of the existence of wrong, we should read history rather than poetry: the levers with which we must work out our regeneration are not the cobwebs of the brain, but the warm, palpitating fibres of the human heart. It is the collision of passions and interests, the petulance of party-spirit, and the perversities of self-will and self-opinion that have been the great obstacles to social improvement—not stupidity or ignorance; and the caricaturing one side of the question and shocking the most pardonable prejudices on the other, is not the way to allay heats or produce unanimity. By flying to the extremes of scepticism, we make others shrink back, and shut themselves up in the strongholds of bigotry and superstition—by mixing up doubtful or offensive matters with salutary and demonstrable truths, we bring the whole into question, fly-blow the cause, risk the principle, and give a handle and a pretext to the enemy to treat all philosophy and all reform as a compost of erude, chaotic, and monstrous absurdities. We thus arm the virtues as well as the vices of the community against us; we trifle with their understandings, and exasperate their self-love; we give to superstition and injustice all their old security and sanctity, as if they were the only alternatives of impiety and profligacy, and league the natural with the selfish prejudices of mankind in hostile array against us. To this consummation, it must be confessed that too many of Mr Shelley's productions pointedly tend. He makes no account of the opinions of others, or the consequences of any of his own; but proceeds—tasking his reason to the utmost to account for every thing, and discarding every thing as mystery and error for which he cannot account by an effort of mere intelligence—measuring man, providence, nature, and even his own heart, by the limits of the understanding—now hallowing high mysteries, now desecrating pure sentiments, according as they fall in with or exceeded those limits; and exalting and purifying, with Promethean heat,

Mr Shelly died, it seems, with a volume of Mr Keats's poetry grasped with one hand in his bosom! These are two out of four poets, patriots and friends, who have visited Italy within a few years, both of whom have been soon hurried to a more distant shore. Keats died young; and 'yet his infelicity 'had years too many.' A canker had blighted the tender bloom that o'erspread a face in which youth and genius strove with beauty. The shaft was sped—venal, vulgar, venomous, that drove him from his country, with sickness and penny for companions, and followed him to his grave. And yet there are those who could trample on the faded flower—men to whom breaking hearts are a subject of merriment—who laugh loud over the silent urn of Genius, and play out their game of venality and infamy with the crumbling bones of their victims! To this band of immortals a third has since been added!—a mightier genius, a haughtier spirit, whose stubborn impatience and Achilles-like pride only Death could quell. Greece, Italy, the world, have lost their poet-hero; and his death has spread a wider gloom, and been recorded with a deeper awe, than has waited on the obsequies of any of the many great who have died in our remembrance. Even detraction has been silent at his tomb; and the more generous of his enemies have fallen into the rank of his mourners. But he set like the sun in his glory; and his orb was greatest and brightest at the last; for his memory is now consecrated no less by freedom than genius. He probably fell a martyr to his zeal against tyrants. He attached himself to the cause of Greece, and dying, clung to it with a convulsive grasp, and has thus gained a niche in her history; for whatever *she* claims as hers is immortal, even in decay, as the marble sculptures on the columns of her fallen temples!

The volume before us is introduced by an imperfect but touching Preface by Mrs Shelley, and consists almost wholly of original pieces, with the exception of *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*, which was out of print; and the admirable Translation of the *May-day Night*, from Goethe's *Faustus*.

Julian and Maddalo (the first Poem in the collection) is a Conversation or Tale, full of that thoughtful and romantic humanity, but rendered perplexing and unattractive by that veil of shadowy or of glittering obscurity, which distinguished Mr Shelley's writings. The depth and tenderness of his feelings seems often to have interfered with the expression of them, as the sight becomes blind with tears. A dull, waterish vapour, clouds the aspect of his philosophical poetry, like that mysterious gloom which he has himself described as hanging over the Medusa's Head of Leonardo da Vinci. The metre of this

poem, too, will not be pleasing to every body. It is in the antique taste of the rhyming parts of Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson—blank verse in its freedom and unbroken flow, falling into rhymes that appear altogether accidental—very colloquial in the diction—and sometimes sufficiently prosaic. But it is easier showing than describing it. We give the introductory passage.

‘ I rode one evening with Count Maddalo
 Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow
 Of Adria towards Venice : a bare strand
 Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,
 Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
 Such as from earth’s embrace the salt ooze breeds,
 Is this ; an uninhabited sea-side,
 Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
 Abandons ; and no other object breaks
 The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
 Broken and unrepaired, and the tide makes
 A narrow space of level sand thereon,
 Where ’twas our wont to ride while day went down.
 This ride was my delight. I love all waste
 And solitary places ; where we taste
 The pleasure of believing what we see
 Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be :
 And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
 More barren than its billows ; and yet more
 Than all, with a remember’d friend I love
 To ride as then I rode ;—for the winds drove
 The living spray along the sunny air
 Into our faces ; the blue heavens were bare,
 Stripped to their depths by the awakening North ;
 And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth
 Harmonising with solitude, and sent
 Into our hearts aerial merriment.
 So, as we rode, we talked ; and the swift thought,
 Winging itself with laughter, lingered not,
 But flew from brain to brain,—such glee was ours,
 Charged with light memories of remembered hours,
 None slow enough for sadness : till we came
 Homeward, which always makes the spirit tame.’ &c.
 ‘ Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight
 O’er the horizon of the mountains—Oh !
 How beautiful is sunset, when the glow
 Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,
 Thou paradise of exiles, Italy !
 Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the towers

To stand on thee, beholding it : and then,
Just where we had dismounted, the Count's men
Were waiting for us with the gondola.
As those who pause on some delightful way,
Tho' bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood,
Looking upon the evening and the flood,
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky ; the hoar
And aery Alps, towards the North, appeared,
Thro' mist, an heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared
Between the east and west ; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many-folded hills—they were
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido thro' the harbour piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles—
And then, as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolv'd into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent. " Ere it fade,"
Said my companion, " I will show you soon
A better station. " So, o'er the lagune
We glided ; and from that funereal bark
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark
How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,
Its temples and its palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven.
I was about to speak, when—" We are even
Now at the point I meant "—said Maddalo,
And bade the gondolieri cease to row.
" Look, Julian, on the west, and listen well
If you hear not a deep and heavy bell. "
I looked, and saw between us and the sun
A building on an island, such an one
As age to age might add, for uses vile—
A windowless, deformed, and dreary pile ;
And on the top an open tower, where hung
A bell, which in the radiance swayed and swung,
We could just hear its hoarse and iron tongue :
The broad sun sank behind it, and it tolled
In strong and black relief. " What you behold

Shall be the madhouse and its belfrey tower,"—
Said Maddalo, "and even at this hour,
Those who may cross the water hear that bell,
Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell,
To vespers," &c.

' The broad star
Of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill ;
And the black bell became invisible ;
And the red tower looked grey ; and all between,
The churches, ships, and palaces, were seen
Huddled in gloom. Into the purple sea
The orange hues of heaven sunk silently.
We hardly spoke, and soon the gondola
Conveyed me to my lodging by the way.'

The march of these lines is, it must be confessed, slow, solemn, sad : there is a sluggishness of feeling, a dearth of imagery, an unpleasant glare of lurid light. It appears to us, that in some poets, as well as in some painters, the organ of colour (to speak in the language of the adepts) predominates over that of form ; and Mr Shelley is of the number. We have everywhere a profusion of dazzling hues, of glancing splendours, of floating shadows, but the objects on which they fall are bare, indistinct, and wild. There is something in the preceding extract that reminds us of the arid style and matter of Crabbe's versification, or that apes the labour and throes of parturition of Wordsworth's blank-verse. It is the preface to a story of Love and Madness—of mental anguish and philosophic remedies—not very intelligibly told, and left with most of its mysteries unexplained, in the true spirit of the modern metaphysical style—in which we suspect there is a due mixture of affectation and meagreness of invention.

This poem is, however, in Mr Shelley's best and *least mannered* manner. If it has less brilliancy, it has less extravagance and confusion. It is in his stanza-poetry, that his Muse chiefly runs riot, and baffles all pursuit of common comprehension or critical acumen. *The Witch of Atlas*, the *Triumph of Life*, and *Marianne's Dream*, are rhapsodies or allegories of this description ; full of fauey and of fire, with glowing allusions and wild machinery, but which it is difficult to read through, from the disjointedness of the materials, the incongruous metaphors and violent transitions, and of which, after reading them through, it is impossible, in most instances, to guess the drift or the moral. They abound in horrible imaginings, like records of a ghastly dream ;—life, death, genius, beauty, victory, earth, air, ocean, the trophies of the past, the shadows of the world to come, are

all that appears clear, is the passion and paroxysm of thought of the poet's spirit. The poem entitled the *Triumph of Life*, is in fact a new and terrific *Dance of Death*; but it is thus Mr Shelley transposes the appellations of the commonest things, and subsists only in the violence of contrast. How little this poem is deserving of its title, how worthy it is of its author, what an example of the waste of power, and of genius 'made as flax,' and devoured by its own elementary ardours, let the reader judge from the concluding stanzas.

. "The grove
 Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,
 The earth was grey with phantoms, and the air
 Was peopled with dim forms; as when there hovers
 A flock of vampire-bats before the glare
 Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,
 Strange night upon some Indian vale;—thus were
 Phantoms diffused around; and some did fling
 Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,
 Behind them; some like eaglets on the wing
 Were lost in the white day; others like elves
 Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes
 Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;
 And others sate chattering shrill like restless apes
 On vulgar hands, * * * * *
 Some made a cradle of the ermined capes
 Of kingly mantles; some across the tire
 Of pontiffs rode, like demons; others played
 Under the crown which girded with empire
 A baby's or an idiot's brow, and made
 Their nests in it. The old anatomies
 Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade
 Of demon wings, and laughed from their dead eyes
 To reassume the delegated power,
 Array'd in which those worms did monarchize,
 Who make this earth their charnel. Others more
 Humble, like falcons, sate upon the fist
 Of common men, and round their heads did soar;
 Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist
 On evening marshes, thronged about the brow
 Of lawyers, statesmen, priest and theorist;—
 And others, like discoloured flakes of snow,
 On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,
 Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow
 Which they extinguished * * * * *

Shall be the madhouse and its belfrey tower,"—
 Said Maddalo, "and even at this hour,
 Those who may cross the water hear that bell,
 Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell,
 To vespers," &c.

' The broad star
 Of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill ;
 And the black bell became invisible ;
 And the red tower looked grey ; and all between,
 The churches, ships, and palaces, were seen
 Huddled in gloom. Into the purple sea
 The orange hues of heaven sunk silently.
 We hardly spoke, and soon the gondola
 Conveyed me to my lodging by the way. '

The march of these lines is, it must be confessed, slow, solemn, sad : there is a sluggishness of feeling, a dearth of imagery, an unpleasant glare of lurid light. It appears to us, that in some poets, as well as in some painters, the organ of colour (to speak in the language of the adepts) predominates over that of form ; and Mr Shelley is of the number. We have everywhere a profusion of dazzling hues, of glancing splendours, of floating shadows, but the objects on which they fall are bare, indistinct, and wild. There is something in the preceding extract that reminds us of the arid style and matter of Crabbe's versification, or that apes the labour and throes of parturition of Wordsworth's blank-verse. It is the preface to a story of Love and Madness—of mental anguish and philosophic remedies—not very intelligibly told, and left with most of its mysteries unexplained, in the true spirit of the modern metaphysical style—in which we suspect there is a due mixture of affectation and meagreness of invention.

This poem is, however, in Mr Shelley's best and *least mannered* manner. If it has less brilliancy, it has less extravagance and confusion. It is in his stanza-poetry, that his Muse chiefly runs riot, and baffles all pursuit of common comprehension or critical acumen. The *Witch of Atlas*, the *Triumph of Life*, and *Marianne's Dream*, are rhapsodies or allegories of this description ; full of fancy and of fire, with glowing allusions and wild machinery, but which it is difficult to read through, from the disjointedness of the materials, the incongruous metaphors and violent transitions, and of which, after reading them through, it is impossible, in most instances, to guess the drift or the moral. They abound in horrible imaginings, like records of a ghastly dream ;—life, death, genius, beauty, victory, earth, air, ocean, the trophies of the past, the shadows of the world to come, are ~~huddled~~ ^{handled} together in a strange and hurried dance of words, and

all that appears clear, is the passion and paroxysm of thought of the poet's spirit. The poem entitled the *Triumph of Life*, is in fact a new and terrific *Dance of Death*; but it is thus Mr Shelley transposes the appellations of the commonest things, and subsists only in the violence of contrast. How little this poem is deserving of its title, how worthy it is of its author, what an example of the waste of power, and of genius 'made as flax,' and devoured by its own elementary ardours, let the reader judge from the concluding stanzas.

. "The grove
 Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,
 The earth was grey with phantoms, and the air
 Was peopled with dim forms; as when there hovers
 A flock of vampire-bats before the glare
 Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,
 Strange night upon some Indian vale;—thus were
 Phantoms diffused around; and some did fling
 Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,
 Behind them; some like eaglets on the wing
 Were lost in the white day; others like elves
 Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes
 Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;
 And others sate chattering shrill like restless apes
 On vulgar hands, * * * * *
 Some made a cradle of the ermined capes
 Of kingly mantles; some across the tire
 Of pontiffs rode, like demons; others played
 Under the crown which girded with empire
 A baby's or an idiot's brow, and made
 Their nests in it. The old anatomies
 Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade
 Of demon wings, and laughed from their dead eyes
 To reassume the delegated power,
 Array'd in which those worms did monarchize,
 Who make this earth their charnel. Others more
 Humble, like falcons, sate upon the fist
 Of common men, and round their heads did soar;
 Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist
 On evening marshes, thronged about the brow
 Of lawyers, statesmen, priest and theorist;—
 And others, like discoloured flakes of snow,
 On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,
 Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow
 Which they extinguished * * * * *

The marble brow of youth was cleft
 With care; and in those eyes where once hope shone,
 Desire, even like a lioness bereft
 Of her last cub, glared ere it died; each one
 Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly
 These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown
 In autumn evening from a poplar-tree.
 Each like himself, and like each other were
 At first; but some, distorted, seemed to be
 Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air;
 And of this stuff the ear's creative ray
 Wrapt all the busy phantoms that were there,
 As the sun shapes the clouds, &c.

Any thing more filmy, enigmatical, discontinuous, unsubstantial than this, we have not seen; nor yet more full of morbid genius and vivifying soul. We cannot help preferring *The Witch of Atlas* to *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*; for, though the purport of each is equally perplexing and undefined, (both being a sort of mental voyage through the unexplored regions of space and time), the execution of the one is much less dreary and lamentable than that of the other. In the 'Witch,' he has indulged his fancy more than his melancholy, and wanted in the felicity of embryo and crude conceits even to excess.

- ' And there lay Visions, swift, and sweet, and quaint,
 Each in its thin sheath like a crysalis;
 Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint
 With the soft burthen of intensest bliss;
- ' And odours in a kind of aviary
 Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept,
 Clipt in a floating net, a love-sick Fairy
 Had woven from dew-beams while the moon yet slept;
 As bats at the wired window of a dairy,
 They beat their vans; and each was an adept,
 When loosed and missioned, making wings of winds,
 To stir sweet thoughts or sad in destined minds.' p. 34.

We give the description of the progress of the 'Witch's' boat as a slight specimen of what we have said of Mr Shelley's involved style and imagery.

- ' And down the streams which clove those mountains vast,
 Around their inland islets, and amid
 The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast
 Darkness and odours, and a pleasure hid
 In melancholy gloom, the pinnace past:
 By many a star-surrounded pyramid
 Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,
 And caverns yawning round unfathomably.

.....

' And down the earth-quaking cataracts which shiver
 Their snow-like waters into golden air,
 Or under chasms unfathomable ever
 Sepulchre them, till in their rage they tear
 A subterranean portal for the river,
 It fled—the circling *sunbows* did upbear
 Its fall down the hoar precipice of spray,
 Lighting it far upon its lampless way.'

This we conceive to be the very height of wilful extravagance and mysticism. Indeed it is curious to remark every where the proneness to the marvellous and supernatural, in one who so resolutely set his face against every received mystery, and all traditional faith. Mr Shelley must have possessed, in spite of all his obnoxious and indiscreet scepticism, a large share of credulity and wondering curiosity in his composition, which he reserved from common use, and bestowed upon his own inventions and picturesque caricatures. To every other species of imposture or disguise he was inexorable; and indeed it is his only antipathy to established creeds and legitimate crowns that ever tears the veil from his *ideal* idolatries, and renders him clear and explicit. Indignation makes him pointed and intelligible enough, and breathes into his verse a spirit very different from his own boasted spirit of Love.

The *Letter to a Friend in London* shows the author in a pleasing and familiar, but somewhat prosaic light; and his *Prince Athanase, a Fragment*, is, we suspect, intended as a portrait of the writer. It is amiable, thoughtful, and not much over-charged. We had designed to give an extract, but from the apparently personal and doubtful interest attached to it, perhaps it had better be read altogether, or not at all. We rather choose to quote a part of the *Ode to Naples*, during her brief revolution,—in which immediate and strong local feelings have at once raised and pointed Mr Shelley's style, and 'made of light-winged 'toys of feathered cupid,' the flaming ministers of Wrath and Justice.

.....
 ' Naples! thou Heart of men which ever pantest
 Naked, beneath the lidless eye of heaven!
 Elysian City which to calm enchantest
 The mutinous air and sea: they round thee, even
 As sleep round Love, are driven!
 Metropolis of a ruined Paradise
 Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained!

.....
 What though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blasphemie
 Freedom and thee! thy shield is as a mirror

To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer.

A new Acteon's error

Shall their's have been—devoured by their own hounds !

Be thou like the imperial Basilisk

Killing thy foe with unapparent wounds !

Gaze on oppression, till at that dead risk

Aghast she pass from the Earth's disk,

Fear not, but gaze—for freemen mightier grow,

And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe ;

If Hope and Truth and Justice may avail,

Thou shalt be great—All hail !

‘ Didst thou not start to hear Spain's thrilling pæan

From land to land re-echoed solemnly,

Till silence became music ? From the Ææan *

To the cold Alps, eternal Italy

Starts to hear thine ! The Sea

Which paves the desert streets of Venice, laughs

In light and music ; widowed Genoa wail

By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,

Murmuring, where is Doria ? fair Milan,

Within whose veins long ran

The vipers † palysing venom, liss her heel

To brnise his head. The signal and the seal

(If Hope and Truth and Justice can avail)

Art Thou of all these hopes.—O hail !

‘ Florence ! beneath the sun,

Of cities fairest one,

Blushes within her bower for Freedom's expectation ;

From eyes of quenchless hope

Rome tears the priestly cope,

As ruling once by power, so now by admiration,

An athlete stript to run

From a remoter station

For the high prize lost on Philippi's shore :—

As then Hope, Truth, and Justice did avail,

So now may Fraud and Wrong !—O hail !

‘ Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms

Arrayed against the everliving Gods ?

The crash and darkness of a thousand storms

Bursting their inaccessible abodes

Of crags and thunder-clouds ?

* Ææa, the island of Circe.

† The viper was the armorial device of the Visconti, tyrants of Milan.

See ye the banners blazoned to the day,
 Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride?
 Dissonant threats kill Silence far away,
 The serene Heaven which wraps our Eden, wide
 With iron light is dyed!
 The Anarchs of the North lead forth their legions,
 Like Chaos o'er creation, uncreating;
 An hundred tribes nourished on strange religions
 And lawless slaveries,—down the ærial regions
 Of the white Alps, desolating,
 Famished wolves that bide no waiting,
 Blotting the glowing footsteps of old glory,
 Trampling our columned cities into dust,
 Their dull and savage lust
 On Beauty's corse to-sickness satiating—
 They come! The fields they tread look black and hoary
 With fire—from their red feet the streams run gory!
 ' Great Spirit, deepest Love!
 Which rulest and dost move
 All things which live and are, within the Italian shore;
 Who spreadest heaven around it,
 Whose woods, rocks, waves, surround it:
 Who sittest in thy star, o'er Ocean's western floor,
 Spirit of beauty! at whose soft command
 The sunbeams and the showers distil its poison
 From the Earth's bosom chill;
 O bid those beams be each a blinding brand
 Of lightning! bid those showers be dews of poison!
 Bid the Earth's plenty kill!
 Bid thy bright heaven above,
 Whilst light and darkness bound it,
 Be their tomb who planned
 To make it ours and thine!
 Or with thine harmonising ardours fill
 And raise thy sons, as o'er the prone horizon
 Thy lamp feeds every twilight wave with fire—
 Be man's high hope and unextinct desire
 The instrument to work thy will divine!
 Then clouds from sunbeams, antelopes from leopards,
 And frowns and fears from Thee
 Would not more swiftly flee
 Than Celtic wolves from the Ausonian shepherds.
 Whatever, Spirit, from thy starry shrine
 Thou yieldest or withholdest, O let be
 This city of thy worship ever free!'

This Ode for Liberty, though somewhat turbid and over-
 loaded in the diction, we regard as a fair specimen of Mr
 Shelley's highest powers—whose eager animation wanted only a

greater sternness and solidity to be sublime. The poem is dated *September 1820*. Such were then the author's aspirations. He lived to see the result,—and yet Earth does not roll its billows over the heads of its oppressors! The reader may like to contrast with this the milder strain of the following stanzas, addressed to the same city in a softer and more desponding mood.

- ‘ The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
 The waves are dancing fast and bright,
 Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
 The purple noon's transparent light
 Around its unexpanded buds;
 Like many a voice of one delight,
 The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
 The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.
- ‘ I see the Deep's untrampled floor
 With green and purple seaweeds strown;
 I see the waves upon the shore,
 Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
 I sit upon the sands alone,
 The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
 Is flashing round me, and a tone
 Arises from its measured motion,
 How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.
- ‘ Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear,
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.
- ‘ Some might lament that I were cold,
 As I, when this sweet day is gone,
 Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
 Insults with this untimely moan;
 They might lament—for I am one
 Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
 Unlike this day, which, when the sun
 Shall on its stainless glory set,
 Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.’

We pass on to some of Mr Shelley's smaller pieces and translations, which we think are in general excellent and highly interesting. His *Hymn of Pan* we do not consider equal to Mr Keats's sounding lines in the *Endymion*. His *Mont Blanc* is full of beauties and of defects; but it is akin to its subject, and presents a wild and gloomy desolation. GINEVRA,

A fragment founded on a story in the first volume of the *Florentine Observer*, is like a troublous dream, disjointed, painful, oppressive, or like a leaden cloud, from which the big tears fall, and the spirit of the poet mutters deep-toned thunder. We are too much subject to these voluntary afflictions, these 'moods of mind,' these effusions of 'weakness and melancholy,' in the perusal of modern poetry. It has shuffled off, no doubt, its old pedantry and formality; but has at the same time lost all shape or purpose, except that of giving vent to some morbid feeling of the moment. The writer thus discharges a fit of the spleen or a paradox, and expects the world to admire and be satisfied. We are no longer annoyed at seeing the luxuriant growth of nature and fancy clipped into arm-chairs and peacocks' tails; but there is danger of having its stately products choked with unchecked underwood, or weighed down with gloomy nightshade, or eaten up with personality, like ivy clinging round and eating into the sturdy oak! The *Dirge*, at the conclusion of this fragment, is an example of the manner in which this craving after novelty, this desire 'to elevate and surprise,' leads us to 'overstep the modesty of nature,' and the bounds of decorum.

'Ere the sun through heaven once more has roll'd,
The rats in her heart
Will have made their nest,
 And the worms be alive in her golden hair,
 While the spirit that guides the sun,
 Sits throned in his flaming chair,
 She shall sleep.'

The 'worms' in this stanza are the old and traditional appendages of the grave;—the 'rats' are new and unwelcome intruders; but a modern artist would rather shock, and be disgusting and extravagant, than produce no effect at all, or be charged with a want of genius and originality. In the unfinished scenes of *Charles I.*, (a drama on which Mr Shelley was employed at his death) the *radical* humour of the author breaks forth, but 'in good set terms' and specious oratory. We regret that his premature fate has intercepted this addition to our historical drama. From the fragments before us, we are not sure that it would be fair to give any specimen.

The TRANSLATIONS from Euripides, Calderon, and Goethe in this Volume, will give great pleasure to the scholar and to the general reader. They are executed with equal fidelity and spirit. If the present publication contained only the two last pieces in it, the *Prologue in Heaven*, and the *May-day Night* of the *Faust* (the first of which Lord Leveson Gower has omitted, and the last abridged, in his very meritorious transla-

tion of that Poem), the intellectual world would receive it with an *All Hail!* We shall enrich our pages with a part of the *May-day Night*, which the Noble Poet has deemed untranslatable.

Chorus of Witches. The stubble is yellow, the corn is green,
Now to the brocken the witches go ;
The mighty multitude here may be seen
Gathering, witch and wizard, below.
Sir Urean is sitting aloft in the air ;
Hey over stock ! and hey over stone !
'Twixt witches and incubi, what shall be done ?
Tell it who dare ! tell it who dare !

A Voice. Upon a sow-swine, whose farrows were nine,
Old Baubo rideth alone.

Chorus. Honour her to whom honour is due,
Old mother Baubo, honour to you !
An able sow, with old Baubo upon her,
Is worthy of glory, and worthy of honour !
The legion of witches is coming behind,
Darkening the night, and outspeeding the wind.

A Voice. Which way comest thou ?

A Voice. Over Ilsenstein ;
The owl was awake in the white moonshine ;
I saw her at rest in her downy nest,
And she stared at me with her broad, bright eye.

Voices. And you may now as well take your course on to Hell,
Since you ride by so fast, on the headlong blast.

A Voice. She dropt poison upon me as I past.
Here are the wounds—

Chorus of Witches. Come away ! come along !
The way is wide, the way is long,
But what is that for a Bedlam throng ?
Stick with the prong, and scratch with the broom !
The child in the cradle lies strangled at home,
And the mother is clapping her hands—

Semi-Chorus of Wizards I. We glide in
Like snails when the women are all away ;
And from a house once given over to sin
Woman has a thousand steps to stray.

Semi-Chorus II. A thousand steps must a woman take,
Where a man but a single spring will make.

Voices above. Come with us, come with us, from Felunsec.

Voices below. With what joy would we fly, through the upper sky !
We are washed, we are noited, stark naked are we :
But our toil and our pain is forever in vain.

Both Chorusses. The wind is still, the stars are fled,
The melancholy moon is dead ;
The magic notes, like spark on spark,

Drizzle, whistling through the dark.

Come away !

Voices below. Stay, oh stay !

Meph. What thronging, dashing, raging, rustling ;
What whispering, babbling, hissing, hustling ;
What glimmering, spurting, stinking, burning,
As Heaven and Earth were overturning.
There is a true witch-element about us.
Take hold on me, or we shall be divided—
Where are you ?

Faust (*from a distance.*) Here.

Meph. What !

I must exert my authority in the house.
Place for young Voland ! Pray make way, good people.
Take hold on me, Doctor, and with one step
Let us escape from this unpleasant crowd :
They are too mad for people of my sort.
I see young witches naked there, and old ones
Wisely attired with greater decency.
Be guided now by me, and you shall buy
A pound of pleasure with a drachm of trouble.
I hear them tune their instruments—one must
Get used to this damned scraping. Come, I'll lead you
Among them ; and what there you do and see
As a fresh compact 'twixt us two shall be.
How say you now ? This space is wide enough—
Look forth, you cannot see the end of it—
An hundred bonfires burn in rows, and they
Who throng around them seem innumerable :
Dancing and drinking, jabbering, making love,
And cooking are at work. Now tell me, friend,
What is there better in the world than this ?

Faust. In introducing us, do you assume
The character of wizzard or of devil ?

Meph. In truth, I generally go about
In strict incognito : and yet one likes
To wear one's orders upon gala days.
I have no ribbon at my knee ; but here
At home, the cloven foot is honourable.
See you that snail there ?—she comes creeping up,
And with her feeling eyes hath smelt out something.
I could not, if I would, mask myself here.
Come now, we'll go about from fire to fire :
I'll be the pimp and you shall be the lover.' p. 409.

The preternatural imagery in all this medley is, we confess, (comparatively speaking) meagre and monotonous ; but there is a squalid nudity, and a fiendish irony and scorn thrown over the whole, that is truly edifying. The scene presently after proceeds thus.

Meph. Why do you let that fair girl pass from you,
Who sung so sweetly to you in the dance?

Faust. A red mouse in the middle of her singing
Sprung from her mouth!

Meph. That was all right, my friend;
Be it enough that the mouse was not grey.
Do not disturb your hour of happiness
With close consideration of such trifles.

Faust. Then saw I—

Meph. What?

Faust. Seest thou not a pale
Fair girl, standing alone, far, far away?
She drags herself now forward with slow steps,
And seems as if she moved with shackled feet:
I cannot overcome the thought that she
Is like poor Margaret!

Meph. Let it be—pass on—
No good can come of it—it is not well
To meet it.—It is an enchanted phantom,
A lifeless idol; with its numbing look
It freezes up the blood of man; and they
Who meet its ghastly stare are turned to stone,
Like those who saw Medusa.

Faust. Oh, too true!
Her eyes are like the eyes of a fresh corpse
Which no beloved hand has closed, alas!
That is the heart which Margaret yielded to me—
Those are the lovely limbs which I enjoyed!

Meph. It is all magic, poor deluded fool;
She looks to every one like his first love.

Faust. Oh, what delight! what woe! I cannot turn
My looks from her sweet piteous countenance.
How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!

Meph. Aye, she can carry
Her head under her arm upon occasion;
Perseus has cut it off for her! These pleasures
End in delusion!—

The latter part of the foregoing scene is to be found in both translations; but we prefer Mr Shelley's, if not for its elegance, for its simplicity and force. Lord Leveson Gower has given, at the end of his volume, a translation of Lessing's *Faust*, as having perhaps furnished the hint for the larger production. There is an old tragedy of our own, founded on the same tradition, by Marlowe, in which the author has treated the subject according to the spirit of poetry, and the learning of his age. He has not evaded the main incidents of the fable (it was not the

fashion of the dramatists of his day), nor sink the chief character in glosses and episodes (however subtle or alluring), but has described Faustus's love of learning, his philosophic dreams and raptures, his religious horrors and melancholy fate, with appropriate gloom or gorgeousness of colouring. The character of the old enthusiastic inquirer after the philosopher's stone, and dealer with the Devil, is nearly lost sight of in the German play : its bold development forms the chief beauty and strength of the old English one. We shall not, we hope, be accused of wandering too far from the subject, if we conclude with some account of it in the words of a contemporary writer. ' *The Life and Death of Dr Faustus*, though an imperfect and unequal performance, is Marlowe's greatest work. Faustus himself is a rude sketch, but is a gigantic one. This character may be considered as a personification of the pride of will and eagerness of curiosity, sublimed beyond the reach of fear and remorse. He is hurried away, and, as it were, devoured by a tormenting desire to enlarge his knowledge to the utmost bounds of nature and art, and to extend his power with his knowledge. He would realize all the fictions of a lawless imagination, would solve the most subtle speculations of abstract reason; and for this purpose, sets at defiance all mortal consequences, and leagues himself with demoniacal power, with " fate and metaphysical aid." The idea of witchcraft and necromancy, once the dread of the vulgar, and the darling of the visionary recluse, seems to have had its origin in the restless tendency of the human mind, to conceive of, and aspire to, more than it can achieve by natural means; and in the obscure apprehension, that the gratification of this extravagant and unauthorized desire can only be attained by the sacrifice of all our ordinary hopes and better prospects, to the infernal agents that lend themselves to its accomplishment. Such is the foundation of the present story. Faustus, in his impatience to fulfil at once, and for a few short years, all the desires and conceptions of his soul, is willing to give in exchange his soul and body to the great enemy of mankind. Whatever he fancies, becomes by this means present to his sense : whatever he commands, is done. He calls back time past, and anticipates the future : the visions of antiquity pass before him, Babylon in all its glory, Paris and C  none : all the projects of philosophers, or creations of the poet, pay tribute at his feet : all the delights of fortune, of ambition, of pleasure and of learning, are centred in his person ; and, from a short-lived dream of supreme felicity and drunken power, he sinks into an abyss of darkness and perdition. This is the alternative to which he submits ;

' the bond which he signs with his blood ! As the outline of
 ' the character is grand and daring, the execution is abrupt
 ' and fearful. The thoughts are vast and irregular, and the
 ' style halts and staggers under them. ' *

ART. XI. *L'Europe et l'Amerique en 1822 et 1823.* Par M.
 DE PRADT, Ancien Archevêque de Malines. 2 vols. 8vo.
 1824.

WE are naturally led, on reading a title like this, to ask ourselves what is the design of the author. Are we to be favoured with a picture of the sciences, arts and commerce, of the two worlds? or of their laws and institutions? or with a sketch of their manners? or an account of the soil and climate of these two quarters of the globe? No such matter. M. de Pradt condescends to no such vulgar and narrow themes; and deals only with those great questions that divide mankind. In his first Chapter, he discusses, in a few pages, the subject of '*human societies*'—in the second, he throws a glance over *the world*, which occupies only six short pages. He then takes a more special, but still more hasty view of *Europe*, which is comprised in a few lines. He does not, however, rest satisfied with these distant prospects. After considering things in this general point of view, he proceeds to examine, in separate chapters, the different States of Europe and America: We have Russia and Guatimala, Prussia and Brazil, Chile and Austria. The smallest states have their chapter as well as the greatest, and Switzerland figures by the side of England. The most remarkable thing here is the total omission of France. On looking anxiously for his chapter on that country, with which he must of course be best acquainted, we were not a little surprised to find that M. de Pradt had left it out entirely! This portentous omission we shall endeavour in the sequel to supply.

Although M. de Pradt professes to treat of *Europe and America*, he really discusses only a few of the political principles by which he is pleased to suppose that these two Continents are respectively distinguished. These are, on the one hand, the views of the Holy Alliance, reduced to general maxims; and, on the other, the doctrines which place the foundation of Government in the will and interests of the People. The struggle of those principles, however, exists not only between the Continent of Europe and that of America, but also on the European Continent itself, between the Governments and a large

* Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the age of Elizabeth.

part of their population. What is to be the final result of that great struggle, it would be presumption perhaps to predict: but it cannot be without interest to collect and digest the facts, in past and present story, on which all rational anticipation must rest.

The only Governments which M. de Pradt considers as parts of the Holy Alliance, are those of Russia, Austria and Prussia. He assigns no reason for excluding from this Confederation the Governments of France, Naples, Spain, Portugal, and their dependencies; which seem to us, all of them, to be pursuing the same ends by the same means, in so far as they can command them. If there be any distinction at all, it consists only in the greater or less degree of violence which they are prepared to employ for the accomplishment of their ends.

What then are truly the views of the Holy Alliance, and what the means, by which they expect to obtain them? The answer, if given in detail, might assume something of a complicated appearance, because each Government has interests and means, in some measure peculiar to itself; but it may safely be stated in general, that each member of the Holy Alliance wishes to establish and to preserve within its own territory, Absolute Power by means of Military Force; though each state may not act on its neighbours, under the influence of the same immediate interests.

Nations, it should always be remembered, exercise on each other a very important influence, without intending, and almost without knowing that they do so. It is impossible that one nation should see another happier, freer and better governed than itself, without envying its condition, and aspiring after the same advantages. The mere existence therefore of a state enjoying prosperity and good government in the neighbourhood of others, who do not enjoy them, must operate as a perpetual incentive to reform, and, if necessary, to revolution. Either the happiness of the former must be destroyed therefore, or the latter must in some way or other rise to its level: And this, in one word, is the reason that liberty finds it so difficult to gain a footing on the European Continent, and despotism in America.

This tendency, however, which every government more or less despotic has, to surround itself with others more degraded than itself, and thus to secure itself from the influence of what it terms *bad example*, must at last meet with obstacles which are insurmountable. It is very true, that since the suppression of the Constitutional Government of Naples, the Austrian States of Italy have little reason to envy the Neapolitans; and the French have still less to envy the fortune of Spain, since France has undertaken the task of introducing *good order* into that unhappy

' the bond which he signs with his blood ! As the outline of the character is grand and daring, the execution is abrupt and fearful. The thoughts are vast and irregular, and the style halts and staggers under them.' *

ART. XI. *L'Europe et l'Amérique en 1822 et 1823*. Par M. DE PRADT, Ancien Archevêque de Malines. 2 vols. 8vo. 1824.

WE are naturally led, on reading a title like this, to ask ourselves what is the design of the author. Are we to be favoured with a picture of the sciences, arts and commerce, of the two worlds? or of their laws and institutions? or with a sketch of their manners? or an account of the soil and climate of these two quarters of the globe? No such matter. M. de Pradt condescends to no such vulgar and narrow themes; and deals only with those great questions that divide mankind. In his first Chapter, he discusses, in a few pages, the subject of '*human societies*'—in the second, he throws a glance over *the world*, which occupies only six short pages. He then takes a more special, but still more hasty view of *Europe*, which is comprised in a few lines. He does not, however, rest satisfied with these distant prospects. After considering things in this general point of view, he proceeds to examine, in separate chapters, the different States of Europe and America: We have Russia and Guatimala, Prussia and Brazil, Chile and Austria. The smallest states have their chapter as well as the greatest, and Switzerland figures by the side of England. The most remarkable thing here is the total omission of France. On looking anxiously for his chapter on that country, with which he must of course be best acquainted, we were not a little surprised to find that M. de Pradt had left it out entirely! This portentous omission we shall endeavour in the sequel to supply.

Although M. de Pradt professes to treat of *Europe and America*, he really dissenes only a few of the political principles by which he is pleased to suppose that these two Continents are respectively distinguished. There are, on the one hand, the views of the Holy Alliance, reduced to general maxims; and, on the other, the doctrines which place the foundation of Government in the will and interests of the People. The struggle of those principles, however, exists not only between the Continent of Europe and that of America, but also on the European Continent itself, between the Governments and a large

* Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the age of Elizabeth.

part of their population. What is to be the final result of that great struggle, it would be presumption perhaps to predict: but it cannot be without interest to collect and digest the facts, in past and present story, on which all rational anticipation must rest.

The only Governments which M. de Pradt considers as parts of the Holy Alliance, are those of Russia, Austria and Prussia. He assigns no reason for excluding from this Confederation the Governments of France, Naples, Spain, Portugal, and their dependencies; which seem to us, all of them, to be pursuing the same ends by the same means, in so far as they can command them. If there be any distinction at all, it consists only in the greater or less degree of violence which they are prepared to employ for the accomplishment of their ends.

What then are truly the views of the Holy Alliance, and what the means, by which they expect to obtain them? The answer, if given in detail, might assume something of a complicated appearance, because each Government has interests and means, in some measure peculiar to itself; but it may safely be stated in general, that each member of the Holy Alliance wishes to establish and to preserve within its own territory, Absolute Power by means of Military Force; though each state may not act on its neighbours, under the influence of the same immediate interests.

Nations, it should always be remembered, exercise on each other a very important influence, without intending, and almost without knowing that they do so. It is impossible that one nation should see another happier, freer and better governed than itself, without envying its condition, and aspiring after the same advantages. The mere existence therefore of a state enjoying prosperity and good government in the neighbourhood of others, who do not enjoy them, must operate as a perpetual incentive to reform, and, if necessary, to revolution. Either the happiness of the former must be destroyed therefore, or the latter must in some way or other rise to its level: And this, in one word, is the reason that liberty finds it so difficult to gain a footing on the European Continent, and despotism in America.

This tendency, however, which every government more or less despotic has, to surround itself with others more degraded than itself, and thus to secure itself from the influence of what it terms *bad example*, must at last meet with obstacles which are insurmountable. It is very true, that since the suppression of the Constitutional Government of Naples, the Austrian States of Italy have little reason to envy the Neapolitans; and the French have still less to envy the fortune of Spain, since France has undertaken the task of introducing *good order* into that unhappy

country. But if the members of the Holy Alliance wish really to destroy the influence of bad example, they must go a little farther. The same principle which led France to carry its arms into Spain, should lead Russia and Austria to adopt the same system with Germany and France. For there is still enough of liberty, even in these countries, to set a bad example to Austria and Russia—and it is still worse with England. The influence of the press is also a strong bond of union among nations; and until the despotic sovereigns of the Continent succeed in unteaching their subjects to read, they never can believe themselves secure from its operation, while England and America preserve their liberty.

The ultimate consequences of the Holy Alliance are likely, we think, to be very different from those which are contemplated either by its enemies or by its members; although at first sight, we admit, that they are big with alarm and danger. In despotic states, the fear of insurrection is, in truth, the only check upon the monarch and his deputies; and were this check once withdrawn, there is no excess to which they might not abandon themselves with impunity. Now, the Holy Alliance does seem, for the time, to secure its members from any apprehension of popular commotions. Each state requires only to have at hand a force sufficient to prevent surprise, and she may then bid defiance to insurrection; for she knows she is surrounded by an immense foreign army, ready to pour in upon her on the first signal. It is thus that Spain is kept in check by the armies of France; Italy by those of the House of Austria; Germany by the troops of Russia and Austria; while France herself is surrounded by all the armies of Europe; and the experience she has acquired must have taught her not rashly to provoke their hostility. Thus, each government, conscious of its security against the consequences of public discontent,—subject to no law,—consulting no opinion, and checked by no vain scruples of morality, may indulge its wishes without restraint. The king of Spain, restored to his power, may execute those whom he caressed the evening before;—the king of Portugal may banish his friends, and load with favours the men whom he denounced as public enemies; the King of France may proscribe those whom he has pardoned, and swear eternal fidelity to the Charter, and trample it under foot—once at least in every year; the King of Prussia, after exciting his subjects to resist a foreign yoke by the promise of a constitution, may shut up in his state-prisons any one who happens to have a more retentive memory than himself; and the Emperor of Austria may imprison, or put to death at his pleasure, those who have been convicted of attachment to their country.—All of them, in short, may,

with apparent impunity, violate their engagements, and, at the same time, accuse their subjects of treachery !

The new relations which the Holy Alliance has established among the Continental governments, have not only changed the ancient order of things, but altered the old meaning of words. A king, who obeys the general laws of society, and respects, either through choice or necessity, the rules of justice, is *un roi esclave* ; but a king, who comes in the train of a foreign army, or mingles with a faction, which owes its triumph to military force, is *un roi libre* ;—as if the liberty of a king consisted only in his power of doing wrong ! To break an oath, which has been extorted by despotism, is *treason*—but to violate the oath which binds the monarch to govern according to the laws, is a noble assertion of *liberty*—even though the violator should be also the author of the laws !

The operations of the Holy Alliance are not confined to the suppression of popular movements. It is its object also to counteract every attempt on the part of any of its members to ameliorate the national institutions. The King of Naples, when surrounded by his brethren at the Congress, declares that the promises he had made to his subjects were intentionally false ; that he had sworn fidelity to the constitution, only to secure to himself the means of subverting it—that he had promised to the Neapolitans to attend the Congress, to avert the storm with which their liberties were threatened, but that, in fact, he came there only to invoke the assistance of an Austrian army to stifle them in blood. The king of Spain, who styled himself free in the midst of the Cortes, called himself equally free when placed by the French in the hands of his confessor and the army of the Faith—and retracted at once every thing he had asserted before. We do not pretend to determine which of these declarations—or whether any of them—was true : But we must be allowed to say, that had the constitution of Spain, of Portugal, and of Naples, been framed spontaneously by the sovereigns of these countries—had they really emanated, in the language of the Holy Allies, from the free grace of their monarchs,—they would not, on that account, have been less certainly overthrown by that apostolical brotherhood. We are quite willing to believe, that the Emperor of Austria has a great affection for the King of Naples ; that he feels a personal gratification in seeing him exercising an unlimited power over his subjects, and disposing at his pleasure of their persons and property. But we must be permitted to doubt whether he is influenced *merely* by fraternal regard when he marches his armies into the Neapolitan territory. These royal *penchants* are unknown, even in romance. The case is the same with regard to the invasion of Spain by the French.

We have no doubt that there exists a strong personal sympathy between Louis and his cousin of Spain, and that the French ministry are strongly attached to the government of Spain and the soldiers of the Faith. But we cannot quite believe that Louis XVIII. and his ministers would have wasted men and money merely to restore to Ferdinand and his monkish associates the pleasures of arbitrary power?—to enable him, for example, to proscrihe the Constitutionalists, and to hang Riego on a gallows sixty feet high?—No. The real object of Austria and the Holy Alliance in overturning the Constitutional government of Naples, and restoring arbitrary power, was to destroy what they term '*moral contagion*;'—to withdraw from the other Italian States, the dangerous spectacle of a more just and protecting government. Had the constitution of Naples continued to exist, they felt that the rest of Italy must either have shaken off the yoke of Austria, or obtained from it a similar constitution. In the same way, the object of the French ministry, and of the Holy Alliance, in making war on Spain, was to put a stop to another of these sources of *moral contagion*, and to save France from the *demoralizing* influence of a National Assembly, which ventured to think for itself, and to consult the interests of its country.

It was of no consequence, in this question, whether the Kings of Spain and of Naples had acted freely and voluntarily, or not. Had the constitutions of these countries emanated from their sovereigns and their ministers alone, would this have in any way affected the existence of the *moral contagion* which was dreaded by the Holy Alliance? Could it have prevented the unreformed governments from becoming unpopular by the contrast, or lessened the disposition of their subjects to amend them? On the contrary, its effects must have been to increase these tendencies, by increasing their confidence in the sincerity of the new governments. The wars against Spain and Naples then would have equally taken place, had the constitutions of these states been framed by their kings. The Holy Alliance would still have declared, without hesitation, that these monarchs had not been *free*; and, in order to restore them to liberty, would have placed them in the hands of military keepers of their own. The consequence to be drawn from this is indeed a fearful one,—that every member of the Holy Alliance is perfectly at liberty to destroy the laws of his country, if they are good; but that no one can venture to ameliorate them, however wretched they may be. The Prussian government, for instance, may destroy the few good laws that are still to be found in that kingdom; but the first attempt to grant to its subjects the long promised constitution, would be the signal for the immediate advance of the armies of the Holy Alliance, to

break the fetters which government had voluntarily agreed to wear. And thus the progress of civilization on the Continent must ultimately be determined by the condition of the rudest and most barbarous of its communities, and every thing brought at last to the level of Russia, of Austria, of Hungary, and of conquered and corrupted Poland !

The Holy Alliance, while it thus links governments more closely together, does all it can to separate and keep asunder their subjects, and to keep every nation in the dark as to the true sentiments and condition of every other. By the help of alien bills and passports, no person can travel or remain in any state without the express permission of its rulers. The subjects of every monarch are marked, like cattle, with their master's mark ; and these masters have agreed to stop and deliver up any runaways that may be found on their premises. More than one Englishman has already been prevented from visiting France, because his political opinions happened to differ from those of the Vicomte de Chateaubriand. We have lately seen an exquisite specimen of the style in which political ex-communications are now issued by the head of the Holy brotherhood ; and the truth is, that there are states in Europe where a traveller is even less secure than among savages ; unless he be protected by that happy ignorance or apathy to which the pious confederates are labouring to reduce their subjects, and which the Emperor of Austria so warmly recommends to his academicians.

But it is in their commercial relations, that this national separation begins chiefly to be felt, and threatens daily to become more sensible. The Holy Alliance has not been entered into for mere vanity ; nor is the possession of absolute power coveted for purposes of ostentation. It professes, indeed, to act in the name of the *Holy Trinity* ; and every step it takes is in obedience to the *decrees of Providence* ;—but when we look beyond this mystical jargon, we perceive that its object is of a less spiritual nature. The budget is still the chief consideration. Money is still the master-spirit that puts in motion the diplomatists of the Congress—the generals that march to the destruction of Spain, the disinterested Champions of the Faith, and the ministers who mount the *tribune* to deliver homilies in the style of Atala. To make the revenue as large as possible, and to pocket as much of it as possible, is the universal principle of action. The French Ultras triumphed over Spain ; and the first speech they made to their master was simply this, ‘ Sire, le clergé demande de l’argent ; et la fidélité vous prie de ‘ne pas oublier que vous lui en avez promi.’ *

* Address of the Chamber of Deputies.

The Holy Alliance, then, must have money—and they must have much money. For this purpose taxes are necessary; and these taxes have, all over the Continent at least, had the effect of diminishing the commercial intercourse with other nations. Since taxes have multiplied in France, for instance, the French Government has been obliged to impose importation duties on foreign articles, so heavy, as almost to amount to a prohibition. And thus, while the progress of political economy should convince nations that they are mutually interested in exchanging their commodities, and that all prohibitory laws must sooner or later be fatal to commerce; the wasteful expenditure of governments, and their ignorant exactions, place a barrier between the nations of Europe, and tend to render every kind of commercial intercourse impossible.

The most alarming consideration, however, of all, is, that the Force which the Holy Alliance is enabled to wield, would seem to render its operation irresistible and eternal. According to the calculation of M. de Pradt, the governments of Austria, Prussia and Russia, have at least *fifteen hundred thousand* troops at their disposal; and if we add to this number about 300,000 which France can command, together with the supplies from the smaller States, which follow in the rear of the great—if we consider, that in none of the Continental States do there exist any institutions by which the action of this power can be controlled—that in all of them the governments direct arbitrarily the course of general education—and that the clergy uniformly cooperate with the government, and give the sanctions of religion to the maxims of despotism—we shall indeed be struck with terror at the colossal power which is thus arrayed on the side of tyranny, and the absolute helplessness of those who are its victims; and can hardly help fearing that Europe is destined to follow the example of Asia, and to become the prey of a few despots and their satellites.

'Rome,' says M. de Pradt, 'dirigea le monde du haut de son char de victoire; pendant vingt ans, Charles Quint tint bien haut les *renes* de l'Europe; Louis XIV. à la fleur de l'âge, au faite de la renommée, voulut saisir la direction de son tems: Il fut repoussé; sa domination retomba sur la civilisation, qu'en effet il a beaucoup avancé. Napoléon a joui incontestablement de ce pouvoir dirigeant; et à exercé du haut de ses huit cents mille baionnettes, et des prestiges de son génie; pendant quatorze ans toute l'occupation fut de la suivre ou de l'arrêter. Le siège de la direction est déplacé aujourd'hui; et comme le monde a toujours cédé à la supériorité constatée de la puissance, elle reside maintenant dans le pouvoir qui reunit quinze cents mille baionnettes,—et par conséquent, dans les trois puissances (la Russie, l'Autriche et la Prusse) qui disposent de cette

masse inouïe de forces ; car l'est la plus grande collection de forces humaines que le monde ait encore vue—les forces ne devant pas être comptées par le nombre seul, mais de plus par leur qualité, et à ce dernier égard rien ne manque à celles des trois puissances qui forment le fond de la Sainte Alliance, et qui sont les seules dont je traite dans cet article. . . . Les trois puissances comptent plus de quatre vingt millions de sujets ; chez elles, le principe du gouvernement est *absolu*, le mode *militaire* ; les hommes sont guerriers, expérimentés, desponiblés à toute heure ; l'administration pourvue de ressorts, ferme et bien disposée pour l'action ; l'obéissance passée en habitude, de toutes les choses la plus favorable aux gouvernements.'

We quote, and we state these things, however, rather to show that we are aware of the dangers to which liberty is exposed, than to inspire any doubt of her ultimate triumph. The grounds of our confidence in her cause we have recently explained at some length, in our observations on the present policy and future fate of arbitrary governments ; * and we shall not now resume them. The sum is, that knowledge is indestructible, and that liberty is inseparable from knowledge ; and that all the interests which support the cause of tyranny must gradually wear away, while those which point to freedom must increase, in the progress of civilization. The Holy Allies themselves have an instinctive and painful sense of this great truth ;—and have banded together accordingly, much more from a sense of their weakness than from the pride of their strength. What, indeed, is their alliance, but a *contract of mutual assurance* against great and imminent perils ?—what else the true meaning of their atrocious engagements, when reduced to plain language ? It is worth while to look a little at this,—that we may the better feel both the enormity of their pretensions, and the impossibility of their permanent success. Had this celebrated contract, instead of being framed by a Jesuit, been drawn up in explicit terms by a notary, it must have run pretty much as follows. ' We, the parties hereto subscribing, legitimate Sovereigns and absolute masters of our respective kingdoms, Considering that the people of all countries have a diseased appetite for freedom, and are sometimes bold enough to revolt against the commands of their masters,—and that, in consequence of this evil propensity, it has happened more than once that certain kings have lost their crowns, and been deprived of their legitimate possessions ; that the house of Tarquin, for example, was driven from Rome on certain frivolous

* Vol. xxxix. p. 285, &c.

pretences, thereby occasioning an anarchy of several centuries; and that, even after the restoration of legitimate order by the Cæsars, this spirit of insubordination still continued to manifest itself, to the great injury and damage of Nero, Otho, Vitellius, and sundry other lawful sovereigns. Considering also, that, in modern times, examples no less fatal have occurred; that the English have banished the house of Stuart, for no better reason, than that a prince of that family, in the exercise of his undoubted rights, proposed to compel his people to think as he did, and to give up to his disposal their persons and property; which treasonable conduct, on the part of the English, was aggravated by the circumstance, that the said prince, in the plenitude of his goodness, did admit that he was responsible to God for the exercise of his said legitimate power; that the House of Bourbon in the same manner fell a victim, more lately, to the spirit of rebellion, and might have forfeited for ever its legitimate authority, had it not been twice replaced on the throne by the bayonets of the allied armies. Considering, farther, that it has for some time past been treasonably published and proclaimed, that the people are not the absolute property of their sovereigns, but are masters of their property, their persons, their consciences, and their industry, with other false and sophistical maxims of the same nature, dangerous to the security of all good government; and that the subjects of certain states have carried their audacious pretensions so far, as to demand certain deeds, called Constitutions, with the view of circumscribing the power of their august sovereigns:—We, the High Contracting Parties, have entered into a contract of mutual assurance against the insubordination of our subjects, to the effect, and of the tenor following, viz.

Primo, We hereby guarantee to each other the full and entire exercise of Absolute Power over our respective subjects; and if any of the parties shall not, at present, be in the possession of such power, the others hereby bind themselves to assist him in obtaining it.

Secundo, If it shall at any time happen that the people should show symptoms of revolt, either on account of their inability to pay taxes, or their refusal to conform to a religion which they believe to be false, or upon alleged invasion of their persons or property, or any other vain and frivolous pretext of the same kind, we, the High Contracting Parties, mutually engage to employ the whole of our joint forces to reduce and bring back the said subjects to their obedience, and to reestablish their sovereign in the full exercise of his absolute and legitimate rights.

‘*Tertio*, If, for any of the reasons above mentioned, or any other reasons whatever, any people shall demand from their Sovereign, under the name of Constitution, any political organization capable of limiting the powers of the king or his ministers, the high contracting parties engage to assist the prince so situated, to deliver him from all compulsion, and to furnish him with such a force as shall enable him to proscribe all malecontents, to confiscate their property, and to put to death all those with whom he may be dissatisfied, especially if they pretend to have assisted him in his distress, or to have received from him oaths and assurances of gratitude and friendship.

‘*Quarto*, Each of the high contracting parties binds himself to the rest to maintain absolute power in its full vigour within his own dominions: and should any one or more of the said parties be prevailed on to limit his power by laws or constitutions, the others hereby engage, instantly to declare him enslaved, and—with or without his consent—to deliver him from bondage as soon as possible.

‘*Quinto*, Each of the high contracting parties engages to support a sufficient army for the assistance of all kings in distress, who feel themselves trammelled in the exercise of their legitimate power, by the fetters of a Constitution.’

Such in substance is the deed, which has received the name of the *Holy Alliance*, and which its authors have placed under the protection of the *Holy Trinity*! It amounts plainly to an unconditional engagement on the part of the Continental Sovereigns, to assist each other against their subjects in every event, and whatever may have been the cause of revolt—since there is no tribunal to judge between the prince and the people. But is it possible that such a compact should be lasting? or that the result of a contest between NATIONS and rulers should long be doubtful? In their first exultation over the completed scheme, and, while still profiting by the reasonable union into which they were driven by their fears of Napoleon, their designs may appear practicable, and may even be attended with some success. But in the nature of things this combination cannot be permanent; and is even likely, we think, to precipitate those very changes which it was devised to prevent.

In addition to the discontents that spring naturally from oppression and misgovernment, it is plain that, by this system, there will be added, in every country, the still fiercer and more ungovernable discontent which arises from the impatience of foreign interference, and the intolerable indignity of being dragooned into slavery on their own soil, by strangers whom they detest and de-

spise. Even the sovereigns who retain, along with their love of power, the least spark of that pride and national partiality which often attends it, must share in this feeling, and come at last to disclaim being indebted for their authority to the arms and the insolence of strangers. It is obvious too, that though there is a fine appearance of cordiality among those new allies, in this their honey moon of endearment, causes of disunion and quarrel will inevitably arise in no long time, from those very principles of unjust aggression and uncontrolled self-will, in which they now abet each other. And what then will be the condition of those unhappy princes, who, from an undue love of power, have thrown away the only safe or natural means of maintaining it? How many base compliances and painful sacrifices must they submit to, at the hands of those who can plausibly reproach them with having saved them from the merited resentment of their subjects? or with what hopes can they at last appeal to that injured people, whom they had not only of themselves oppressed, but subjected to that last humiliation, of binding them in foreign shackles? Even while there is peace between the governments, there must be hostility between the nations,—and even between the native and the foreign troops; whose *joint* efforts are necessary to repress their discontent. This is already apparent in Spain, the first and the easiest experiment on which the Allies have ventured. If these things are done in the green leaf, what shall it be in the dry? Or, is it not obvious that tyrannical thrones, instead of being made more secure by this contrivance, will ultimately be exposed to a double measure of insecurity? In their natural state, the threat of foreign aggression tends to unite the rulers and the subjects, by their common feelings of national pride and antipathy. But now, the ruler is himself identified with the foreigners, and hated as their unnatural instigator against the honour and the rights of his people. Whenever their extraneous support is withdrawn, therefore, the government *must fall*; and, while the provocation to revolt is thus immeasurably increased, the sovereign is made absolutely dependent on the caprice and folly of an unprincipled ally.

It should never be forgotten either, that those armies, on which the whole system continually depends, are not—except perhaps in Russia—mere tools or machines, that must necessarily obey the hand that moves them. They too are men, and in some measure citizens; and must share in the lights that are growing all over the world. Their very interchange must hasten this illumination. The soldiers of Russia must become less apt instruments of *pure* despotism for their services in France and Ger-

many; and the more enlightened troops of these nations can scarcely return from a mission into more degraded regions, without being deeply impressed with the miseries and dangers of tyranny.

Accordingly, the Holy Allies themselves are plainly distrustful of the sufficiency of that force, by the magnitude of which the friends of liberty are so much disconcerted. This proceeds no doubt from their consciousness, both of the terrible force their proceedings are necessarily raising up to oppose it, and of the unsoundness of a great part of that which looks so formidable at a distance. Nothing indeed, we apprehend, is so fallacious as that appearance of stability by which those governments are now surrounded, or that air of contented submission which seems to hang over their subjects. They are all in truth rotten at the heart; and not to be relied on, even in those quarters in which their apparent strength is most imposing. They know this too well enough—and this is the key to their confederations and corruptions—their pitiful severities and contemptible alarms. M. De Pradt has disclosed something of this as to some of those powers—but he has said nothing of France—hitherto the most active and enterprising of the whole, and undoubtedly the most formidable for wealth, talent, and military genius. It is worth while, therefore, to consider a little in detail the true state of its present government, and the actual strength and security of that system, which seems, for the moment, to have triumphed over all opposition. In the course of this examination, we shall probably be able to explain the grounds on which we hold the Holy Alliance to be big with danger to its authors, more satisfactorily than by following out any farther the general observations in which we have hitherto been engaged.

Were we to judge of the inconstancy of the French nation, from the variety of governments to which it has been subjected since the Revolution, it would be difficult to speak of it in terms of sufficient reprobation. At one time, the enthusiastic admirers and defenders of American liberty,—at another, the partisans of a constitutional monarchy;—sometimes idolizing the brilliancy of a military despotism,—sometimes recalling the dreams of chivalry, and regretting its ancient aristocracy,—it seemed to receive, with equal delight, the Monarchical constitution of 1791,—the Directorial constitution of 1795,—the Military constitution of 1800—and the Charter of 1814. On the return of Buonaparte from Elba, in the month of May 1815, the Chamber of Representatives were *Liberals* to a man. When the Bourbons re-entered Paris, three months afterwards, they were all *Aristocrats*! At the elections of 1818 and 1819, none

but Liberals were returned. In 1824 the deputies were all *Ultrtras*.

After this, it may appear a little extravagant to say, that we believe that there has always existed, and does now exist, in the great body of the French nation, a pretty firm and unalterable adherence to those principles and opinions which the growing intelligence of the last century had been long maturing; and which broke out, perhaps under unfavourable circumstances, at the era of the Revolution. Yet such we believe to be the fact; and those who are best acquainted with the country, will be the readiest to agree with us. It is to be sure impossible, that in any nation there can exist an absolute unity of opinion. Every where there must be differences in fortune, in rank, in education, in religion, and, above all, in political opinion. If these differences exist even in the smallest societies, they must be peculiarly visible in a nation containing thirty millions of inhabitants, where the very languages of the different provinces are distinct, and the inhabitants of one can scarcely understand that of another. Every feeling, and every opinion which has been manifested during the last thirty-five years, continues, we believe, to exist pretty much to the same extent as ever in France; though the course of events has, at different times, brought different parties more prominently into view. The nation has always appeared to take a colour from the ruling party; but, under the name of the nation, these were, in reality, merely the adherents of the conquering party—the rest were compelled to be silent. Buonaparte, on his return from Elba, saw his palace surrounded by 10 or 12,000 men, who came there to join in his triumph, or to satisfy their curiosity. Three months afterwards the Bourbons were attended by a crowd of the same kind, ready to applaud their success, or anxious to see what sort of figure they made among the Allies who had brought them back from Ghent. But does this prove any inconsistency or fluctuation in national opinions? Not in the least. It shows only, that in a city containing 6 or 700,000 inhabitants, there are some who are adherents of Buonaparte, some who are attached to the Bourbons, some who are amused by any spectacle, and some who are ready to sell their applauses to the highest bidder. But no one of these, we conceive, are entitled to stand for *the nation*.

In France, we should never forget that the state of the community has always been very different from that of England. When their Revolution took place, all popular institutions had long been swept away by the usurpations of the Crown. There were no municipal administrations—no popular elections—no kind

of deliberative assembly—nothing but a few corporations, without unity or connexion, fit only to impose additional fetters on industry, and which the people were ready to abolish as soon as they had the power. This total want of political institutions produced a corresponding absence of all constitutional habits. The first assembly was therefore obliged to organize every thing—from the municipality of the smallest village to the powers of the sovereign and his ministers; and it is true enough, that they were disposed to use this power so as to insure the triumph of the particular opinions they entertained; and their example has been followed by every government which has succeeded it for the space of 30 years. Each has made its arrangements according to its own peculiar views, and brought into power the men who appeared most favourable to its designs. But the popularity, and consequently the stability of government, is never to be judged of by the sentiments of those who conduct it, either in the executive departments, or in the legislative assemblies; but by one or other of those criteria—1st, by the degree of influence which *the people* are allowed to possess in elections—which may be called the theoretical test; and, 2d, the usual or uniform result of political dissensions, when the aid of foreign troops has not been called in to settle the dispute—which is the test of practice. Circumstances may concur to throw doubt upon the indications of either of these tests, taken separately—but where they coincide, and especially for any considerable period of time, the conclusion may be taken as infallible.

Were we to estimate the strength of the ruling party in France, from the number of its adherents who hold office, or sit in the legislative bodies, we should suppose it to be immense. If, on the contrary, we judge of it by past events, by the numbers of its avowed opponents, and by the efforts which it is compelled to make to preserve its ascendancy, we should soon be convinced that its weakness is really extreme, and that the fabric of government is liable to be overthrown by the slightest accident. Many people are inclined to believe, that it is to the Revolution that the overthrow of the aristocracy, and the minute division of landed property, are to be ascribed; but nothing can be more erroneous. It was not the philosophers nor the Jacobins that destroyed the power of the nobility; it was legitimate kings and their ministers, Louis XIII. and XIV., Cardinal Richelieu and their successors. In 1789, the true aristocratic influence was already extinct; the Constituent Assembly merely proclaimed its fall; and abolished the name, when the thing itself had ceased to exist. The slender remnant of aristocracy, the possessors of names once potent,

were so sensible of their helplessness, that they made no attempt to resist the torrent. Some, whose talents and virtues gave them an influence independent of their rank, at once declared for the new order of things; others submitted in silence, or sought refuge in the ranks of foreign armies—but none attempted opposition. France had afterwards to sustain a war of twenty-five years; but in all her vicissitudes of victory and defeat, the party which is now the ruling one, remained unnoticed,—or was known only as the tool of foreigners, and following in the wake of their armies.

A Deputy of the opposition has said, that the Bourbons were received with distrust by the French nation in 1814; but this, we think, is a mistake. The members of the old National Assemblies—the possessors of national property, who remembered the old regime, might perhaps feel some distrust; but the bulk of the nation, those who had taken no leading part in the early events of the Revolution, and those whose recollections did not extend forty years back, were certainly influenced by no such feelings. The former had forgotten the Bourbons entirely; the latter had never known them. It was a singular spectacle to see, on the first restoration, some of the old partisans of the family labouring to excite the enthusiasm of the people for their ancient masters; and to mark the *naïveté* and indifference with which men of thirty and thirty-five years of age asked them—‘Who is Louis XVIII.? Who is the Count d’Artois? Are they near relations of Louis XVI.? Are they married? Have they children? Whence do they come? What did they do during the Revolution?’—and similar questions, which showed at once how completely they had forgotten the old dynasty, and with what indifference they witnessed its restoration. But this forgetfulness had one good effect—it induced many to give credit to the first promises made by Government. This credulity, which is inherent in every people among whom principle is respected, and the oppression which the nation had experienced during the last years of the Imperial Government, even gave the Bourbons a temporary popularity.

But the Holy Alliance was not then in existence; and the Northern Monarchs, on their entry into Paris, had declared themselves favourable to the liberty of the people. The faction which now engrosses power, and appears so formidable, was still unnoticed. In the Chamber of Deputies it had no influence; and its existence was indicated only by private intrigues—by secret menaces against the members of the first Legislative Assembly, and the possessors of the national property—and by the declamatory invectives of a contemptible

journal. The Court, however, was secretly promoting the views of this party—weeding out by degrees from the army the old generals who possessed the confidence of the soldiers, and replacing them by emigrants who had fought in the ranks of the enemy, or the leaders of those bands which, during the Revolution, were known by the name of *Chouans*. It was in these circumstances that Buonaparte reappeared on the coast of France, and rallied around him the peasants who trembled for their property under the Bourbon government—the workmen whose industry had been stimulated by the effect of restrictive commercial laws—and the soldiers who were sent to oppose him.

Where were the partisans of the old regime at this critical moment?—the men who conceive that they form an aristocracy, because they advance magnificent pretensions, and look with contempt on knowledge? Did they fly to arms? Did they rally round them their dependents and vassals—the cultivators of their estates—or even their servants? No, they all sought safety in flight; and yet on this occasion they had no reason to dread the fury of a popular insurrection. The great body of the nation, the merchants, the men of property and intelligence, witnessed the return of Buonaparte, not with joy, but terror. Even the peasants, while they rose in some departments, threatened no one with outrage. Why then did these devoted adherents of legitimate monarchy, who are now said to form the mass of the nation, surrender the cause without striking a blow in its defence? How was it possible that a Government, which had at its disposal a revenue of nearly a thousand millions of francs, which possessed the exclusive appointment to offices, and the unlimited direction of the Journals, and every means by which public opinion is influenced, should be overturned without a drop of bloodshed? It was, as it could be, only because its supporters were utterly contemptible, and incapable of resistance. The greater part of this pretended aristocracy had done nothing but talk of their wretchedness since the return of the Bourbons. They were represented by their organ, the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, ‘*se rechauffant aux rayons du soleil de leur patrie, comme des mendians Espagnols,—seul bien que leur eut procuré la restauration de la dynastie legitime.*’ But misery is seldom a strong principle of devotion in any country, particularly when it is coupled with insolent pretension.

Finding the support of their nobility hopeless, and deserted by the army, the Bourbons looked elsewhere for assistance. The twelve legions of the National Guard of Paris, amounting to about 30,000 men, were assembled in their quarters;

and the Comte d'Artois was deputed to make a last appeal to their feelings in favour of the legitimate monarchy. He traversed their ranks accordingly, followed by his aides-de-camp, and loudly invoked the assistance of the men who had long been devoted to his family. His efforts were unavailing. The Guards preserved a mournful silence, and continued immovable. Only four or five individuals stepped forward from the ranks—and instantly stepped back again, as if ashamed of the insignificance of their number! At Lyons a similar experiment was made, with no better success. The Count d'Artois, on that occasion, was deserted even by his suite, and would have returned alone to Paris, but for the devotion of a single gendarme, who disdained to leave him in that situation—and who soon afterwards received from Buonaparte the star of the Legion of Honour for this piece of courageous fidelity. All were not equally indifferent, it is true. Some pupils of the Ecole de Droit took arms—the Deputies and opposition writers did what they could to prop the falling cause: but all was unavailing. The *grandes*, who had been created by the Abbé de Montesquieu some months before, to form a Chamber of Peers, quietly retired from their seats; and one of them, who had been an uniform supporter of the measures of Government, remarked on his retreat—*‘ Il était évident que cela devait arriver; depuis leur retour, ces gens là n'ont fait que de sottises.’*

At last the battle of Waterloo brought into Paris the English, Belgian, Dutch, and Prussian troops;—the armies of Austria came up, though tardily, from the East—that of Spain from the South; all the troops of Europe, in a word, (not even excepting those of Switzerland), poured in upon France. In the rear of these armies came again the monarchy-men,—eager for vengeance and for plunder—and ready to throw themselves on France as on a prey which Europe had given them to devour. Those who had not fled, then peeped from their hiding-places. Their wives and daughters were seen mingling with the invading armies; affectionately pressing hands still red with the blood of their countrymen, and blending their cries of joy with the thunder of the mines, which announced the destruction of the public monuments.*

The Chamber of Deputies, which existed at the flight of the Bourbons, was now dissolved, as too moderate; and the ruling faction, which had already made itself master of all public employments, formed a Chamber which has acquired a disgraceful

* One of the handsomest bridges in Paris was mined by the Prussians, and only saved, it is said, by the interference of the Duke of Wellington.

celebrity in France, under the title of the Chamber of 1815. This Assembly, in which the whole force of the opposition was reduced to three or four members who were not allowed to speak, distinguished itself only by its proscriptions,—which it was pleased to term *amnesties*—by some absurd and atrocious laws, which government was afterwards obliged to repeal, and by the formation of projects which it never found time to execute. The faction, so lately unheard of, now appeared omnipotent. It encountered no opposition, within the walls of the Chamber, nor without. But, to show on how unsubstantial a foundation its power actually rested, it is only necessary to add, that as soon as it threatened the life of a favourite, who had recently been elevated to the ministry, it sunk at once, and was annihilated by the dissolution of the Chamber. This terrible aristocracy, that seemed to rule with a rod of iron one of the greatest of the Continental nations, and to overturn at its pleasure any party that professed principles different from its own, was dissipated like smoke by the breath of M. Decazes! Another and a more complaisant Chamber succeeded it; for it was, in substance, chosen by the minister himself,—the prefects having been authorized by an ordonnance to choose the electoral bodies as they should see proper.

The fall of the Imperial dynasty had left France still unprovided with any political institutions. Every thing had been organized to suit the action of a military despotism. In 1817, the more intelligent friends of the Bourbon family, convinced that this dynasty could not subsist without the support of some mixture of popular and aristocratical establishments, framed an election law, conferring the right of voting on every citizen above 30 years of age, who paid taxes to the amount of 300 francs. This law was certainly not democratical; but, on the contrary, decidedly aristocratical in its principle; since it limited the elective franchise to about 90,000 individuals, out of a population of about thirty millions. Thus, only one individual out of every 350 had the right of voting; and even that was fettered by certain qualifications. The vote could be given only in favour of a person at least 40 years of age, and paying 1000 francs of direct taxes. This system excluded from all influence and participation in public affairs the great body of the nation, and many even of the more enlightened classes of society, men of small landed property, capitalists, annuitants, physicians, lawyers, and men of letters. But still it called into action a fair proportion of the intelligence and independence of the nation. In the large commercial towns, it led to the choice of men of extensive influence, from their industry or their capital; in the agricultural departments, to that of great land-

ed proprietors; and in towns possessing universities and literary institutions, of distinguished advocates and men of letters. To speak correctly, the members elected formed generally the true aristocracy of the class to which they belonged. A Chamber thus elected might naturally be supposed to be equally free from democratic extravagance and ministerial servility.

But while France was thus approximating towards a legal government, and while order was gradually reestablishing itself within its bosom, the Holy Alliance was proscribing all popular institutions, and watching with jealousy the progress the nations were making towards liberty. The favourite minister, who, in order to save himself, had obtained the dissolution of the Chamber of 1815, began to find that the law of 1817 did not furnish him with deputies sufficiently complaisant. He was annoyed also by the liberty of the press; for it laughed at his inefficiency, and exposed his little intrigues; so that he was perfectly disposed to revive the old system of arbitrary government whenever the opportunity should occur. And the opportunity soon presented itself. A congress was summoned: the Holy Alliance levelled its whole force against the institutions of Germany, and particularly those connected with the liberty of the press and the Universities. As to France, the task of restoring arbitrary power was intrusted to the government itself, and to the faction which had been dispersed by the ordonnance of the 5th September 1816; and, under the auspices of the modern Amphictyons, they proceeded boldly with the work. Three laws were proposed at once; the first destroyed the liberty of the press, the second the liberty of the subject, and the third secured the two others, by repealing the election law of 1817.

Public opinion was violently agitated by the discussions which took place relative to these laws; but it was the debate on the system of Election which peculiarly displayed the character of the faction which had repossessed itself of power, and the nature of the force which was opposed to it. Meetings, at first in small numbers, took place in different parts of Paris; these increased, as the discussion became more animated, till their numbers at last amounted to 25 or 30,000 men. But in all this immense multitude, scarcely a single individual belonging to the labouring classes was to be found. The whole of those who took a part in the discussions belonged to the upper and middle ranks of society; and consisted of men above 30 years of age. It may be fairly said, indeed, that they embraced all the intelligent and independent inhabitants of that great city. Beyond the walls of the Chamber, not a single voice was found to support the laws projected by the Holy Alliance. These assemblies were not dispersed by means of

the National Guard; the troops, which had shown symptoms of attachment to popular principles, were all marched out at night. The gendarmes and the dragoons were put in requisition. Artillery was placed in the principal squares of Paris—the opposition Deputies were publicly insulted by the royal body guard—some were even threatened with assassination; and by the employment of means like these, and a liberal allowance of bribery, the election laws were at length overturned, by a majority of *five* voices! And even this trifling majority would not have been obtained, had not two-fifths of the Chamber consisted of Deputies elected by the Colleges formed in virtue of a Royal ordonnance in 1816.

We shall not here mention the conspiracies, civil and military, and the partial insurrections which took place during this period; these, we admit, might have existed under a good government, and afford no fair index of the sentiments of the nation. We shall merely state one circumstance, which shows very plainly the idea which the ruling faction entertained of its own weakness. When the Italian Revolution took place, and had spread into Piedmont, the Chamber of Deputies in France was assembled. The news of the Revolution having reached Paris, M. Dudon, one of the most violent members of the *côté droit*, mounted the tribune, and declared in his own name and that of his honourable friends, that as, in all probability, they had now the honour of sitting *for the last time* among the Deputies of the nation, they thought themselves bound to state to the public the views by which they had been actuated. The solemnity of this *last speech* excited considerable amusement among the Deputies of the *côté gauche*; but the defeat of the Neapolitans by the Austrian armies, restored life to the expiring faction.

In order to form an idea of the existing state of France, and to appreciate the extent of the force which the Holy Alliance can really calculate on in that country, it was necessary to recapitulate thus shortly the circumstances which have brought France into her present situation, and placed power in the hands of the ruling party of the day. We have seen that this party has been a mere nothing whenever it has been brought into contact with the popular party, unsupported by the presence of foreign armies; that in fact there never was any thing *in France itself* that deserved the name of a struggle; that the civil war, as it was called, consisted merely in the efforts of a few poor peasants in La Vendée; and that on every occasion, where the right of election has been even partially free, the adherents of this party have been excluded almost entirely from

the Chamber of Representatives. It is evident, therefore, that it is only by the assistance of a foreign force—by means in short of the armies of the Holy Alliance, that this party has acquired, and is still enabled to maintain, its ascendancy. And it is equally evident, that the Holy Alliance, in turn, may dispose of the whole strength of the Ultra party in France.

The powers of Europe, united for their own security, overturned the Imperial government in France—for the fall of its chief involved that of the men who were devoted to him. But while *men* were removed, *institutions* were left as they were; so that France, at the present day, is organized exactly as it was on the evening before the Allied armies entered Paris for the first time. Buonaparte had suited his administration to a state of things purely military; he had left to the people at large no kind of influence or real power; he nominated, by himself or his deputies, the candidates for every public employment; he possessed the unlimited controul of the instruction of youth, and the entire management of many trades and professions. The Bourbons received, and religiously preserved, this inheritance of the *usurper*; and the men who rule in their name, enjoy all the influence which this immense patronage can procure. They have also at their disposal the finances of the kingdom,—that is, the unlimited disposal of a revenue of about 1000 millions francs (about 40 millions Sterling.) They possess also the power of borrowing, which places at their disposal a large proportion of the capital of the richest states in Europe, not excepting England. Taxes or loans procure them soldiers even in foreign countries, and it is thus they keep in pay the Swiss regiments. They possess, besides, all the influence which the preaching of a large proportion of the Catholic clergy can still exert over the people—and that which arises from the instruction of youth, and the zeal of those who are attached to their party through conviction. These means, it must be admitted, are formidable; and the Holy Alliance may no doubt find in France important resources for the execution of its projects; But let us now see what is the strength of the opposing force by which they are counterbalanced.

According to the latest returns, the population of France amounts to about 30 millions. The number of *families* possessing landed property, or connected with agriculture, is about *four millions*, forming nearly *three-fourths* of the whole population, the other fourth being composed of workmen, or persons connected with commerce. Government looks on all the *petites proprietaires*, that is to say, the proprietors who are not in the class of electors, as its enemies; and out of four millions of

families, 3,920,000, are in this situation. Even of the remaining 80,000 proprietors who do possess the elective power, a large majority are considered as opposed to the government; and in order to overcome the resistance which the ministry met with from this part of the population, two plans have been resorted to. The first was to grant the power of nominating about one-half of the deputies, to a mere fraction of the people, amounting only to about 10,000 citizens. The nomination of the other half was intrusted, *apparently*, to the 80,000 electors created by the law of 1817; but in reality the ministry had reserved the whole substantial power to itself, by the privilege which it continued to exert over the formation of the electoral colleges. And after all—after granting the elective power to that class of the population which was believed to be most devoted to its interests—after making up the lists of electors in an arbitrary manner, government has been continually obliged to employ threats, violence, and every kind of fraud, to ensure the triumph of men, of whom it is alternately the tool and the protector. If the ruling party considers the great body of Proprietors as its enemies, it is equally disposed to distrust the Mercantile and Manufacturing classes. The cities of Lyons, of Rouen, of Strasbourg and of Paris, fill it with constant alarm; and it is only by the assistance of its Swiss regiments that it believes it possible to keep them in check.

This progress of opinion is owing to several causes, which we shall endeavour to state, because they show the mistakes of the ruling party, and the difficulty which it experiences in producing on the mind of the people an influence favourable to its views. It is a settled point with the adherents of this party, that the decline of the influence of the nobility and the Catholic clergy, and the Revolution itself, were all occasioned by the philosophical writers of the eighteenth century. Consequently, they banish, as much as possible, from the hands of youth, all these dangerous productions; and recommend to their perusal those of the preceding century, which they honour with the appellation of *classics*. This is now considered as a fine stroke of policy. They seem to imagine, that if an author has lived and written under a despotic government and a bigotted court, the perusal of his works is the likeliest thing in the world to inspire a taste for despotism and bigotry! Nothing, however, can be more ignorant or absurd than such an opinion. Does the ruling party really believe that the tragedies of Corneille, and the portraits he exhibits of Roman grandeur and independence, are likely to inspire the spectators with a love of despotism?—Or that the perusal of Pascal, and of the *Tartuffe*, will make

the Jesuits more popular?—Or that the *Marquises* and *Comptes* of Moliere will tend materially to raise the character of the ancient nobility? Among those who read nothing, we can understand such opinions; but how is it that the oracles of the party—the Chateaubriands, the Bonalds, and Ferrands, can be insensible to the danger of their friends? Do they not perceive that every work of thought and genius, down to the *Fables* of La Fontaine, is pregnant with dangerous opinions? Can they forget that the courtly Boileau has turned the monks into ridicule, and laughed at a nobility, which even then had fallen from its high estate? Do they not, in short, perceive that a government, anxious to restore to its original grandeur a fallen nobility, should be more cautious in claiming the admiration of the public for that monarch who himself laboured most effectually to degrade them? The writers of the eighteenth century may perhaps be dangerous to the party which calls itself aristocratic, but those of the seventeenth are in many respects still more so.

The monarchy men then would have gained little by this studious exclusion of the writers of the eighteenth century from the hands of youth, even if their efforts had been successful: But they have been far otherwise. Scarcely had the denunciations of the bishops against Voltaire and Rousseau appeared, ere the curiosity of the public and the interest of the booksellers were awakened. Men who knew little of the literature of the eighteenth century, immediately became anxious to know more of it, when a party, which it disliked, was incautious enough to proclaim that it considered it as dangerous. Those who were acquainted with it, but had for a long time paid no attention to it, became desirous of renewing their acquaintance. The demand for books of this sort increased so much, that from 1817 to 1823, the press produced more philosophical works than it had done for sixty years before. Not only were the philosophical essays of the writers of the last century republished separately, and at the lowest possible prices, but complete editions of their whole works appeared. Within these six years nine or ten complete editions of the works of Voltaire have been published, each extending to at least 2000 copies, without reckoning the partial editions of his historical, dramatic, and philosophic works. The monarchy men became convinced that the study of French History was dangerous to them; and, accordingly, it was forbidden to be taught, or even mentioned, in any summary of Education. But the only effect of the prohibition was to stimulate the interest of the public and the booksellers—and immediately writers of eminence began to present, in a new point of view, the history of their country. They even went farther; for after re-

publishing the writings of Mably, they published the original works from which their materials had been obtained. The Government, perceiving that, in spite of all their efforts, intelligence was gaining ground among men of mature age, then endeavoured to prevent as much as possible its operation on youth; and the notable plan they took was worthy of its object. They decided, that children placed in schools, and who were in the practice of spending Sundays with their relatives, should only be allowed to visit them once a fortnight, in order to save them from the contagion of such dangerous society.

The influence, then, which the ruling party possesses by its monopoly of education, is really less extensive than it appears to be: and, by the help of the booksellers, may be said to have recoiled on itself. The same remark is applicable to the influence of the Catholic Clergy. During those ages when industry had no existence, when the people were still in a semi-barbarous state, when every one was either an oppressor or oppressed, and when the property devolved on the eldest son to the exclusion of the rest, the Church was an admirable resource for a large part of the population. It offered to the weak a refuge from oppression; a subsistence to the younger sons of good families; and, to those who possessed the slender stock of information then current, the means of pursuing their favourite studies. In the same manner, when the Church had acquired great influence and riches, ecclesiastical offices might hold out inducements to men of rank or talents. But the Revolution has produced a remarkable and a permanent change in France;—the clergy no longer form a peculiar body in the state. The individuals that compose it, are now merely the pensioners of Government, and their allowances are not large enough to tempt their cupidity. The personal security of every other subject is now placed on the same footing with that of an ecclesiastic. The advancement of industry, the progress of the arts and sciences, hold out to men of good education and slender fortune many means of living. The motives, therefore, which formerly induced men to adopt the ecclesiastical profession no longer exist; while the condition of celibacy, which is still attached to it, prevents many from doing so who would otherwise have been inclined to it.

The consequence of these extensive changes has been, that at present the ecclesiastical profession is embraced by few but peasants and small farmers; and it is even a matter of some difficulty to find *curés* and *vicaires* for all the parishes. The Imperial administration, in order to fill its seminaries, was obliged to declare, that every one destined for the Church should be exempt

from conscriptions. This was at that time a privilege of some consequence, for it was granted to no other profession ; and the young men who chose to procure exemption from military service by providing substitutes, were obliged to sacrifice ten or twelve thousand francs, and sometimes more. But the privilege cannot now be attended with the same effects, because the military profession is no longer attended with the same danger. The clergymen of the Catholic persuasion belong, therefore, in general, to the lower ranks of society. Their education is but indifferent, and they have no immediate connexion with persons of weight or authority. Their influence, therefore, is now in a great measure confined to the lower classes of society ;—and there it is, no doubt, still sufficiently strong, in those departments where the want of occupation, and the misery which accompanies it, dispose the mind to receive and to retain any impression which is communicated to it. But in those countries where employment affords certain means of living, the inhabitants have no leisure for fanaticism. It may excite, perhaps, a momentary enthusiasm among a few, but the impression soon loses its force ; the people resume their labours, and come speedily to think only of their own affairs.

The Army appears, no doubt, a more dangerous instrument ; and the privileged bodies are really so. The army, however, even supposing it at this moment inclined to oppose every popular movement, is itself no inconsiderable source of danger to any one who wishes to enslave the population. In France there are no taxes for the support of the poor ; and consequently there are scarcely any poor to be supported. In the large towns, beggars are, no doubt, to be found ; but these are mostly infirm old people, and quite unfit for military service. Great armies, however, can never be raised with ease among a people who have other means of subsistence : and in the present state of its finances, it may be fairly considered as impossible for the French government to support such an army by voluntary enlistment. The Bourbons, on their arrival in France, promised to abolish the conscription ; believing, no doubt, that they would find the people as they had left them, and that the beggars, whom the charity of the monks had created, would be still numerous enough to recruit their armies. Experience, however, has undeceived them,—and in order to obtain soldiers, they have been obliged to have recourse to a forced levy of 40,000 men every year. But to balance this, an equal number must have left the army at the expiration of their four years service, to mingle again with their fellow-citizens. It is not difficult to perceive the natural result of all this : At the end of a few years, there would be many more

soldiers in the body of the nation than in the ranks of Government; and were a popular movement to take place, the smaller number would not probably be the strongest. The ruling party has of late become sensible of this danger; but has hitherto been unable to counteract it.

It follows then, that the influence which they now exercise over the people, is entirely of a *material* kind: it is a physical force employed to separate and to hold in check the citizens. The party has been more than once overturned. And is there any reason to believe that its influence and real power are now more firmly rooted than at these different periods of the Revolution? Has any master-spirit since appeared on its side to turn the tide of public feeling in its favour? Vanity may perhaps induce some Ultra-orator, or some government writer, to ascribe such effects to his own labours; but he will be found, we believe, to monopolize the opinion. What has the government done during the ten years of its existence, which is likely to conciliate the favour of the people? Let us examine briefly the amount of its favours. 1. It has nearly doubled the amount of contributions which existed under the Imperial government. 2. It has increased the public debt three fourths. 3. It has allowed the ministers of the Catholic religion to perform their ceremonies out of church, even in those towns where a great part of the population consists of Protestants. 4. It has annulled the divorce laws, because the Catholic clergy chose to have it so. 5. It has increased the revenues of the clergy, and multiplied the number of bishopricks. 6. It has restored to the clergy the power of receiving gifts by testament, a privilege of which they had been deprived, to prevent families from being injured by the weakness of dying persons, and the influence of their confessors. 7. It has multiplied prohibitory laws, or raised the duties on importation so much, that they amount to a prohibition. 8. Lastly, It has made war on Spain. If we add to these the individual hardships which have resulted from particular measures,—the trials for supposed conspiracies which have taken place for five or six years,—the system of persecution which is still directed against the opposition deputies,—the imprisonments, banishments and capital punishments,—we shall see no reason to think that its popularity is on the increase.

It is indeed obviously impossible that a party, which has no hold on public opinion, which has been defeated in every struggle in which it has been engaged, and has never been able to regain its power but by the aid of foreign force, should, on its present

principles of government, continue long to govern. Should no peculiar accident happen to shake its power, the operation of time alone would be sufficient to destroy it. The men who suffered by the Revolution may naturally feel inclined to persecute those to whom they attribute their misfortunes, and to revenge themselves for the humiliation they experienced at their hands. But these vindictive feelings and these prejudices will not readily descend to the next generation. The Holy Alliance may calculate perhaps on the services of those whom it has restored to the throne; but it would be a great mistake to reckon on those of their descendants. The yoke which weighs so heavily on France and on Europe may be of long duration, if its length be estimated by the life of an individual; and the men who have fought in the cause of liberty might be thought to have laboured in vain, had their toils and their blood been expended with a view merely to their own personal advantage. But if the importance of events is to be estimated by the influence they are calculated to exert over the destinies of mankind—if the blood which has been shed, and the toils which have been endured, have been given to liberty, and not to interest,—even while we lament the evils which are inseparable from such a struggle, we feel the triumphant conviction that the interests of freedom have been advanced.

We have endeavoured particularly to show the state of France, because it is on the condition of this country that the existence of the Holy Alliance, and, consequently, the fate of neighbouring nations, seems mainly to depend. England may have assisted Russia, Austria and Prussia, in shaking off the yoke of Buonaparte; but should events place it in the power of Europe to break the fetters of the Holy Alliance, the armies and subsidies of England would never be employed in reuniting them.

We have lost sight of M. de Pradt; and now that we return to his work, we are sorry to observe that it is calculated to convey little that is new to any person of moderate information. The author, in fact, writes too much to write well. He does not give himself time to study and compare facts, to investigate their causes, or to follow out their consequences. He is also too fond of declamation, and addresses his readers too much as he may have done his parishioners. Such, for instance, is the opening of his first chapter.

‘Image du Createur, le plus accompli de ses ouvrages, toi dont la formation semble avoir epuisé sa puissance, et rendu le repos nécessaire à ton auteur; être immense dans la petitesse, merveilleux

dans la composition, sublime dans la destination, homme, quel contraste présentent ta formation et ta condition ici bas ! La terre est ton domaine, tout ce qui l'habite est soumis à tes lois ; dans cette chaîne immense d'êtres, qui croissant en force et en beauté, forment la décoration et la richesse de l'univers, tous semblent n'avoir reçu leurs attributs brillans, que pour l'en faire hommage ; la pensée conçoit, atteint, discerne tout . . . la main a le pouvoir de façonner tout. Une architecture semblable preside à la formation de tous ; chez tous de longs ruisseaux de pourpre circulent dans des canaux parcs, le soleil réfléchit de même ses rayons dans l'œil de tous les hommes ;—en tous temps—en tous lieux—leur esprit s'ouvre aux mêmes connoissances et aux mêmes vérités, &c. &c.

This may do very well in a sermon ; but it is certainly misplaced in a work which treats of the Holy Alliance and its 1,500,000 bayonets. His declamation is also in bad taste, because it is brought to support what is not true ; as we could easily prove, if it were worth while. M. de Pradt seems to have taken Rousseau for his model ; but an imitation which is limited to style is worth nothing. His work, however, contains some good chapters. He states very well, for instance, the progress which the people have made in intelligence, notwithstanding all the obstacles which have been opposed to them, and the services which philosophy has rendered to mankind, in spite of the persecutions it has undergone. He explains very satisfactorily, too, how the men whom he styles Liberals hold the same opinions without forming a party.

‘ Le libéralisme est un parti, comme l'air et la lumière qui sont partout, qui influent surtout, sans plan, sans chef, sans direction commune, mais par leur nature propre. Le libéralisme étant une tendance vers les rectifications sociales doit agir comme les vérités démontrées, comme le font les choses intellectuelles et morales. C'est ainsi qu'il agit sur l'esprit humain. Quand on decouvrit la circulation du sang, la fixité du soleil, la mobilité de la terre, la vérité nouvelle pénétra dans un grand nombre d'esprits ; formaient-ils pour cela un parti ? Galilée était-il un libéral ? Ses adversaires composés des anciennes écoles et des possesseurs de pouvoir, formaient évidemment un parti ; mais les nouveaux convertis, ou nouveaux croyans, n'en formaient pas un, repandus comme ils étaient sur la surface de l'Europe, n'ayant ni centre d'action, ni d'autre liaison que celle de l'opinion. Ce qui se passa alors se renouvelle de nos jours ; de meilleures notions se forment sur l'ordre social, en tout pays, en toute condition ; elles ont pénétré, elles ont frappé les hommes par leur évidence ; ceux ci ont appris à comparer leur état avec celui des hommes qui vivent dans un autre ordre de sociabilité ; ils ont désiré s'associer au bonheur dont ils sont les semoins. Je vois la

une reunion de pensées, de voeux, de desirs ; mais je n'y vois rien de ce qui constitue un parti.'

We shall conclude by remarking, that M. de Pradt speaks of liberty like a person who understands its value ; and that, if he is liable to the charge of writing with too much precipitation, he cannot be accused of indifference for the cause which he has undertaken to defend.

A
S E R M O N

PREACHED

*At Bombay, on Whitsunday, May 22nd; at Colombo,
September 18th; and at Calcutta, on Advent
Sunday, November 27th,*

MDCCCXXV.

IN AID OF

THE INCORPORATED SOCIETY

For the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,

BY

THE RIGHT REVEREND

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE, CALCUTTA:

PRINTED AT THE COLLEGE PRESS, BY H. TOWNSEND.

1826.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Sermon is published agreeably to a promise made by his Lordship to the several Archidiaconal Committees formed upon its delivery. It is printed exactly as it was originally preached at Bombay. The body of the Discourse was substantially the same when delivered at Colombo and Calcutta, the introduction only, which relates to the day of Pentecost, being altered as the several occasions required. It was the intention of the Bishop to deliver it again at Madras on his return from his visitation of the Peninsula. It is unnecessary to relate the sad event by which this intention was frustrated.

S E R M O N, &c.

ACTS II, 38, 39.

THE PROMISE IS UNTO YOU AND TO YOUR CHILDREN AND TO ALL THAT ARE AFAR OFF, EVEN AS MANY AS THE LORD OUR GOD SHALL CALL.

ON the nature and certainty of that illustrious event which we are assembled this day to commemorate; on the personality and divinity of that Mighty Spirit whose advent has been now recorded; of the manner in which his testimony confirmed the truth of our Saviour's mission from the Father; and on the blessed support, consolation, and protection, which the universal Church, and each individual member of it have since continued to receive from Him; on these natural and usual topics of discussion on the day of Pentecost, on which it is reasonable to suppose the majority of Christians informed, and on which I have abundant reason to believe my present audience well instructed, it is not now my intention to address you.

There is another consideration, less obvious, or less frequently insisted on, but which arises no less naturally from the circumstances under which the Holy Ghost was given; and which, in connection with those circumstances, I shall endeavour to impress on your conviction;—I mean the diffusive and universal character of the revelation of God's will through his Son; the interest which every nation under heaven possesses in the Christian covenant; and the obligation which rests upon every believer to assist and forward, in his station and according to his ability, the extension of that knowledge whereby he is himself made wise unto salvation, the communication of those spiritual riches which he has himself received so freely.

That the message of mercy brought by Christ to mankind was the common heritage of all who partake in our human nature; that to the Shiloh who should come, the gathering of the nations was to be; and that, in the promised descendant of Abraham's loins all the tribes of the earth were to be called blessed, are truths so broadly stated in Scripture, and so universally received by those who defer to scriptural authority, that it seems needless, at this time of day, and among those who are not professed unbelievers, to prove that the religion of his Son was designed by

God as the religion of all mankind, that it was the will of the Most High that his knowledge should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea; and that the false systems and false divinities of former ages should be consigned, by the disclosure of a holier and sublimer creed, to the custody of oblivion, of neglect and scorn; to the moles of their consecrated grottos, and the bats of their dark and deserted temples.

In conformity with these principles, and with innumerable passages in the ancient prophetic writings, in which these principles are developed and confirmed, we find our Lord while on earth, announcing to his Jewish disciples his anticipation of other sheep of a different and distant fold; we find the same Lord, when already risen from the dead, sending forth his disciples, so soon as they should have received power from on high, to preach the Gospel to every creature; we find the promised Comforter, in the miraculous glory which he shed forth, and the miraculous gifts which he communicated, assuming a form and confirming a faculty, of which the one was without meaning, and the other without utility, except as symbols and instruments of diffusive light and knowledge; and we find, lastly, in the council given by St. Peter to his alarmed and conscience-smitten

countrymen, that the promise, consequent on baptism, of remission of sins, and the gifts and comforts of God's Spirit, was not only to them and to their children, but to as many as God should call, from the furthest regions of the earth and the nations previously most estranged from the knowledge and worship of Jehovah.

It may be thought, indeed, that on this avowed intention, and these repeated injunctions of the Most High, the duty of endeavouring the conversion of the Heathen might rest with sufficient security, even abstracted from every other consideration of charity to the heathen themselves, and the desire, which is natural to every well constituted mind, of imparting to others those blessings which we ourselves most value.

That man would be no dutiful servant, that man would be any thing but an affectionate son, who, even without a positive command, and with no more than a bare intimation of the wishes of his Father or his Lord, should hesitate to employ the best exertions in his power to fulfil his blameless desires, and perform his righteous pleasure: and still less are the express injunctions of a parent or a superior to be slighted, because we ourselves do not at once perceive the expediency of an order, or apprehend, without having made the trial, its entire success impossible. When

David expressed, though it were but a transient wish, to drink of the fountain which welled up beside the gate of Bethlehem, his valiant men rushed forward, at once, sword in hand, to forestall his commands, and brought back, from the thickest of the enemy, in their helmets, that blood-bought water which their sovereign had barely longed after. And the history of every age is full of illustrious examples of obedience and loyalty, in which the severest labours have been undergone, and the most appalling dangers encountered, in execution of commands, the motives of which have been but imperfectly known, or the policy of which has been even more than doubted. Let but the professed followers of God and his Son entertain the same desire to please their Lord which was displayed by Abishai and his comrades ; let but the professed believers in Christ exhibit the same trust in his wisdom and deference to his authority, which is claimed by every public man from his soldiers and subordinate functionaries, and we may be assured that the attempt to communicate a knowledge of the truth to the Gentiles will be no longer neglected or opposed as an unauthorized or chimerical labour.

If, indeed, that be true, which no professing Christian will gainsay ; if the religion of Christ be acknowledged as that form of doctrine which

most of all represents God as He is, and in that sublime and amiable character which the awful Judge, the mighty King, the most merciful Father of all, maintains with his subjects and his offspring; if it teaches men to reject all erroneous and degrading notions of God, and to serve Him in the manner most worthy of and most acceptable to Him; it is really hard to say, by what process of self-deception a man can be led to suppose that he himself loves and honours the Almighty, who yet is indifferent or averse to the vindication of His name and attributes among his fellow-creatures. Of this feeling we are all abundantly sensible, where our own honour, or the honour of any person whom we really value is implicated. And I appeal to all who hear me, whether, if even a tenth part of those absurdities and abominations were asserted of an earthly friend, an earthly parent, an earthly sovereign or benefactor, which the heathen around us, in their ignorance and superstition assert and believe of God Most High, our best and most persevering endeavours would not be employed to do justice to the misrepresented friend, and undeceive the blinded calumniator.

Nor is this obligation weakened by the objection which is frequently brought forward, (sometimes against the truth of the Christian

doctrine itself, and sometimes against the necessity of proclaiming that doctrine to the Gentiles), that if God were really displeased with the varieties of religious faith which exist among mankind, or if he were really so desirous as we suppose him to be, for the universal adoption of any one religious system, He has means in his hand for at once accomplishing his purpose, without waiting for the tardy feet of those human agents, whose office it is to bear the good tidings of salvation.

Of this objection, as employed against the truth of christianity itself, I know not that, in the present place, I am bound to take any notice. It is not my present business to discuss the evidences of our faith; and, while addressing a congregation of Christians, I am justified in reasoning on Christian principles only, and taking for granted the data on which all Christians are agreed, that our religion is true, and that it is the best and most perfect which the Almighty has ever made known to his creatures. But as the notion to which I have alluded is at the bottom of very much of the avowed or lurking infidelity which we meet with, I may be excused for observing, that the objection against the divine origin of the Gospel, which is taken from the pretended narrow limits within which

the Gospel has been yet received, is alike unfortunate both in the facts which it assumes and in the arguments which it founds on them.

The adducers have, in the first place, misrepresented or misconceived the general purport of our Saviour's prophecies, in which, though the *final triumph* of his cause is often foretold, its *immediate reception* or *rapid progress* among men, is never so much as intimated. The direct contrary is, indeed, implied in all comparisons of his church and its privileges, to treasure hid in the ground which escapes the search of careless or superficial enquirers ; to leaven buried in a bushel of meal, whose secret and pervading influence should make itself felt at length, and by degrees, through the whole of the mass which concealed it; of corn sown in a field, over which many moons must wax and wane ere first its green and tender shoots, its golden ears next, and lastly, its overflowing and manifold harvest, alleviate the anxiety and reward the labours of the husbandman. The contrary is, lastly, implied in the many predictions of our Lord while on earth, which prepare his disciples to encounter opposition, persecution, and contempt from the world in which they were to labour ; and that many generations of offence, of dissension, of opposition, yea, and of apostacy, were to inter-

vene before the Tabernacle of God was to be finally erected among his people, and the knowledge of the Lord should cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Nor can it be accounted reasonable to object to the claims of a prophet to divine inspiration that the sect which he founded has not met with a more favourable fortune upon earth than he himself, in the first instance, promised and foretold.

Nor is this the only fact connected with Christianity which has been ignorantly or wilfully misrepresented. Its actual progress among men, and the number of its external professors have been almost systematically depreciated and diminished, while, by an opposite mistake, the probable amount of the Musselman and Gentile inhabitants of our planet have been exaggerated in a five-fold proportion. But, if assuming the latest and most accurate estimate which I have met with (and that from no friendly hand) of the comparative population of the different sects among mankind, we estimate the amount of those who at present are called by the name of Christ at 200,000,000, or a fourth part of mankind; if we recollect that, within these limits are included all the most improved and improving portion of the world, the most powerful in arms, the most skilful in arts, the most distinguished in every branch of moral

and natural philosophy, the most industrious, the wealthiest and the wisest among the sons of men ; if we bear in mind that to them the entire old world is immediately or indirectly tributary ; and that, in the new world, to which their genius has led the way, they have found an almost vacant and a little less than boundless field for the occupation and dominion of an innumerable and believing posterity ; if we consider that, however slow the progress of Christianity may have been, it is now and has been always *progressive* ; it may seem that the enemies of our creed have been somewhat rash in their exultations over its failure. It may require no mighty measure of faith to believe that “the Lord is not slack as men count slackness;” that the word which hath gone forth from his mouth shall in no wise return unto him empty; and that He who hath thus far conquered will go on to fresh conquests still; till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of God and his Christ; till his Church, afflicted first and militant still, shall become universal, and at length triumphant; and till the material world itself shall make way for a nobler and happier creation, and a great voice shall be heard of much people in heaven, saying, “ Alleluja, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.”

Those objectors, indeed, who would revile the christian faith because in the course of 1800 years it has not yet converted the world, have forgotten the analogy between the moral and material universe, and how universally, in the latter, those changes which are beneficial are, in comparison, slow and gradual. The desolation of a province by an earthquake or a volcano may be the work of a single hour ; but months and years, and ages have been necessary ere the gradual deposition of alluvial soil has clothed the rocky valley of the Nile with the harvests and fertility of Egypt, or produced Bengal from its parent Ganges. And those who infer that God does not will the eventual triumph of his name, and the eventual and complete felicity of his creatures, because his providence works by the agency of secondary causes, and through the imperfection of human labourers, may as well reason from the existence of vice that God does not delight in virtue, and are blasphemers against the religion of nature, as well as against that of revelation and prophecy.

The honour, then, of God, and his will as declared in scripture, are of themselves sufficient reasons to engage the zeal, the affections, the faith and energies of Christians in the endeavour to disseminate his truth among those

who still sit in darkness. Now, if much remains to be done ere the victory of the cross shall attain its full completion, if many nations still dishonour by superstition the glory of Him who made us all, and if the mightiest and wisest and best of beings is still unknown or misrepresented among the greater proportion of those who bear his image—the result on our minds should be no other than a greater ardour of exertion in proportion as its necessity is greater, a more exalted zeal for his name in proportion as that name is ignorantly dishonoured.

But it is not our duty to our Maker and Redeemer alone which should urge us to the dissemination of his Gospel; our love of man no less constraineth us to communicate to our neighbours and brethren the same inestimable blessings which we have ourselves freely received from the Giver of all good things. It was not for the glory of God alone that the Son of God descended from on high, but in order that peace and good will to man might be manifested in that illustrious condescension. And it must be, to say the least of it, either a very inadequate notion of the nature and extent of the benefits conferred on mankind by a knowledge of and belief in christianity, or a very lamentable coldness and indifference to the happiness or misery of our fellow creatures,

which can make us backward, much more averse, to lend our aid, to our power and in our proper station, to the progress of the true religion among the heathen.

For, let us recollect, that it is not wisdom alone, it is not the more perfect knowledge of God and his nature and attributes, it is not a mere freedom from idle or injurious superstitions, it is not a pure and holy law of life and morals only ; nor yet the many and various advantages of a civil and political character, the improvement of the human intellect, the extension of secular knowledge, the acquisition of fresh fields of enterprize and mental enjoyment, and the perfection of those many arts and sciences which an enlargement of the understanding brings with it ; it is not the advancement of social life, the more enlarged and accurate notions of truth and justice, the corroboration of every civil and every domestic tie, the restoration of the other sex to their natural place in society, and the many blessed effects which flow to our own sea from that restored society and influence ; not the wisdom, the wealth, the peace, the civil liberty, which, wherever Christianity has appeared, have uniformly followed in her train, and which every nation has enjoyed more purely and perfectly in proportion as the system of Christianity

which it has received has been purer and more perfect—these are not the only, nor the greatest blessings which our backwardness or indifference would deny to our uninstructed fellow creatures. These or any one of them would be an object worthy of the utmost exertions and ardent desires of a benevolent mind ; and to accomplish which, in any considerable degree, the labour of a man's whole life would be a cheap and easy sacrifice. Who is there among us who would not rejoice, by all safe and peaceable means, to introduce a greater reverence for truth, a greater purity of language, a better founded and more consistent veneration for the obligations of justice and integrity, among those with whom we dwell, to whom is entrusted the daily care of our persons, our property, and our children, and through whose agency and evidence alone those among us who bear rule must provide for the public peace and security ? Who is there who calls to mind the wretched follies by which men, naturally as acute and intelligent as ourselves, attempt to escape from the burden of sin, and to appease the anger of offended Heaven, without desiring to substitute repentance and a faith in that great Victim who died for the sins of the world, in place of the vain washings, the unprofitable self-mortifications,

the abominable obscenity, the hideous cruelty, the ashes, the torturing irons, and the torturing flame, which engross the time and delude the understanding and destroy the happiness of the Indian aspirant after holiness? Who, lastly, that has either witnessed or heard but a small part of the wonderful and horrible things which, in the name of religion, are perpetrated and daily perpetrating around us, but must desire, (by the same mild and persuasive arguments which only suit our cause,) to quench those funeral flames to which love, strong as death, is now consigned by interested priestcraft; to abate those murders which pollute the stream of Ganges, and add a darker horror to the hideous features of Juggernath ; and to still those innocent cries and dry up that infant blood which day and night mount up from Central and Western India, as a witness against us, to the God and Parent of all men?

But more is yet behind! These are not the only nor the most awful considerations which impel us to labour in the dissemination of the Christian faith. The SOULS OF MEN are implicated! It is not, indeed, necessary for my argument, and it is far, very far, from my inclination, to determine rashly of the final state of those that are without, and who must stand or fall to that great Master only, whose throne

is established in righteousness and judgement. But whatever mercy may be shewn to those that offend in ignorance; whatever benefits may emanate (through the uncovenanted bounties of our God) from the death of Christ, towards those on whom the light of the Gospel has not shined; yet, doubtless, (if we would not resolve the privileges of the Gospel into a nullity,) a faith in Christ must be the entrance to a more certain and excellent salvation; the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which the regenerate obtain, must not only enable them to a more genuine holiness, but conduct them to a brighter glory; and, in whatever sense the Living God is the Saviour of all men, the same text, on which we ground this hope, assures us, that, in a more preeminent and particular sense, he is the Saviour of them which believe. Nor is this all; for if murder, if uncleanness, if fraud, if falsehood, be breaches of that law which is written in the heart of every man, and that natural light whereby even the Heathen are left inexcusable; yea, if idolatry itself be a practice, (as we find it described both in the prophetic and the apostolic writings), no less offensive in itself to God, no less subversive of the morals of men, and no less a criminal breach of the law of nature, than it is inconsistent with the dictates of natural reason, and

with those notions of the Almighty which even the visible creation inculcates ; it is impossible to contemplate the spiritual state, and spiritual prospects of very many of those by whom we are surrounded, without a very painful apprehension of the issue of such errors, and a very earnest wish and prayer, that the knowledge and sanctifying grace of the Gospel may be in time communicated to them.

Nor can it be maintained with reason, that feelings like these, and the exertions consequent on such feelings, are exclusively incumbent on a peculiar order of men, on the ministers or missionaries of Christianity. On us, no doubt, there is an additional and awful obligation ; a woe is laid on us if we *preach not the Gospel* ; and He who hath sent us forth into the world to proclaim his truth to every creature, requireth of us, beyond a doubt, our utmost endeavours, where means of personal exertion are afforded—and our utmost liberality, where we have to aid the personal exertions of our brethren. But to all, and not to the clergy only, the honour of God should be dear. On all, and not on a small minority of God's servants, the obligation is imposed, of desiring the happiness and promoting the salvation of their brethren. And it is as much the duty of every Christian, in his proper sphere, and

according to the means which he possesses, to lend his help in turning the sinner from the error of his ways, and delivering the blinded Gentile from the accumulated danger of his condition, as it would be to pluck his brother out of the fire, or to prevent him by timely warning, from walking down a precipice.

“ Still,” it has been said, “ for such feelings and exertions there is ample scope at home. There are thousands in our native land who, no less than the heathen, need instructing and reclaiming, and on whom it were wiser and better to expend our missionary energies. than to intrude them on a race with whom we have no concern, and who may resent the intrusion in a manner dangerous to the dearest political interests of our nation.”

For the first of these objections there might perhaps be more plausibility, if the promoters of missionary exertions abroad were indifferent to the condition of their erring countrymen, or if they did not also labour, at least as diligently as their opponents, in the support of schools, in the distribution of the scriptures, and in every other channel of benevolent exertion and expenditure, which can reclaim the wretched from the error of his ways, and instruct the ignorant in his duty. But to maintain that the danger of those

who are already in possession of the means of grace is to occupy our mind so entirely that we can spare no pity to those who have no means of grace at all, that the progress of God's kingdom is to be suspended so long as there remains, in those countries over which it has a general empire, a perverse and unbelieving remnant, is to maintain that which, if it had been held by the apostles, would have excluded us, who are now assembled, for ever from the knowledge and blessings of which we are partakers ; inasmuch as while a single Jew remained unconverted, it would have been an offence, on this principle, to offer the kingdom of God to any single Gentile. And who does not see, that the existence of misery and vice, and ignorance, in our own land, is no argument whatever against endeavouring, in other lands, to diminish the amount of vice, and ignorance, and misery, and that we are bound by every tie of reason and compassion and piety, to render honour to God's name wherever we may ourselves be thrown, and, as far as we have means and opportunity, to do good to all men without distinction.

But can it really be maintained, with any semblance of truth or reason or humanity, that the nations of this country, our neighbours, our domestics, our fellow-subjects, our

fellow soldiers ; who toil for us ; who shed their blood in our defence ; whose wealth contributes so largely to the prosperity of Britain, and their valour (their faithful and invincible valour and allegiance,) so essentially promotes our security and renown ; that these men, with whom we live and converse, distinguished by so many estimable and amiable qualities of intelligence, of bravery, of courteous and gentle demeanour, are devoid of a claim on all the good which we can render or obtain for them, on our affections, our bounties, our services, and, I will add, our prayers ? Can we petition their father and our's that his glorious kingdom may come, without desiring, if we think of them at all, that they may be partakers in it with us ? or can we forget that such prayers and desires are no other than a mockery of God, unless our actions follow our lips, and we endeavour, in God's strength and help, to forward that triumph of his mercy for which we profess ourselves solicitous.

To the plea of political danger I must not be supposed insensible. We have no right, as Christians, to attempt a good work in a manner which is likely to be attended with an immediate and preponderant evil ; we are bound, as Christian subjects and citizens, so to temper our zeal with discretion, as not to

disturb the peace of the land wherein we dwell, and the Government from whom we receive protection. And even setting aside all secular considerations and secular duties, we shall err most grossly against that pure and peaceable wisdom, whereby only we can attain the conversion of the Heathen, if we assail their errors with any other weapon than mild and courteous and unobtrusive argument, or do any thing which can array their angry passions against those opinions which we seek to recommend to their acceptance.

But in the system which only has been tried by the members of our communion, and which only, so far as my advice or authority can reach, shall ever, by God's blessing, be attempted in India; a system studiously distinguished from and unconnected with Government, yet studiously kept within those limits of prudence and moderation which a wise and liberal Government has prescribed; a system which, while it offers our faith to the acceptance of the Heathen, on the ground of its spiritual blessings, disqualifies no man on account of his contrary opinions from any civil or political advantage; a system which, by the communication of general instruction and general morality, imparts to them a knowledge and feeling, which, whether they become Chris-

tians or no, must be highly valuable to them ; a system which puts them in fair possession of the evidences of our creed, leaving it to themselves and their own unbiassed choice to determine between light and darkness ; in such a system, so long as it is steadily adhered to, and patiently and wisely pursued, there is not, there cannot be danger.

They are their own learned men who are our teachers, our correctors of the press, our fellow-labourers in the work of instruction ; they are their own countrymen, yea, and they themselves who are benefited by the large expenditure which our system occasions amongst them ; and even our Missionaries, as associating with them more, and speaking their language better, and occupying themselves with their concerns, and the promotion of their real or apprehended interests, are, (I have reason to believe, by what I have myself seen and heard in no inconsiderable part of India,) among the most popular Europeans who are to be found in their respective neighbourhoods. Yea more, I have had the happiness of witnessing, both in the number of converts which have already been made in Hindustan, in the general good conduct of those converts, and in the good terms on which they in general appear to live with their

gentile neighbours, both how much good may be done, and how little offence will be occasioned by a course of well-meant and well-directed efforts to enlighten the inhabitants of India.

Of all the various bodies of professing Christians, who with more or less of light, and with greater or lesser zeal and providence, have been our precursors, or are about to be our emulators in this great and illustrious enterprize, it becomes me to speak with respect, and if I know my own heart, I shall never think of them with hostility. Every sect will naturally seek to diffuse those religious notions which they themselves esteem most agreeable to reason and religion; and any mode of Christianity, even the modes least distinguished by its peculiar and most blessed characteristic, must be in itself, so far as it extends, a happy change from idolatry. But while we rejoice that Christ is preached, even by those who hold not his faith in our own unity of fellowship; while we are content that the morality of the Gospel should be disseminated, even by those who rob Christ of his godhead and mediatorial attributes; it is surely our duty to be no less anxious than they for the support and preaching of those forms which are associated with every recollection of early and ancestral reverence, those doctrines which we

feel and know to be our surest sanction of morality in this world, and our only ground of hope in worlds beyond the grave. Every man, and every sect, must act for themselves, and according to the lights which they have received ; but let no man teach a doctrine which he does not believe, because it is likely to be popular, or suppress a truth which he holds most sacred, because he fears that it will not be well received by those whom he seeks to benefit. God, we may be sure, has revealed nothing to men which it is not highly desirable for men to know, and the man who encourages the circulation of an imperfect creed, in the hope that its adoption may lead the enemy to that which he himself professes, is at once dealing untruly with himself, his neighbour, and the Most High ;—with himself as seeking after God's glory by means which God has not sanctioned ; with his heathen neighbour, as offering him a religion of which he holds back the most essential portion ; and with his God, as concealing the honour which God has given to his Son, and being ashamed, (for what else is it but shame or cowardice which withholds a truth through fear of offending ?) being ashamed before men of the divinity and cross of his Saviour. In what I have said, I seek to dissuade no man from propagating the truth

which he proposes, but I desire to impress on those who profess the same truth with myself, that on the support and munificence of the members of the Church of England, the institutions of that Church have a paramount claim, beyond those of any other sect or society.

Of that Society, and that particular Institution for which I am now anxious to interest your bounty, it may be said in few words, that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, has, since its establishment in the year 1701, been sedulously and successfully labouring, with the approbation and under the guidance of the venerable fathers of our Church, and of some of our most distinguished statesmen and philosophers, in supporting a line of missionary stations, (above 100 in number,) in some of the wildest and most neglected portions of the British empire, in the Scilly islands, in New South Wales, in the wildernesses of Africa and America. Having been encouraged by recent events, and by an increase of funds derived from the contributions of a liberal public, it has extended, within the last ten years, the range of its labours into Bengal, where it now maintains three episcopally ordained missionaries, (one more is on his way hither,) and is the chief contributor to an institution in which all the three Presidencies are

equally interested) the establishment of Bishop's College, Calcutta,—of which the avowed and appropriate objects are to superintend and forward the translation and publication of the Scriptures in the languages of India, the education of youth, both Native and European, (and selected in equal proportions from Bengal, Madras, Ceylon, and Bombay), in such a manner as to qualify them, as schoolmasters, for the diffusion of general knowledge among the natives, and, as missionaries, to impart that saving knowledge, without which the value of human acquirements is small indeed. It is on these grounds, and with a more immediate view to the present unfinished state of this establishment especially, as an institution of no foreign or distant interest to those whom I am addressing, but which only wants your bounty to enable its conductors to do that which they are most desirous of, and extend its operations to this very neighbourhood, and to every part of the Western as well as the Eastern coast of this vast peninsula,) that I respectfully but with confidence appeal to a bounty, to which appeal has never yet been made in vain.


And, as you desire the glory of God, and that the truth of His Son should be made known to every creature under heaven; as you covet the happiness of mankind, and that innocent blood should be no longer shed amongst us; as you

long for the salvation of souls, and that those who serve and love you here should feel a yet purer and stronger affection for you in paradise; as you love your own souls, and would manifest the sincerity of your grateful faith in that Saviour by whom you are redeemed, I exhort, I advise, I entreat, yea, in the name of my master and yours, in the name of Jesus, Son of God Most High, I demand, in this cause, your assistance and your offerings.

The Son of God, indeed, must reign, be the people never so unquiet! The Gospel will finally triumph, let us neglect or oppose it as we may! But woe be in that day of God's power to those who have set themselves against his church's infant weakness! and woe be to those minor or more timid sinners who have not lent their hand to his harvest! "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they went not forth to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!" But of you, my brethren, I am persuaded better things; and both as knowing your liberality, and as desiring that your bounty may be made beneficial to your own souls and to those interests which you seek to forward, let me intreat you to devote those good works to God and his Son alone, by a lively faith, by a more excellent repentance, by a fervent prayer—

that while you build an ark for others, you may not yourselves be shut forth and perish—and by a participation, let me add, in the blessed body and blood of Him by whose merit alone we obtain, either that our alms-deeds or prayers can be remembered or accepted before his Father.

And, Oh Merciful God, who as at this time didst teach the hearts of thy faithful people by the sending to them the light of thy Holy Spirit, grant us, by the same Spirit, to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in his holy comfort, through the merits of Christ Jesus our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth, with thee, in the unity of the same Spirit, one God, world without end. Amen.



A SERMON,
OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF
THE LATE
REV. JOHN LAWSON,

First Pastor of
THE BAPTIST CHURCH MEETING IN THE CIRCULAR ROAD,

CALCUTTA:

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,
A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE, &c.



BY
REV. W. YATES.



Calcutta :

PRINTED AT THE BAPTIST MISSION PRESS, CIRCULAR ROAD ;
AND SOLD BY MESSRS. THACKER AND CO.

1825.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following sermon has been printed at the particular request of a number of friends who heard it, expressed in a joint letter, soliciting its publication for their own use and the benefit of others. As it was preached from notes, it cannot be said that it is printed *verbatim* as delivered ; the difference, however, is merely verbal, the ideas being the same. In the delivery of it, the application was omitted, and part of the Appendix substituted in its place, time not permitting the communication of both.

FUNERAL SERMON, &c.

1 TIM. i. 15.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.

THAT there is an essential connection between an interest in Christ Jesus and the happiness of the soul, is capable of proof from the word of God and the experience of all mankind. His person and his work are the subjects which constitute the beginning, the middle, and the end of the Bible. When sin first entered into the world, and death by sin, he was promised as the seed of the woman that should bruise the serpent's head. The prospect of his coming filled the patriarchs with joy : " Abraham rejoiced to see his day ; he saw it, and was glad." He was the great theme of prophetic inspiration, the *spirit* of prophecy being a testimony concerning Jesus. " Of his salvation the prophets enquired and searched diligently, seeking what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." He was the constant subject of apostolic preaching : hence such declarations as

these : “ I am determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified ; and, “ God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

That the scriptures, from the beginning to the end, should be full of Christ, will not excite our wonder, when we consider, that the present and eternal happiness of men is inseparably connected with him. As he is exalted far above all principalities and powers, and is the source of every moral excellence, and the communicator of every spiritual blessing, they must be most happy who are most like him, and have the nearest access to him. This is true of all intelligent beings, whether angels or men. Satan, the most miserable of spirits, is the farthest of all removed from Christ, and through all the different ranks of existence between these two wide extremes, every degree of distance from Christ is an approach to misery, and every degree of nearness to him an approximation to blessedness. So we find it in all the gradations of felicity and wretchedness that exist on earth. When men trample under foot the Son of God, and grow “ sensual, earthly, and devilish,” they become like “ the troubled sea which cannot rest, whose waves cast forth mire and dirt,” and sink in misery just as they sink in sin. On the other hand, the who live a life of faith upon the Son of God, and who by the influences of the Spirit are changed into his image, find their happiness increase in propor-

tion as they grow up into him in all things, and resemble "the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

But though there is this unalterable connection between Christ and happiness, it is seldom fully seen till the soul, approaching the precincts of time, has a clear view of eternal realities. Amidst the hurry and confusion of mortal affairs, this fundamental truth is forgotten; and to those whose hearts are pre-occupied with worldly cares, that man appears to be beside himself who talks of the constraining love of Christ. Yet

"A death-bed's a detector of the heart ;"

and by turning to that, we may discover the difference between the righteous and the wicked. Whatever may have been the views entertained in life, the solemnities of death convince us, that he is far from true felicity who, at that awful hour, has not made his peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ. Some at that crisis are insensible to their danger, and then their want of hope and comfort shows to us their wretched situation; but others, alarmed at approaching dissolution, and the judgment that must succeed, seem to start up as from a profound sleep, and to look around with amazement on the world which they are just about to leave.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help ;

But shrieks in vain ! How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer hers !
 A little longer ; yet a little longer ;
 O might she stay to wash away her stains,
 And fit her for her passage !"

" Mournful sight !" Convincing proof that in death there is no true peace, except for those whose stains are washed away by the blood of Christ ; no safety, except for those who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them ! As a contrast to the above character, " mark the perfect man, and behold the upright ; for the end of that man is peace." He has a good hope through grace, and can say, " Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff comfort me." Finding the Saviour's grace sufficient for them, Christians can triumph over death, and exclaim, " O death ! where is thy sting ? O grave ! where is thy victory ? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Joyful in the prospect of being with " him who loved them and washed them from their sins in his own blood," and with those whom he has made " kings and priests unto God even his Father," they can say, when death approaches, " Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Thus happy and triumphant did he depart from this mortal life, whose death we are this evening called to improve.

The text which now demands our serious attention was chosen by him three days previous to his

decease. It may appear to some as little suited for a funeral sermon, being a very common topic, and containing no particular reference to mortality: it may be necessary, therefore, to state why it was selected by our departed friend. The reasons appear to have been two. First, it had been the constant theme of his preaching during his life, and he found it to be his only consolation in the prospect of death and eternity. Secondly, looking upon himself as the chief of sinners, he concluded, that what had been a sovereign remedy to him would, if timely applied, prove the same to all others like himself afflicted with the disease of sin. These considerations led him to think this text most suitable to his own character, and of all others most essential to the happiness of those who might hear his death improved.

The text naturally divides itself into two parts:—the saying, “ Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;”—and the affirmation made of it, that it is “ faithful, and worthy of all acceptance.”

I. In this saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, three things are prominent: the character, Christ Jesus;—his condescension in coming into the world;—and the object he had in view, to save sinners, even the chief.

1.—There is no character which has been more the subject of dispute than that of Christ Jesus:

and there is no definition given of him in the scriptures that has not at one time or other been opposed. Though he is styled the Son of man, and the Son of God, and we are taught by these expressions to consider him as perfect in his humanity and in his divinity; yet the former has been, and the latter still is, denied by many. Some of the Gnostics and the Manichæans, in the first ages of the church, maintained that Christ appeared among the Jews clothed with the shadowy form of a human body, and not with the real substance; and there are many Socinians in the present day who deny his divinity, and assert that he is *only* a man: thus they contradict each other, and between the two, both the humanity and divinity of Christ are denied. When we consider that Satan is the implacable enemy of Christ, and that one great object of his seeking our destruction, is to gratify his malice against the Lord our Maker, we need not be surprised that he should exercise all his ingenuity, either to make us forget him, or to form low ideas of his character: and it is of no consequence to him in which of these snares he takes us, as in either of them we become his hapless prey.

On a subject like this, in which we are all so deeply interested, what a blessing it is that we have the divine word, and the testimony of those who have died in the Lord, to direct us! That word teaches us, that though “Christ came of the fathers concerning the flesh,” yet he is “over all

God blessed for ever;" and that, "being the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person," he counts it no robbery to make himself equal with God. Being possessed of every divine perfection in common with his Father, he is the proper object of adoration and trust; and they must be safe, who commit the keeping of their souls into his hands. After Stephen saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, he was not afraid to say, "Lord Jesus! receive my spirit;" and so the saints through every succeeding age to the present, after discovering the glory of the Saviour, have not been ashamed to call him their Lord and their God. Our dear departed friend, with his living voice and his dying breath, stated his firm belief in the divinity of Christ: and the testimony of a dying man to a truth which supported him in life, consoled him in the prospect of death, and made him triumph over the king of terrors, ought to have some weight with us, when we inquire what views of Christ will make us useful while we live, and most happy when we die.

2.—How great was the condescension of Christ in coming into the world! He descended from the realms of purity and bliss, and entered into a state of sin and woe. Let it not be thought inconsistent with his Godhead, that he should connect himself with a human body; for though "he came down from heaven," he was still "the Son of man in heaven." While Jehovah fills immensity with his presence, he

can at the same time remain in an especial manner in a particular place: so he descended, and showed himself in the burning bush and on Mount Sinai to Moses, and conversed with him “as a man converseth with his friend,” at the same time that he was “the high and lofty One inhabiting eternity.” This was great condescension; but the full display of divine love was reserved for the last days, in which “the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us; (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.” Here we see him who was the Creator of all things, condescending to take humanity into the closest connection with his divinity: here we see him who was rich, for our sakes becoming poor. Had he stooped to assume the nature of angels, to redeem those lost spirits who fell, it had been infinite condescension;—by what words then shall we describe his compassion to us, when he “passed by” that higher order of beings, and took on him the seed of Abraham?

The manner in which he came down from heaven and entered into this world, was at once consistent with his holy nature and the work he came to perform. He was not, like us, “conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity:” no, for after his conception, the angel of the Lord said to Joseph, “Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost: and she

shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus ; for he shall save his people from their sins.” “ That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit : ” “ They that are of the flesh do mind the things of the flesh : ” and from this it is evident that Christ was born of the Spirit, because he minded not the things of the flesh : he sought not honour, wealth, or power : on his entrance into life, “ he was laid in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn.” “ The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of man had not where to lay his head.”

But consider not only whence he came, and how he came, but into what a state of sin, and ignorance, and misery he entered. At the time he came into the world, darkness covered the whole earth, and gross darkness the hearts of the people. The whole world was one vast abyss of sin, and in a spiritual sense just what it was in a natural sense in the beginning, “ without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.” Being filled with every species of iniquity, it abounded also with every species of woe, natural, moral, and spiritual. Yet while in this lost and degraded situation, in the fulness of time, “ Christ Jesus came into the world.”

3.—And what was the purpose for which he came? “ He came to save sinners, of whom I am chief.” “ He came not to be ministered unto, but

to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many;" "not to seek his own glory, but the glory of his heavenly Father;" "not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved;" "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Sin is the transgression of the law; and the law of God, as delivered by Moses in ten commandments, but by our Lord Jesus Christ in two, we have all broken in thought, word, or deed; and are, consequently, all sinners in his sight, justly condemned, and exposed to the curses which his holy law denounces against every transgressor. While in this condemned state, Christ came to our relief; but before he could save us, consistently with the divine honour, it was necessary, first, that he should fulfil the law which we had broken, magnify it and make it honourable, and thus bring in an everlasting righteousness, imputable to us by faith; and, secondly, that he should endure all its penalties, and thus redeem us from its curse, by being made a curse for us. All this he accomplished; and now "the righteousness which is by faith, is unto all and upon all them that believe;" through it God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus: and "thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day, that repentance and remission of sins might be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem."—Having

removed every obstacle out of the way; having opened a channel for the communication of all spiritual blessings; having conquered sin, and death, and hell; and having secured to all his followers, by his resurrection from the dead, “an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away,” he is now seated at the right hand of the Majesty on high, where he ever lives to make intercession for us, and “is able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto God by him.” He now proclaims pardon full and free to every returning prodigal; his language to the very chief of sinners is, “Come now and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;” and “whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.”—What a glorious salvation is that which Christ has procured, and to which he invites the chief of sinners! A deliverance from the guilt, and power, and consequences of sin, an inheritance among them that are sanctified, a heaven pure in its nature, refined in its pleasures, and eternal in its duration!

How did our departed brother delight to dwell on this subject! How much did he feel his obligations to Christ, acknowledging himself to be the chief of sinners! The world could accuse him of no crime, yet when he found all those evil propen-

sities within, which he saw displayed in the outward conduct of others, he was free to confess that there was not a greater sinner than himself, and that if ever he was saved, it must be by the sovereign mercy of God, through the Lord Jesus Christ. If there was any one passage that could express more fully than another the general train which his thoughts took, the channel in which his discourses flowed, and the theme which afforded him most comfort in affliction and in the prospect of eternity, it was that of our text. The inscription found written in large letters upon his text-book was, "Let CHRIST be ALL IN ALL in every sermon."

II. We come now to consider, that the saying which has been explained, is "faithful," and "worthy of all acceptance."

1.—It is a faithful saying, because it was communicated by faithful men; and while it verifies the scriptures that preceded, is confirmed by the experience of all who have since believed.

It is worthy of credit, because it is the testimony of faithful men. It rests on indisputable evidence. This saying is the immoveable rock on which the church is founded, and against which the gates of hell have never been able to prevail. Though assailed by the malice of infernal powers, and attacked by the sly insinuations of infidelity, and put to the test of ridicule and persecution in every possible shape, it still remains an undeni-

able fact, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

The men who first asserted this truth were well qualified to substantiate what they said: they were intimately acquainted with the person of whom they spoke, with his private walks and his public life. What they state is not probable conjecture, not a report received upon the credible authority of others, but “that which they heard, which they saw with their eyes, which they looked upon, and which their hands handled of the Word of life.”—They had no advantage to gain by declaring this fact; they had rather every thing to deter them from such declaration. We know that men will often do strange things to obtain honour and applause in society, to gratify their sensual appetites, to amass to themselves riches, and raise themselves to the possession of a sceptre and a crown. But the apostles had no excitements of this kind; instead of gratifying, the truths which they published required them to deny, every sinful propensity: they had to look forward to nothing but disgrace, and self-denial, and poverty, and degradation; and if such prospects could not deter them from speaking, then we may depend upon it that theirs is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation.

The circumstance that most of the apostles laid down their lives in defence of this saying, is another

strong proof of its faithfulness. The most hardened sinners generally feel some compunction when detected in their designs, and make some confessions when brought to an untimely end ; but the apostles, when beaten for declaring this truth, “ rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for his name ;” and when called to give up their lives for it, could say individually : “ For the which cause I also suffer these things ; nevertheless I am not ashamed ; for I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.” From which it must be evident to every one, either that their testimony was a faithful one, or that they were the most hardened of all impostors.

But so far from this, they were all inspired by the Spirit of eternal truth, and were incapable either of deceiving or being deceived. The testimony of one man filled with the Holy Spirit is greater than the universal consent of all nations, in as much as they may err, but he is infallible. The concurrent testimony, therefore, of many such men forms a body of evidence infinitely greater than that which can be brought to establish the faithfulness of any other assertion whatever.

It is a faithful saying, because we see in it the fulfilment of the promises, and types, and prophecies of the Old Testament. Our Lord Jesus

Christ said to his disciples before his death, and after his resurrection: "All things must be fulfilled that are written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and the psalms, concerning me:" and there can be no doubt but it was in reference to these things that he exclaimed with his dying breath, "It is finished."

God promised to our first parents that a deliverer should be raised up; he promised to Abraham that in his seed all the kindreds of the earth should be blessed; he promised to the fathers to raise up a prophet like unto Moses; he promised to David, that of the fruit of his loins according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne. These promises, made through successive ages, he confirmed by an oath, as the apostle Paul states: "Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us." All those promises were fulfilled by the coming of Christ: and hence Zacharias, filled with the Holy Ghost, exclaimed, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people, and hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David, to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember his holy

covenant, the oath which he sware to our father Abraham."

All the types and shadows of the ceremonial law were faithfully developed in what Christ did and suffered: for proof of this, let any one read with care the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which it is clearly shown, that all the sacrifices and ordinances of divine service had an express relation to Christ, and that they received their fulfilment in him. These sacrifices were instituted and continued to impress on the mind this solemn truth, "that without shedding of blood there is no remission;" and when experience had proved that it was "impossible for the blood of bulls and of goats to take away sins," and had shown the necessity of a better sacrifice, then the Saviour made his appearance, and "put away sin by the sacrifice of himself."

The prophecies which relate to the person, advent, work, death, and resurrection of Christ, were very numerous, yet they were all faithfully accomplished. It was said, that "he should be as a root out of a dry ground, having no form nor comeliness^a;" and so he proved to the Jews. It was predicted, that he should be "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief^b;" and his history shows him to have been so. It was declared, that "the sceptre should not depart from Judah,

^a Isa. liii. 2.

^b Isa. liii. 3.

nor a lawgiver from between his feet," till Christ came^c; and that he should come sixty-nine weeks "after the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem^d;" and so it happened. It was said, that he should "reveal things hidden from the foundation of the world^e;" and it is universally acknowledged, that both in the matter and manner of his discourses, "he spake as never man spake." It was prophesied, that by him "the eyes of the blind should be opened, the ears of the deaf unstopped; that the lame should leap like a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing^f;" and in reading his miracles, we find all these things were performed. It was declared, that "after sixty-two weeks he should be cut off, but not for himself^g;" that he should be betrayed by a professed friend^h, and for thirty pieces of silverⁱ; that he should be brought as a lamb to the slaughter^k; that vinegar and gall should be presented to him in his sufferings^l; that "not a bone of him should be broken^m;" that he should "make his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his deathⁿ;" that he should be buried, but should not see corruption^o; that he should rise from the dead, and ascend on high, leading captivity captive^p, and that he should see the travail of his soul and be satisfied^q. Now these, and more than a hundred other prophecies concern-

^c Gen. xlix. 10. ^d Dan. ix. 25. ^e Matt. xiii. 35. ^f Isa. xxxv. 5.

^g Dan. ix. 26. ^h Psa. xli. 9. ⁱ Zech. xi. 12. ^k Isa. liii. 7.

^l Psa. lxix. 21. ^m John xix. 36. ⁿ Isa. liii. 9. ^o Acts ii. 27.

^p Psa. lxxviii. 18. ^q Isa. liii. 11.

ing his coming into the world to save sinners, were fulfilled ; so that from the whole we have the most abundant proofs of the faithfulness of God and the truth of the scriptures.

In the last place, we add, that it is a faithful saying, because it has been tried by many, and in every instance has given full satisfaction. Of all the thousands who have believed this saying, no one has been allured to do so by any false and specious promises given in the Bible ; for then, after being disappointed, he would have rejected it with disdain. Some have put on the outward garb of religion, and have afterwards renounced it ; but we have never yet known a single instance of a man who has rested his immortal hopes on this truth, and has repented of it on his dying bed. The saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, is designed to teach us, that sin and its consequences will be removed, and that pardon, peace, and endless life will be enjoyed by them that believe. The question, therefore, is, Did ever any one believe in Jesus Christ, and not obtain these blessings ? Did ever a guilty sinner, with a broken heart and contrite spirit, cast himself at the foot of the cross, confessing his sins, and imploring mercy through the blood of Christ, without finding God faithful and just to forgive him his sins ? If so, Satan would have a just cause of exultation, in as much as he could then set at defiance the veracity of God, and the value of the Saviour's blood. Did

ever a soul, weary of sin and sinful pursuits, come to Christ according to his invitation, and not find rest? Of such an instance we have never heard: we have heard of and witnessed many of a contrary nature. We have known persons who have run the giddy round of pleasure, and sought for peace in every earthly pursuit, but without success; and last of all, weary and heavy laden, have applied to Christ, and in him have found that joy to which they were before entire strangers. Lastly, it may be asked, Did ever a soul depart from this life, believing in Christ as the Saviour of sinners, without obtaining immortal life? To this question it may be replied: Since we cannot look into eternity, how can we tell? Look at the last hours of those who die triumphant in the Lord, and say if you can doubt. Christ owns his friends on this side death, and throws around their dying beds a sort of heavenly atmosphere, which we cannot breathe without being benefitted. We witness their composure, we see their hold on heaven, we hear their calm and elevated discourse, and we feel no more doubt of their eternal happiness than we do of their eternal existence. In addition to which evidence, we have the testimony of the Spirit, saying, “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”

2.—It is not only a faithful saying, but it is “worthy of all acceptation.” It is so, because it glorifies God, and promotes the happiness of men. This is the view which the heavenly host took of

the subject, when they announced the birth of the Saviour as an event that would be productive of “glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth.”

It glorifies God by the revelation it makes of his character, and the honour it brings to his name. It is declared to be life eternal, to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent ; and by nothing else is so much of the divine character displayed as by the sending of Jesus Christ. By this

“ A thousand angels learn his name,
Beyond whate’er they knew.”

There can be no doubt but one principal reason of God’s permitting sin to enter into the world, was to unfold those glories of his nature, which must otherwise have been eternally concealed, and by the revelation of them to promote the happiness of all created beings. Whatever tends to show more clearly the nature and perfections of God, must necessarily interest all intelligent creatures ; and hence we are able to account for the deep concern which angels feel in the plan of redemption—“ which things the angels desire to look into.” They are delighted with the subject, as we ought to be, because it unfolds some attributes unknown before, and adds a new lustre to others which had always been admired.

The infinite mercy of God would never have been known, as far as we can judge, had it not been through the gospel of Christ. His benevolence

was seen in the exaltation and happiness of angelic spirits, his goodness in the diffusion of being and blessedness through all the worlds which he formed ; but in all this his mercy was not seen ; yea, it is not improbable but the overthrow of Satan and his hosts had prevented the idea of mercy from entering into the mind of the highest created intelligence : we need not wonder, therefore, at the raptures they felt when it was discovered, that God was infinitely merciful as well as infinitely holy. And is not that which has furnished them with a new and eternal song of triumph, worthy of all our acceptance ?

But it adds a new lustre to other attributes. Much had been seen of the *love* of God before ; but to show it in all its heights and depths, and lengths and breadths, he fixed upon one display that should exceed every other : “ He commended his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.” Much of his *wisdom* had been seen before, in the formation of an endless variety of objects and spiritual existences ; but the grand display of his wisdom was “ a mystery, which from the beginning of the world had been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ : to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God.” Much of his *power* had been manifested before in creating and upholding so many worlds. Proof had

been given, that out of a perfect chaos he could form a beautiful world ; but still it was not known that he could operate as powerfully in the renovation of spirit as of matter ; but now it is seen, that souls resembling a dark chaos before, become a new creation in Christ Jesus.

This saying, “ that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” displaying, as it does, so much of the character of God, must redound to his glory. It defeats the purposes of Satan ; it displays the evil nature of sin, so as to prevent its future recurrence ; it establishes God’s moral government on a firm basis ; it excites the praises of angels ; it produces peace, obedience, and eternal gratitude in the redeemed. In short, it forms the foundation of that temple, “ the top-stone of which will be brought forth with shoutings of Grace, grace unto it,” and which will stand as a most illustrious monument of the divine glory through everlasting ages.

It is worthy of all acceptation, because it promotes the happiness of all who receive it. It is worthy on its own account, being faithful, and productive of the divine honour, as we have shown ; and on our account, as forming the foundation of our present and eternal felicity.—There are many reports in which we are very little concerned, and it is of no consequence to us whether we hear them or not, whether they be true or false ; but it

is not so with this saying, as the belief or disbelief of it will place us among a different class of beings, and in a different state of existence. “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.”

This saying, being applicable to all as sinners, is worthy of universal reception. Every other system of religion is of limited application : it is Christianity alone that makes no distinction between Jews and Gentiles, &c. The religion of the Hindoo was designed for none but Hindoos, and that of the false prophet extends no pity to the Cafirs who are the first of sinners ; but the religion of Jesus Christ addresses itself to all in their true character as sinners, and is therefore, as a remedy for the epidemic disorder of sin, worthy of all acceptance. Here is no difference between those born in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America ; no distinction between the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate ; no difference between the moral and the immoral, the great and the little sinner ; “ but the scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.” Sinners of every clime, of every age, and of every description are included : this is the glory of the gospel, and it is this which renders it worthy of all acceptance.

While it applies to all as sinners, it promotes the happiness of all, when received. What do sin-

ners need to make them happy ? They need sin to be destroyed, and holiness to be imparted ; and in proportion as these two objects are secured, their felicity is increased. What is there that destroys sin and promotes holiness, like faith in the Saviour of sinners ? Men cannot forsake their sins without faith in Christ ; but when that has been communicated by the divine Spirit, they have been enabled to leave those sinful practices which had grown into the most inveterate habits. “ The raven has been changed into a dove, the lion into a lamb ;” and all who have marked the change have confessed it to be great, and greatly to the advantage of the individual. To be delivered from the yoke of Satan, to be freed from the dominion of vile passions, the worst of slavery, and “ to escape the corruptions that are in the world through lust,” are among the negative blessings of the gospel of Christ.—Beside these, it has positive ones to impart. It purifies the heart from the love of sin, it bestows a “ peace of mind which passeth all understanding,” it supports in the hour of affliction, it delivers from the fear of death, and implants in the soul a hope blooming with immortality. Thus it makes every one who receives it, a happier man in himself: and in like manner it would be easy to trace its beneficial influence from an individual to a family, from a family to a city, from a city to a country, from a country to a continent, and from a continent to a world. If, therefore, a capacity to produce happiness on the most extensive scale can

entitle any proposition to general regard, this saying, "that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," is "worthy of all acceptance."

Eternal life is inseparably connected with this declaration, and therefore it is worthy of universal reception. Surely no being can covet endless woe; much less we who are so concerned about trifling inconveniences of short duration: and yet without this saying, or even with it, without a cordial belief in it, this must be our portion. The scriptures are most decisive on this point: they tell us, that "There is no other name under heaven among men whereby we can be saved;" and that "Whosoever believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." At the same time they are equally express in declaring, that "Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life." What sum of misery is included in the endurance of the wrath of God for ever, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," we cannot calculate; and equally impossible would it be for us to describe, how much blessedness is included in the endless enjoyment of his presence, in whose presence there is life, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore: but this we know, that the truth by which an eternity of woe may be avoided, and an eternity of bliss secured, must be "worthy of all acceptance."

The truths which we have now discussed, were those on which our departed friend was never weary of thinking or preaching. You have heard him descant with pleasure on the glorious character of the Saviour, on the necessity of his incarnation, on his wondrous condescension and love in coming into such a world, on the magnitude of that work which he accomplished, on the value of that blood which he shed, on the extent of those blessings which he purchased, and on the privileges connected with believing in him. You have heard him expatiate on the faithfulness of this saying, as delivered to us by faithful men, as being the fulfilment of numerous prophecies, and as being a never-failing source of comfort to guilty sinners. You have heard him describe in the strongest language, how much God is glorified by the gospel of his Son, and how unalterably the present and future happiness of men is connected with the reception of this gospel. All these things many of you have heard from week to week for several years—but from his lips you will hear them no more. The body that was so often conducted by the willing soul into this pulpit to deliver them, is now conveyed to the silent tomb ; and the spirit which once laboured to unfold to us all the words of this life, is now present with the Lord. Let us then search our hearts and try our ways, and ask ourselves if we are prepared to follow.

Let me ask you who have heard his tender and pressing expostulations so often without effect, what you think of this providence? You have resisted his *living*, will you also resist his *dying*, intreaties? Will neither the voice of mercy nor the voice of judgment awaken your sluggish souls? will you still sleep on carelessly, when death has approached, and carried off your watchman? What will you say when you meet him again at the bar of God? Will you accuse him of unfaithfulness in not giving you warning? You cannot; “your blood must be upon your own heads:” and O! remember, that if, after all, you still persevere in the ways of sin, “it will be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for you.” O that you were wise, that you understood this, that you would consider your latter end; and ere the great day of his wrath come, take refuge in him, who is “a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.”

Let the Children, and Pupils of the deceased, and the Young Persons in this congregation, be particularly admonished by this afflictive event to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. In addition to all his public, many of you received his private, instructions: with his living and his dying breath he besought you to turn unto the Lord; yea, on his dying bed, holding some of you by the hand, he would not let you go till you pro-

mised that you would serve the Lord God of your fathers. He rightly appreciated the value of your immortal souls; he knew the advantages of early piety, and seemed to "travail in birth again till Christ was formed in you." Can you think of his fervent prayers, of his solemn addresses, of the holy violence which he used to compel you to come in, and of the tears which you have seen him shed for you, and yet remain unmoved, and unmindful of the things that belong to your eternal peace? Respecting some of you he entertained the hope, that the fear of the Lord was implanted in your hearts; and can you bear the thought, that the next happy spirit that shall be conducted by angels from this part of the world to the blessed place where he now is, should be able to give him no information of your having decided for God, and yielded yourselves up to his service? If any thing could grieve his happy spirit in the realms of bliss, it would be to learn that you are still neglecting the Saviour. Would you not wish to dwell for ever with him, whom you so much respected and loved, and with whom you lived so long on earth? Can you bear the idea of being for ever separated from him, and of hearing the Saviour, after saying to him, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," say to you, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?" I know the thought cuts you to the very heart; would that it might lead you to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?" and to seek to him who

has said, " I love them that love me ; and those that seek me early shall find me."

The Members of the Church meeting in this place are, by this bereavement, loudly called to examination, and increased piety and activity in their high vocation. Yours, my dear friends, is no trivial loss, as many gifts of nature and blessings of providence and grace were requisite to form a character like that of your beloved pastor : it behoves every one of you, therefore, to inquire, whether he or she has contributed to this visitation. God often removes his ministers when there is some sad backsliding in his church, that they may be saved from the evil to come, and that their deaths may be the means of promoting that repentance and reformation which all their expostulations and prayers could not effect: this is evident from the admonition of the Saviour, " Remember whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place." To a feeling mind, no reflection can be more cutting, than that of having forfeited an invaluable blessing through neglect, or want of improvement. " But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak:" we would turn, therefore, on this melancholy occasion, to the use of exhortation and comfort. You have now stronger reasons than ever to withdraw your affections from earthly, and

place them on heavenly things. Does not earth appear less attractive in your view, now bereft of one of your most valuable friends? and does not heaven appear more inviting, now he has joined the blessed assembly? What ought to be your conduct under such circumstances? what, but to follow more closely those “who through faith and patience are inheriting the promises;” “to be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord?” What a blessing, that the life of your pastor was preserved to you so long; that you had the privilege of receiving so much instruction, doctrinal, experimental, and practical, from his lips; and that you had the opportunity of beholding his holy life, which was “an example for believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, and in purity!” What a comfort, that you were permitted to witness the closing scene of his life, and behold the faith, and hope, and joy which he possessed in the immediate prospect of dissolution! In him you have had a specimen of what it is to live, and of what it is to die, in the Lord. But what a still greater comfort is it, that you are not called to sorrow as others who have no hope! You will meet your pastor again; you will hear him singing in immortal strains, “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever:” “wherefore comfort one another with these words.”

“ Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

A short Account of the Life and Death

OF

THE REV. J. LAWSON.



THE principal events which constitute the history of a nation are often few: those which form the history of an individual are fewer still. The life of Mr. Lawson may be summarily comprehended in a short space. He was born at Trowbridge in Wiltshire, on the 24th of July 1787, and remained at the same place till the year 1803; when he was removed to London, to gratify the strong propensity he felt to become an artist. Here, after being brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, he was led to consecrate his talents to the service of religion, and to embark for India as a missionary, principally with the view of being useful in the arts. After having accomplished the chief work for which he came to this country, he was called to discharge the duties of a minister and a pastor; to which he devoted himself with a steady perseverance till the present year 1825, when he died in the midst of his usefulness. Though in the history of a man pursuing such a tract, a great variety cannot be expected, yet there are some particulars in his character, life, and death, which by his friends are judged worthy of remembrance.

From his earliest youth, he was possessed of a very vivid imagination : he never forgot the scenes of early life, as we may learn from these lines which he wrote in 1820.

Haunts of my childhood. Now, though far away,
And tedious months on months have roll'd along,
Imperishable are those high-wrought lines
Pencill'd with all the magic forms and stains
Of lovely Nature—yea, the lapse of years
But strengthens the illusion, which more grand
Though indistinct, sports on the mental landscape.

There were two circumstances that transpired, one in the days of his youth, and the other in riper years, which gave full scope to the exercise of this discursive faculty : and which also gave a certain tinge to his character in after life ; the one was the death of his mother, and the other the destruction of his father's property by fire. Although only about six years old when his mother died, he appears always to have retained the most distinct and lively impression of her person and excellent instructions. Of this the following passage from his piece on " Female Influence" is a pleasing proof.

He who loves nature cannot but love home,
For there her wonders smote the infant sense,
And first impressions wrought, and wove a web
Of sympathies and blest associations
To be unravell'd never. Chiefly thou,
My mother, art united with each glimpse
Of early times. I love to think of days
When simplest weeds had power to sooth the mind ;
Because those pluck'd by thee, of earliest growth,
My first companions on thy heaving bosom,
Seem'd of a purer white, like the bright stars
With each point dipt in crimson ;—so I love
The dream of home, for thou art buried there.
Those warm caresses of a mother's love—
That look of tenderness, so full, so deep—
The thousand nameless charms which hung about her—
The form benignant—the soft beaming face—
And sigh of calm solicitude low breathed

For me, when pale and sick I listless lay
 Upon her neck—are ever brought to mind,
 Connected with some object much endeared,
 Some rural spot, or oft-frequented glen,
 Or note of bird, or form of wildest weed.

With thee, my mother, oft the radiant noon
 Gilded our rambles through the brake, in quest
 Of the full berry, while thy holy words,
 Associated with thy gentle form,
 And with th' impressive aspect of thy looks,
 Fell on the young consenting mind. I loved
 To hear thy warning voice, and treasure deep
 The precept grave, and follow'd by thy prayers.

—The wondrous truth

That Jesus died for sinful man, impress'd
 Upon the mind at reason's early dawn,
 Beam'd on my first conceptions, and inspired
 Religious awe, supplied the noblest themes
 For busy thought, the noblest motives offer'd
 To holiness and virtue, and sent home
 Upon the tender conscience dread of sin.

From the remarks contained in the above lines, it is easy to perceive that he was early the subject of religious impressions, and that from a child he was made acquainted with the Holy Scriptures. These impressions were afterwards strengthened by the kind attentions of the master to whose care his education was intrusted. This gentleman (Mr. Westfield) often conversed with him, and prayed with him in the most serious and affectionate manner, which, under the divine blessing, produced an indelible effect on his mind, and for which he afterwards felt more grateful than for all his other favours. Under the care of a person with whom he felt himself at home, he soon began to manifest his prevailing genius. He commenced cutting different figures on pieces of wood, and without any assistance brought them to such perfection, that those who saw them were astonished, and convinced that the hand of nature had formed him for an artist. His father being made acquainted with this, and learning that nothing else would

satisfy him, thought it prudent not to cross his inclination, and therefore went to London to seek out for him a suitable situation; and having succeeded in getting him artied to a wood-engraver, returned home with a message that delighted the heart of his son. All necessary arrangements having been made, in June 1803 he took leave of his friends: at which time his father requested of him two things; the one was, to read his Bible, and the other to attend divine worship on the Sabbath; which he promised to do. He then received the parting benediction, quitted the place of his nativity, and entered the "great town," where to him all was new and surprising.

After his arrival in London, he applied himself diligently to his work, and made rapid advances in the art. These labours of his occupation engaged his attention all the week, and on the Sabbath days new scenes and new companions invited him to a kind of dissipation, to which before he had been unaccustomed. Allured by these specious baits, he forgot his promise to his father, neglected to read his Bible, and seldom attended any place of worship. In this course he continued for nearly three years, though not without many struggles of conscience, and resolutions to reform. In one of these serious intervals, he was led to read his neglected Bible, and to visit the forsaken chapel; and it pleased God by these means to convince him of his sins, and soon after to deepen these convictions by affliction, and at length to make him experimentally acquainted with the blessings of salvation. He then offered himself as a candidate to the church in Eagle-street, of which the present Mr. Ivimey, the writer of "The History of the English Baptists," and other works, was pastor; and the following is the substance of the statement, in his own words, which he made of himself to that Society, when, according to the custom of congregational churches, they required of him to give an account of his Christian experience, and his reasons for wishing to make a public profession of religion.

“ Being highly favoured by the providence of God, I had the privilege and blessing of a religious education ; which so far influenced me, that if my memory fail not, I was the subject of early convictions ; but no lasting impression being made on my mind, I continued in a state of alienation from God.— In June 1803, all necessary matters being arranged for my coming to London, my father, as I was about to take my leave of him, told me, he had put my Bible into the box, which he wished me, as I valued my eternal interests, to make my principal study ; saying at the same time very affectionately : ‘ I hope now, as you are going beyond the reach of a parent’s eye, to a place where you will be surrounded with snares and dangers, you will not fail to attend the ministry of the gospel every Sunday, and I particularly wish you to make Eagle-street chapel your constant place of hearing.’ My poor aged grandmother likewise gave me this necessary injunction with tears in her eyes. I believe I promised rigidly to observe them ; but the event has proved to my sorrow, that I awfully broke my promise.

“ On my arrival in London, I was introduced to circles apparently strangers to the power of religion ; and Sundays being the only leisure time I had, were usually spent in visiting, idle conversation, and, what I have since thought, dreadful profanation, but not without some convictions ; for I remember feeling rather uncomfortable at spending Sabbath after Sabbath without once entering a place of worship. At last I formed a resolution of attending constantly at Surrey Chapel ; but after going twice, I was again attracted by gay company, which I thought preferable to religion. Here I must observe, that on retrospection of my past conduct, I cannot but admire the restraining grace of God, whose power alone withheld me from plunging into the depths of sin and wickedness, which I well know was the natural bent of my heart : often did I

curse my folly for resisting opportunities of running into the grossest sins.

“ Thus I continued till the latter end of February 1806. About this time, I resolved to read my Bible, which had lain for nearly three years useless. My mind was then seriously impressed with the thought of my being in a lost condition, which led me to private prayer, and to implore God that he would show me the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Again I resolved to go to chapel: accordingly I went, and expected in the course of the sermon to be brought under the most dreadful convictions, but found myself exceedingly disappointed, and was very much afraid I should never be converted. In about a fortnight I was visited with a slight illness, which brought with it terror and uneasiness of mind not to be described. If I attempted to pray, my thoughts were filled with horrid blasphemy against the Almighty, insomuch that I was afraid of being struck dead immediately. Oftentimes did I wish myself any thing but a human creature, and as often was I ready to charge God with injustice in creating me to misery; for at that time I thought if there was an elect people, it was not my own fault if I was eternally lost. Every night brought with it new horrors; I was afraid to close my eyes, for fear of waking in hell; and then did I feel the dreadful unbelief of my heart. I prayed earnestly to be enabled to believe in Christ, but could not: I thought it impossible that the Son of God should ever have died for sinners. In this state I continued for some time, being filled with the most dreadful thoughts of God and religion, which I endeavoured to suppress; till one night as I was thinking of my unhappy condition, I happened to take up my Bible, and opened it at the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah: the following words met my eyes: ‘ I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.’ The effect this had on me I can-

not express ; I wished myself alone to give vent to my tears and joy ; and thought then my proud, hard, and unbelieving heart was effectually humbled and broken. With joy did I meditate on the words ; and knew then that the righteousness mentioned certainly meant the imputed righteousness of Christ, for I felt I had none of my own. That night I slept in comfort ; and whenever doubts and fears began to arise, the above mentioned text would rush on my mind, and convince me that I had God's promise of salvation.

“ With respect to making a public profession of religion, it has been impressed on my mind lately, that I am bound in duty and love, to declare to the world the change which I hope is wrought in me. And after making professions of love and attachment to the Saviour in private, why not follow him in his appointed means of grace and ordinances ? for the same that said ‘ Repent,’ said also, ‘ Be baptized,’ and ‘ Do this in remembrance of me.’ ”

From this account, which was confirmed by the evidence of those who had witnessed the change which had taken place in him, the church, feeling satisfied that his heart was renewed, and his moral conduct reformed, agreed to receive him as a member ; and he was afterwards baptized with seventeen other young men. Among the number was Mr. Hoby, now a minister of the gospel in London, with whom he formed an intimate acquaintance, and whom he particularly remembered on his death-bed. Some of his former companions in sin, at a period not far distant from this, imitated his example.

Soon after his admission into the church, his mind became impressed with the importance of missions ; and thinking that he might promote the great work by the knowledge of the art he had acquired, as well as by other means, he ventured to make known his desires, and was recommended to the atten-

tion of the Baptist Missionary Society. Upon ascertaining the nature of his talents and acquirements, and the important uses to which they might be applied, the Society engaged his services, and placed him under the care of the Rev. J. Sutcliff, of Olney, with whom he entered on a preparatory course of studies. These were not carried to the extent he wished, through its having been judged desirable for him to make himself master of punch-cutting, in order to improve the different types used in India: this required his return to London, and nearly a year's close application.

About this period he was called to experience the deepest distress of a domestic nature. His father, soon after he left home, married again, and met with many serious misfortunes in his business. He was by trade a clothier; and while lying on the bed of sickness, his mill was consumed by fire. This stroke he did not long survive, and in less than a year his widow followed, and left the children entirely destitute. This tragical scene stirred Mr. Lawson's poetic fire, and produced his first poem, "The Maniac," in which, with many pathetic touches, he describes the various calamities which betel the whole family. The following verses selected from the piece, contain a concise description of the melancholy event.

Kind and gentle was my sire;
Calmly past the morn of life;
For the dear domestic fire
Cheer'd his children and his wife.

Want we knew not, for a mill
By the flowing stream was ours;
And a house where rose the hill,
Nourish'd all our infant hours.

Flames by night destroy'd our mill,
While he press'd the languid bed;
Flashes danced upon the rill—
'Twas our only source of bread.

Now the turf, his peaceful bed,
 Tells you where my father lies ;
 Tells you that our hope is dead,
 Buried there, no more to rise.

Ah ! the sable widow mourns,
 Mourns awhile, than dries her tears :
 Ere the circling year returns,
 Death lays low the widow's fears.

Then I said, and wish'd it done,
 " Now, O death ! we wait thy call ;
 Since thy work is thus begun,
 Oh ! 'twere kind to take us all."

Orphans now became my care ;
 Now they wept, forlorn and poor ;
 " Yes, poor orphans, you shall share
 What these toiling hands procure."

Thus I said, and thus I meant :—
 O'er the hills there lived a friend :
 Morning came, that morn I went ;
 " Bernard ! O thy pity lend !"

But I found 'twas all in vain,
 Friendship spurn'd the sad request ;
 Then the thunder tore my brain,
 Then the lightning scorch'd my breast.

Wandering far in paths unknown,
 Through the wilderness I ranged ;
 Memory was bewilder'd grown,
 And they said I was deranged.

Though he found not help where he expected, he found it in another quarter : the Society to whom he was engaged kindly afforded him assistance, and freed him from embarrassment. " Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

Some time previous to his leaving England, he formed an acquaintance with Miss Frances Butterworth, whom he married on the 28th September 1810, and who is now left his widow with eight children. By this union he was raised from his former deep depression to a state of high felicity ; and the interval between the two extremes being short, produced in his mind, which was capable of the tenderest sensibilities, such a conflict as cannot easily be described. It was like

The flush of intermingling passions, when
The iris beam of hope dawns on the mind.

The time appointed for his embarkation drawing near, he was publicly set apart for his work, together with Dr. Johns, at Carter Lane Chapel, London. On this occasion he gave an account of his design, and motives for wishing to engage in missionary work, which to his venerable tutor and all present gave great satisfaction. He stated the deplorable state of the Heathen, as the consideration which first induced him to think of going amongst them. Respecting his DESIGN, he observed—*generally*, that it was one worthy of greater powers than he possessed;—*negatively*, that it was not to oppose by force sentiments conceived by superstition and cherished by bigotry ; not to sow the seeds of disaffection to the higher powers, nor by the exhibition of warped doctrines to inflate the minds of the ignorant with ideas inimical to the rights of civil government ;—but that it was *positively*, “ to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound ; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord,” &c. Concerning his MOTIVES for entering on this work he remarked, that they were,—The command of Christ*,—the example of Christ and his apostles,—a strong desire for the work, opposed to enthusiasm on the one hand, and to indifference on the other,—a door opened by divine Providence for the accomplishment of this desire ;—and

* Matt. x. viii. 19, 20.

the approbation and encouragement of those worthy men whose judgments he revered, and whose characters he loved. Influenced by such motives, he finally declared, that he was willing to make every sacrifice, and to endure every hardship which the work required; and that he should esteem it all joy to be counted worthy either to labour or suffer for the name of Christ.

The address delivered to him by his tutor, Mr. Sutcliff, was from 2 Tim. ii. 1. "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." From this passage, after having pointed out the fulness of the grace in Christ Jesus,—he showed, 1st, The need of that grace in a missionary life; 2dly, The sufficiency of it for every emergency; and, 3dly, The blessed effects of it in preparing for usefulness, and ensuring success. The discourse was concluded with an exhortation to go forth after the example of Christ, in the spirit of Christ, with dependence on divine aid, with faith in the promises of God, and with entire devotedness to his service.

On this occasion his beloved tutor presented him with a family Bible, on the reception of which he composed and inscribed in it these lines:

Though on the stormy sea of life I roam,
A weary mariner, that longs for home,
'Mid shoals and quicksands; yet I will not fear,
For thee I love, my Bible! ever true
As mystic needle when 'tis dark and drear
That points the unseen way.

On the 1st of November 1810, he went on board the ship *Ceres* at Gravesend; and on the 6th, lost sight of his native shores; which produced a strong sensation in his mind, and which was increased by the idea that he was never to see them again; the feeling was afterward well expressed by him in these lines.

— O not for me,
Far distant England, do thy proud trees lift

Their various verdure to the vigorous sun
 That beams, but blasts not ; neither for these eyes
 Do thy rich luxuries of prospect spread
 Thy breadth of glory, rustic and refined ;
 For I have said farewell—farewell for ever
 Scenes of my early days, by me no more
 Revisited.

On the 23d of December, after a very boisterous passage across the Atlantic, Mr. Lawson with his companions arrived in America, where they were kindly received by Christian friends of various denominations. Having spent about two months in the enjoyment of such society, they again set sail for India ; but the vessel meeting with a violent gale, was dismasted, and obliged to put back ; which, together with some political misunderstanding between America and England at the time, laid them under the necessity of remaining about a year longer. While in the United States, Mr. Lawson was very acceptable as a preacher, and often had thoughts, if necessitated to leave India, of returning to labour on that continent. During the last three years of his life, he acted as the Agent to the American Baptist Board of Foreign Missions.

On the 18th of February 1812, Mr. Lawson again took leave of his friends at Philadelphia, and went on board the ship *Harmony*, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Nott, Mr. Hall, Mr. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. May, Dr. and Mrs. Johns, Miss Chaffin, and Miss Green : several of whom are now united with him in a world of perfect harmony and joy. They all arrived in safety at Calcutta on the 10th of August 1812. In rather more than a month after his arrival, Mr. Lawson had a most affecting interview with his elder brother, whom he little expected to find in this part of the world, and whom he and his friends in England had supposed to be dead.

Mr. Lawson was now settled at Serampore, where the versatility of his talents rendered him of essential service to

the printing office and school in that place. In connection with his other engagements, he commenced the study of the Bengalee language, and made so much progress in it as to be able to read and write it correctly, though he never employed it as a means of communicating religious instruction. He afterwards wrote one or two tracts in the language : but not considering it as his appropriate department, he gave to it only a partial attention. The great work which he accomplished, and for which he is certainly entitled to the thanks of the religious public, was the reduction of the types used in the Eastern languages, particularly the Bengalee and Chinese. The natives believed this an impracticable task ; but he not only accomplished it, but taught them how to carry it on, in these, and other characters, without his aid ; so that now the effect of his labour will be felt perhaps longer than his name will be known. It is evident that the advantages of this reduction of types, both as it regards the scriptures, school books, and religious tracts, will be every year more extensive, as through the general diffusion of knowledge more persons are made familiar with the printed character, and become desirous of extensive information.—While occupied in this manner, an order was issued for all persons not licensed to remain in this country, to return home, and among others, Mr. Lawson was included ; but, upon a representation being made to the Government of his great usefulness in the reduction of the types, he was permitted to stay, while his friend Dr. Johns was obliged to return.

Having taught the natives how to reduce the size of the types, and finding that his importance diminished, as their usefulness increased, he began to mourn over his unhappy situation ; and while filled with anxiety on this account, an accident occurred to his eldest daughter*, which rendered it neccs-

* While this account was writing, the person here alluded to was taken ill with a fever, and after a few day's sickness expired, to the

sary for him to remove from Serampore to Calcutta for medical advice; and after he came to this city, other events transpired, which opened to him a new sphere of action.

He was now invited to become the pastor of a church; and in the commencement of the year 1816, he, together with the Rev. E. Carey, was ordained co-pastor of the first formed Baptist Church at Calcutta, where for about three years he continued to labour, with considerable acceptance and success. Circumstances having led to the formation of a second Baptist Church, which met for worship at a distance from the former place, and Mr. Carey and Mr. Lawson having withdrawn from the first church, Mr. Lawson was unanimously chosen the pastor of this infant interest, and within about twelve months, a neat building was erected in the neighbourhood of the Circular Road: the whole, or nearly the whole of the funds for which were raised by the contributions of the inhabitants of Calcutta. This was the last scene of Mr. Lawson's labours; and it formed, as he said upon his death-bed, "the happiest part of his life."

In addition to the duties of his pastoral office, he used at one time to preach very frequently in the Fort; and many soldiers who there heard him, were reclaimed from a life of profligacy to a life of piety by his instrumentality. It was a source of a grief to him in the latter part of his life, that he was debarred all access to this sphere of usefulness. By the soldiers to whom he proved useful, and who are now scattered in various parts of India, the news of his death will be felt like that of a beloved father.

great astonishment of all her friends, and her mother in particular. In the space of six weeks, the latter was called to pass through three very severe trials: for her husband died on the 22d of October; her son was born on the 1st of November; and her eldest daughter, on whom her chief stay was placed, died on the 2d of December.

It is almost unnecessary to state, that in connection with his ministerial engagements, he spent a considerable portion of his time in the work of education. About fifty young ladies constantly received from him instruction in writing, grammar, composition, and geography, and many in drawing. He devoted also a portion of his time to scientific pursuits. He was well skilled in music, and composed a number of excellent tunes, some of which are commonly sung in England, America, and India. He had a very good acquaintance with natural history, and compiled several numbers of the *History of Beasts* for the Calcutta School-Book Society. His knowledge of conchology, mineralogy, and botany was considerable. In the last class of botany, which treats of cryptogamous plants*, he carried his researches to a great extent : perhaps no one in India exceeded him in this department. His drawings of these plants would be a valuable acquisition to any one engaged in the same study.

In the discharge of his various duties, and in the pursuit of general knowledge, he did not lose sight of a favourite recreation, viz. the cultivation of the muses. India, in all its luxuriant and maddening wilderness, furnished an inexhaustible source of matter for his lay :—the sight of idols and temples, of priests, and cruel and obscene practices, filled him with pity : he made them the themes of poetry, and thus sought more extensively to bring the subject under the eye of his countrymen. Between the years 1820 and 1825, he published four works, *Orient Harping*, *Female Influence*, the *Lost Spirit*, and *Roland*, with some small pieces ; beside which, he has left behind him a manuscript volume of miscellaneous poems, which, with his *Maniac*, are now in the press. The parts in

* An interesting and entertaining paper on this subject, written by Mr. Lawson, will be found in the *Asiatic Observer*, vol. i. p. 274. Of this periodical publication Mr. Lawson was for some time the Editor.

which he most excelled were the descriptive, the pathetic, and the ludicrous. He was occasionally led, under the inspirations of poetry, to turn this delightful recreation into a principal employment ; and though he knew not how to avoid it at the time, he afterwards felt sorry for such aberrations, and in his last affliction confessed it as one of the errors for which he hoped to be forgiven. Such is the frailty of human nature, even in the best of men, that their very virtues have their excrescences.

In the domestic circle, Mr. Lawson enjoyed much happiness. Though grave, he knew how to unbend in his family and among his friends ; and few men could relish more than he did, the sweets of social life. During the fifteen years that he was married, he lost two children by death : they both died in the same year ; his son, John Benjamin Lawson, aged fourteen days, on the 3d of April, and his daughter, Anna Maria Walker Lawson, aged three years and three months, on the 14th of December 1819. In reference to the last, he penned these pathetic lines, which show more than any words of ours can describe, the exquisite sensibility of his feelings.

— O she is gone !

The cherub hasted to its native home.
 All wasting-death hath triumph'd o'er my child.
 Sweet wither'd lily ! thou wast riven, and flung
 Across my shaking knees, a lovely wreck
 Of innocence and beauty. Long I saw,
 Long, long, the fearful presage hang about
 Her beauteous features, darkening round her eyes—
 But they would smile with gladdening love on me.
 To me thou wast a play-thing beyond price.
 Health in thy countenance, and sprightliness
 In all thy motions, made thee like a being
 Of fancy sporting in a pleasant dream.
 O' twas too like a dream !

—I remember

Thy labouring breath when dying ; and thy pale

Shivering and sickly hands, which could no longer
 Grasp the cold cup of water ; and that look,
 That plaintive look which spoke a thousand words
 Of calm unutterable fondness. Mute
 Became thy little tongue ; for ever quench'd
 In settled dinness were thy sorrowful eyes.
 Upbraid me not ! speak not of the great soul,
 Nor shame these burning tears ! May not stern man
 One moment weep ?—I could not then controul
 The tumult of my heart, when death had done
 Such deadly work.

We come now to the closing scene of his own life ; the account of which we shall give chiefly as it was taken down at the time by his friend and companion Mr. Pearce. We have heard of instructive and happy death-bed scenes ; but one like this we were never called to witness before : it was one that will be long remembered by many, and by some we trust never forgotten.

About eight months before his death, a remarkable change was observable in his whole deportment. His mind seemed more spiritual, his temper more amiable, his conduct more active, and his preaching more heavenly. His friends viewed these things as the hopeful signs of his more extensive usefulness in the church militant ; but they now look upon them as the effects wrought by the Holy Spirit to prepare him for the church triumphant. The night on which he last administered and last partook of the emblems of the Saviour's death, was a most solemn and affecting season to all the members who were present. This took place on the 4th of September, and on the 11th he preached his last sermon. He had been for several weeks previous very unwell with an occasional pain in his side, accompanied with a troublesome bowel complaint, which he disregarded, apprehending it would be of no consequence. On this day, however, he felt very ill ; which Mrs. Lawson perceiving, endeavoured to dis-

suade him from preaching. He said, however, that he must attempt it, as he felt it would most likely be the last time he should do it. His text was Hos. xi. 8. "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? How shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim? Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." It was a very affecting address, and seemed indeed as though it was expected to be the last he should deliver to his people. On the notes of the Sermon he wrote the date at which it was preached, with these words, "very poorly INDEED." Amongst the items of *Improvement* in the sermon were the following:—

"If afflictions tend to bring us near to God, let us *welcome* them."

"How refreshing are the thoughts of heaven, where complete emancipation from sin is contemplated. There God will no more have occasion, (from the backslidings of his people,) to put the tender enquiries of the text."

He still continued very ill till Friday the 23d September, when, although very little better, he was recommended to try change of air, and went over to Howrah to spend a few days with Mr. Statham. Soon after his arrival, he wrote a note to Mrs. Lawson, from which the following is an extract:—"I am obliged to say, that never was I in such a state before. God alone knows what are his plans respecting me. To him I desire to commit myself for time and eternity. I am perfectly convinced, that 'good is the will of the Lord concerning me.' O may I be his, then all will be well." On the day following, he wrote again to Mrs. Lawson, describing his dangerous symptoms, and then proceeds:—"I am, I must say, very anxious about myself for the sake of my dear family. Still I desire to submit, and to acquiesce in all that God is pleased

to do with me. Farewell, my dear. Let us be more wholly given up to God, and then we shall be less anxious about our poor selves."

During the Saturday night, and on the morning of Lord's day, September 25th, he felt a more severe pain in his side, which gradually increased till it became exceedingly distressing, and until he could breathe only with great difficulty. He was therefore brought home again, and the best medical advice obtained. It was now ascertained, that an extensive inflammation of the liver had taken place ; and a number of leeches, followed by a blister, were applied to his side. By the use of these and internal medicine, the pain in his side was entirely removed, and his breathing became easy again ; but the suppuration of the liver had proceeded so far, that no medicines could permanently check its progress.

From this time he appears to have indulged but faint expectations of recovery ; yet his mind was wonderfully supported in the affecting and overwhelming prospect before him. He said at different times :—" I have great need of patience to bear this long affliction as I ought ; but I would not have been without it for a world. I have had such enlarged views of the suitability of the plan of salvation by an *almighty* Saviour to the wants of a *dying, sinful creature*, as I never possessed before. Should I live, I will preach more than ever to my people of the infinite righteousness of Christ. Jesus is the only foundation of a sinner's hope.—I have no elevated joys, but I have a good hope, being fixed on the rock Christ Jesus.—I have great reason for gratitude ; for though constitutionally subject to extreme depression of mind, and in my former illnesses grievously afflicted by it, I have not this illness had a cloud cross my mind. All has been tranquillity and peace."

In this state of mind Mr. Lawson continued, daily growing weaker, till the 15th of October, when medicine producing no

improvement in his symptoms, his medical attendants recommended his going on the river, and eventually to the Sand Heads. On this day he said to some friends, who were grieved at seeing him so much reduced: "I am *very* weak; but if God *will*, he *can* raise me up again; yea, he is able to do exceedingly *more* than we can ask or think." On Monday the 17th, he was conveyed by Mr. Pearce on board a boat to try the river air. The weather, which before had been unfavourable, during the night became very fine, and a delightfully cool breeze sprung up, and continued till the close of the day following; so that the trial was made under the most auspicious circumstances. Still, however, his complaint was not checked; but during the Monday night, and the whole of Tuesday, continued to exhaust him as before. His usual medical attendant, Dr. Browne, being again consulted, stated, that he could entertain but *very slight* hopes of Mr. Lawson's recovery. When this was communicated to him, he said, "I am well aware the Doctor is correct. I feel I cannot live long, for I find a sensible decay of nature. But I can launch into eternity without apprehension, relying on the perfect righteousness of the Redeemer." He now communicated his wishes respecting his family and his church with the greatest composure, and then took leave of his friend Mr. Pearce with the most touching expressions of affectionate regard. After this exertion, he fell into a doze, from which when he awaked, not perceiving any one near him, he began to pray, and used among others the following expressions, which were committed to paper soon after.

"Blessed Jesus! I am a wretched, unworthy creature; but I know thou hast purchased me with thy precious blood, and hast entered into covenant relations with thy adorable Father on my behalf, that I should not be hurt of the second death. I am altogether polluted, but thou hast covered all my defects with the spotless robe of thy perfect righteousness. I feel

that my flesh and my heart are now failing—but I *know* that *thou* wilt be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever. Blessed, blessed, blessed God ! I have received from thee an intimation that I must go up to possess a heavenly mansion. And shall I decline the invitation ? O no ! only grant me a *few* days to warn my people, that——” Here his voice became low and indistinct. At the conclusion, perceiving Mr. Pearce, he said that he felt he could not survive more than three days ; and then begged him, in the most urgent manner, to make arrangements for his immediate return home. He said, “ I wish to see my dear family and friends, and to speak to the members of my flock. I want to leave among *them* my dying testimony to the truths of the gospel ; and can then die in peace.” Exertions were now made to gratify his wishes, but it was doubted whether he would reach home alive. Before leaving the boat, he said to Mrs. Pearce, “ I am fading like a flower :” she replied, “ But to bloom again in an immortal paradise.” He rejoined, “ Yes, I am falling to the dust ; but (with peculiar emphasis) I shall *rise again*.” Through the kind assistance of friends, Mr. Lawson, though excessively weak and helpless, was conveyed home with less difficulty than had been anticipated. It was, however, too evident, that, as he expressed it, he came home to die ; and from this time he, as well as his afflicted wife and friends, seems to have considered his recovery impossible.

On Wednesday morning he addressed his children and missionary associates with much propriety and pathos ; and in his messages to absent friends manifested much affection and divine support. He said to Mr. Penney, “ Tell Carey that I am now passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and that I have the presence and assistance of my Redeemer. I have strength equal to my day.” He said to Mr. Yates respecting Mr. Hoby, “ You know Hoby. I knew him some time before you, and I trust we both had the same spi-

rit as to the mission. He well knows what a poor trembling and almost despairing creature I used to be : but tell him—tell him that you saw me die, and that I had peace in my last moments. Tell him that I saw nothing frightful in death, but found light and comfort while passing through the dark valley.” He remarked also : “ If I must say any thing about the improvement of my death, I think I should like it to be made from 1 Tim. i. 15. “ This is a faithful saying,” &c. as most suitable to my experience. And let nothing be said in the sermon to exalt man, but let all be to exalt the Saviour. I feel that I am the chief of sinners ; but I have preached Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, and now I find him so to me.” At this time, when asked if Mr. Yates should pray with him, he said, “ Yes, but let us sing first.” He then selected that beautiful hymn, “ Jesus, I love thy charming name,” &c. and gave out and sang himself the first two verses and the last. It was exceedingly affecting to hear his tremulous voice, in this his last effort to sing on this side eternity, repeat the last verse, so very appropriate to his circumstances, and congenial to his feelings :—

“ I’ll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath,
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.”

On Thursday, our native preacher Paunchoo came to see him, when he said to him : “ Paunchoo, I am now going into the presence of that great Jesus, whose gospel I have preached, and whose gospel you preach. We believe that the everlasting righteousness of Christ can save sinners ; and I beg you, when you go among your countrymen, to tell them fully, that ‘ it is a *faithful* saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ ” In the afternoon, Messrs. Warden and Gogerly called to see him. When asked, if he had any thing particular to say to them, he replied, “ No ; only, that they abound more and more in the

work of the Lord."—After this he rapidly declined, and on the Friday morning it was evident that his dissolution was at hand. Mr. Pearce intimating this to him, said, he hoped he could say, The will of the Lord be done. He replied, "I would rather say, Now let me die, O Lord! Now let thy servant depart in peace." On his adding, "When you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you need fear no evil;" he immediately caught the allusion to the 23d Psalm, and replied, "No. The Lord is *my* shepherd, I shall *not* want. He even now maketh me to lie down in green pastures." To Mr. Penney, who asked him how he felt, he said, "I am well. I have still a good hope. I am on the foundation." To Dr. Carey, Mr. Hill, Mr. Robinson, and other friends, who at different times called to see him, he used similar expressions. At one time he said: "I have not the smallest idea of recovery, and therefore do now most solemnly commit my soul into the hands of my almighty Saviour. Blessed be God that he ever called me by his grace." One of his friends observed: "Yes, blessed be he indeed; for where he hath given grace, there he hath promised to give glory. Whom he calleth, them also he will justify and glorify." He rejoined: "Yes, he hath loved *me* with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness hath he drawn me."

Soon after this, his mind, oppressed with disease, became incapable of thought, and he said little more in the exercise of his reason before his death, which on Saturday night at 11 o'clock, admitted him to the joy of his Lord, and to the keeping of that Sabbath which remains for the people of God.—May we be followers of them, who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises.

As a mark of gratitude for his past labours, and an expression of sincere regard for his character, the Church are erecting a Tablet to his memory, to be placed in the chapel, on the right hand side of the pulpit, and to contain the following inscription:—

In Memory of
THE REV. JOHN LAWSON,
THE FIRST PASTOR OF
THE CHURCH MEETING IN THIS PLACE,
WHO DIED OCT. 22, 1825.
 AGED 38 YEARS,
This Tablet
IS ERECTED BY HIS BEREAVED FLOCK,
 AS
A MEMORIAL OF HIS WORTH,
 AND
A TESTIMONY OF THEIR AFFECTION
FOR HIS FAITHFUL SERVICES IN THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

“Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.”

Rev. xiv. 13.

FINIS.

THE PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL, THE EFFICIENT
MEANS OF DIFFUSING AMONG MANKIND A
KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUE GOD.

A
S E R M O N

PREACHED AT
OPENING THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW,
IN CALCUTTA,
MARCH, 1818.

BY JAMES BRACE, D.D.
CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AT FORT WILLIAM, AND
CHAPLAIN TO THE HONOURABLE COMPANY'S BENGAL
ESTABLISHMENT.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THOMAS AND GEORGE UNDERWOOD,
FLEET-STREET.
1818.

S E R M O N.

I CORINTHIANS, i. 21.

For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

To urge the importance of religion as affording the purest principles of human action, and as the only sure guide to every thing that is great and honourable in human conduct, is an object, which, however worthy in itself, it is not my intention at this time to press upon your notice. The profession by which you

are distinguished as Christians, your appearance this day to witness the dedication of another temple to the service of the living God, bespeak your conviction, that religion has many and strong claims upon the human heart. The history of the world bears ample testimony to the same important truth. For while it presents us with views of our species under every variety of circumstances, it displays to us none in which religion does not act a prominent part. If, indeed, among the strange anomalies which this history presents, we are occasionally compelled to rank a puny band of infidels, pretending to absolute scepticism on a subject on which the whole universe speaks but one language of belief, we are called upon to charge them alike with deficiency of imagination, insensibility of heart, and perversion of understanding. Such men, it is true, arrogate to themselves the

merit of having overcome *religious prejudices*; and they impute to the Christian the feebleness of mind which in reality belongs to their own sect: thus proving at once their want of candour, and their ignorance of the history of mankind. The man who looks with attention into the human heart, and observes how easily and how readily it is affected in matters of religion, will hesitate to bring the charge of weakness of intellect on other subjects, even against those, who, in pursuing the one thing needful, have unfortunately fallen into the reveries of superstition. The inference is both illiberal and unfair, that, because the distinctions of the understanding are frequently levelled, where the imagination and the passions are warmly engaged, such must also be the case where these mainsprings of human action are less strongly pressed upon.

It is declared in the text, that at the period of our Saviour's appearance upon earth, the world, with all its wisdom, knew not God ; and in the prosecution of this discourse we shall lay before you abundant evidence of the truth of this declaration. It may not, however, be improper to remark in this place, as it assuredly forms a singular, and, I think, a distinction too seldom noticed, between the ignorance of mankind before the preaching of the Gospel, and the infidelity which has grown up even in the midst of its light,—that few, if any, among the sages of antiquity ever stigmatised a sense of religion as indicating imbecility of mind. If we consult their writings we shall seldom, if ever, find them holding up the inflexibility of heart which bids defiance to the Almighty, as a proof of that strength of mind in which many of our modern unbelievers boast.

And so far are they from attempting to chill and annihilate the best affections of the heart, that there breathes throughout their works a very high spirit of religious feeling, which unquestionably led many of our species to virtuous and intrepid actions honourable to human nature. However strange the assertion may appear to some, it was, in truth, a perversion, arising from the excess of this feeling, that led mankind into the ignorance of God, which Jesus came to remove. “In all things,” says the Apostle Paul to the most enlightened of the nations of antiquity, “in all things I perceive that ye are too religious.” My brethren, the past history of the world will, on this important subject, be found a more faithful index to its future annals than many are perhaps apt to imagine. Man may depart from the knowledge of the true God, even with all the aids

which revelation has vouchsafed him ; but scepticism, in the great truths of religion, will, in all ages of the world, have but a comparatively limited influence on the faith and the practice of the human race. Scepticism, on these momentous matters, can only gain admittance into the heart of man by breaking down its strongest barriers. Infinitely more exposed does it lie to the insidious inroads of superstition ;—an enemy, who, if we may so speak, often gains the citadel itself, before reason, and conscience, and every centinel that ought to guard the outworks, have sounded a single alarm. Let it then be remembered, that the words of our text are applicable as well to the fainthearted victim of superstition, as to the daring and audacious advocate of infidelity :—“ They know not God.” And it is to deliver the world as much from the delusions of the one, as from

the pernicious errors of the other, that it has pleased Heaven to proclaim its will by “ *the foolishness of preaching.*”

Having premised these general observations, under the persuasion that they are the more necessary to be made, both because we live in a land in which the religious propensity, so apt to run into the errors of superstition, has been artfully employed to rivet the heaviest chains on human liberty and happiness ; and because we have, moreover, subjected ourselves to circumstances in which the passions and the imagination may be easily wrought upon, until genuine religion is supplanted by the fanaticism which knows not God, we proceed to direct your attention more particularly to what the text contains. It affirms that at the period of Christ’s appearance upon earth mankind had lost the knowledge of the true God. It proclaims that

this knowledge has been regained by “those who believe;” and that Christianity, styled by the Apostle in the language of its enemies, “the foolishness of preaching,” is the means employed by divine wisdom to accomplish this work of benevolence and love. Subjects more important in themselves, or more becoming the dignity of rational and intellectual beings to inquire into, cannot be imagined;—subjects more appropriate to the occasion on which we are now met together, when the foolishness of preaching is for the first time to be heard within these walls, need be desired by none; and I would crave from all that attention which subjects involving at once the temporal and eternal interests of mankind so justly claim.

I. Had mankind never fallen from that state of original purity and holiness, in which they came from the hand of their

Creator, religion had been confined to those oblations alone which proclaim our reverence and our awe of the Supreme Being; and which bespeak our gratitude to the author and preserver of our existence. But when sin introduced into the world that disease, by which men sink into a state of misery where mere human aid becomes unavailing, other acts of religion are resorted to, as the only remedy that offers relief to suffering humanity: and accordingly long before the Sun of Righteousness had arisen with healing on his wings, mankind had darkly discovered the medicine, which, administered by the hand of Jesus, was one day to remove the disorder that undermined their peace. They were conscious, from the first moment they ever sinned, that they had rendered themselves obnoxious to punishment. Ignorant as they soon became of the living

God, they still preserved light enough to discover, that this Being they had dishonoured, by innumerable breaches of his law written on their hearts; and they felt, that unless appeased in a manner worthy of his honour and justice to accept, he would infallibly pour forth his wrath upon his guilty creatures. It was now that mankind reared innumerable altars, on which the most costly sacrifices were offered up; it was now that the blood of bulls and of goats flowed in the most copious streams:—and as the sense of repeated transgressions, and the terrors of impending punishment, became the stronger, it was now that they offered the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul. Such, O man! were thy vain endeavours, in the days, when, with all thy wisdom, thou knewest not God! Say, if over all these oblations there hung not the heaviest clouds of uncertainty and fear?

When faith raised up the knife to plunge it to the heart of the devoted victim, did reason never interpose to inquire how the death of an harmless animal can atone for the sins of a rational being? When hope would have persuaded you that the rich and costly offering had been acceptable in the sight of Heaven, and would appease its wrath, heard you not a voice within you, proclaiming, that rivers of oil, and the cattle on a thousand hills, belong unto the Being to whom thy paltry oblation is devoted? The man, who, worshipping in the darkness of heathenism, knows not God, retires from the altar, which with the trembling steps of a culprit he had approached, not in the animating hope that his sins have been forgiven him; but, harassed by the most fearful apprehensions, that as he had before offended Heaven by his crimes, he has now af-

fronted it by a vain and fruitless expiation.

I am aware of its being often urged, that notwithstanding the errors into which superstition has betrayed the world, the light of natural religion was yet sufficient to have guided mankind to the knowledge of God, had it been implicitly followed. With the Christian, the light of nature is ultimately resolvable into that original revelation, which divine wisdom bestowed on mankind at their creation, as the rule of their moral conduct; and he simply asks, whether this light has preserved mankind in the knowledge of God, and the paths of religion and virtue? Now our text expressly declares that it has not; and it is agreeable to the whole spirit of Christianity to ascribe its failure not to any thing originally defective in the rule itself, but to the criminal and wilful perversion of

this rule, by the free moral agents on whom it was bestowed. It is this view of the subject which recommends Christianity to our attention and our gratitude, as a dispensation of the purest love. Had the guide which Heaven first bestowed on men been from its nature unable to direct them, the more perfect revelation by the Gospel would have resulted from the justice of God, instead of flowing, as the Scriptures uniformly teach us, from his goodness and mercy alone.

But it may be maintained, that the progress of science and philosophy has given to this guide a greater certainty and authority than it ever before possessed; and it may be alleged, that without the "foolishness of preaching," the wisdom of the world, ere now, would have attained the knowledge of God; for philosophy can deduce from the light

of reason the identical rules of moral conduct, which revelation has laid down. But whence does the argument derive the weight which it appears to possess? Is it not notorious, that the men who employ it have stolen from the temple of Christianity the weapons with which they would thus destroy it? Even amongst the heathen tribes around us, who at this day so blindly worship the workmanship of their own hands, there are men who deprecate the vulgar superstition as dishonourable to the Deity—degrading to human nature—and subversive of human happiness. There are, who inculcate the grand and fundamental article of all religion, that there is but ONE GOD, and who call upon their deluded countrymen not to make unto themselves any graven image, nor any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth,

nor to bow down themselves, to worship them. Such men quote the Shasters of their fathers' faith, in support of the sublime and spiritual doctrines which they inculcate; and we dispute not that such tenets are to be found in their sacred books. But even they will, perhaps, acknowledge, that they are not a little indebted to the Christian volume, for the light that has enabled them to separate the wheat from the chaff of their Veds.

It is not, therefore, in the writings of that modern philosophy, which denies the necessity of a revelation, nor in those of the intelligent and enlightened heathen, who has had ample access to the Scriptures of Christianity, that we are to look for the fullest confirmation of the truth of our text, that the world, by wisdom, knows not God. Let us rather look back to that period when mankind could derive no assistance from

the discoveries of the Gospel ; let us apply the test of that experience which the scenes around ourselves so amply furnish, of millions of the human race who are still in utter ignorance of those treasures of knowledge which “ the foolishness of preaching ” has brought to light.

Were we unacquainted with the state of the world at the time of our Saviour’s appearance upon earth, we might be unable to ascertain the exact amount of faith which we ought to place in the assertion, that with all its wisdom it knew not God. But it so happens, that in regard to this period we possess the most complete information. Again : did the authentic documents, to which we still have access in all their original purity, represent mankind as only emerging from a state of barbarous ignorance in regard to those arts and sciences which

embellish human nature, we should not be entitled to draw the same argument for the necessity of a revelation which we assert to flow from this source. But while we maintain, on the one hand, that the world was sunk in ignorance as to the true God, it will not be denied, on the other, that mere human learning had made the most marked and astonishing progress. We have only to look into those records of antiquity, which we at this day quote as the highest authority in matters of literature and science to which we can refer, to be convinced that the period of which we speak was pre-eminent in "wisdom." Let us, therefore, turn to inquire more particularly into the knowledge which was then possessed of the being and attributes of God, of the relation in which man stands to his Maker, and of the duties resulting from this relation. And here we shall

find these polished and enlightened nations stumbling at the very threshold of religion. Did their boasted progress in philosophy lead them to the knowledge that there is but ONE God, the Maker of heaven and earth? In the infancy of this progress they were unquestionably nearer to this fundamental truth than at the period when our text declares that “with all their wisdom they knew not God:” for by this time had the wisest of their sages taught that there is a multitude of deities, each independent of another, and each presiding over a different department of nature. If they clothed one with the attribute of supreme power, they represented him, at the same time, as ruling over rebellious and disorderly subjects, ready on every occasion to dispute his authority, and set at nought his omnipotence. In the celebrated philosophy of Greece herself, the

father of gods and men had himself a father! and such was the preposterous absurdity of their doctrines in regard to the nature of God, that in the pages of their mythological history you may trace the birth and parentage of him from whom sprung the universe itself! Not content with exposing his authority to derision, they limited his control over human affairs by the inexorable decrees of *Fate*; and thus they erected a power superior to Omnipotence itself!

But it were endless to attempt exhibiting the absurdities into which their notions of GOD and his NATURAL ATTRIBUTES were continually leading. The erroneous conceptions which they entertained of his MORAL PERFECTIONS were attended with still more pernicious effects on the happiness of the human race. Religion must change its nature and its name before the worshipper can

be virtuous, honest, and temperate, whose God is a pattern of every thing that is vicious, profligate, and debauched. Had the celebrated nations of antiquity retired from the schools of their moralists to practise the duties which were there inculcated, they would, in part at least, have escaped the reproach of our text, that with all their wisdom “they knew not God.” But when the lessons of their priests and the worship of their temples displayed often the grossest violation of these duties, it was easy to foresee that from the latter of these sources their morality would take its complexion. They were instructed by the sages themselves, that to imitate the gods is the first of human duties ; and in the history of the greatest of these gods we are taught innumerable lessons of every thing vicious. I will not occupy your time in illustrating the disregard to justice which is

repeatedly ascribed to these beings ; much less will I offend your ears by the tales of licentiousness which are told of them. It is sufficient for my present purpose to observe, that the father of gods and men was surrounded by a crowd of divinities, not more inferior to him in natural perfections, than surpassing him in every thing that is cruel, profligate, and depraved. It is enough for my present argument to remark, that the rites and ceremonies of their worship were as close a representation as could be given of the actions that were ascribed to their deities ; and that such were the palpable errors and absurdities into which superstition had led the world, that the sage, who legislated for human society, found himself compelled to visit with the severest punishments the very practices, which, within the sacred walls of a temple, were sanctioned by the example of the gods,

and enforced by the precepts of the priests!

I am aware, it will be alleged, that these doctrines were regarded by the philosophers and sages as the mere fictions of mythology; but when the multitude embodied these fictions in their conduct, and urged the example of their gods as sanctioning the grossest immoralities, it matters little to what length the speculative creed of a few philosophers extended. Were we even disposed to admit that the wiser and more intelligent had attained to the knowledge of the true God, it might still be asserted with truth, that the world by wisdom knew not God, if it could be shown, that the great bulk of the human race wandered in total ignorance of his natural and moral perfections. But where is the proof that even the wisest among the heathens ever attained to just, accurate,

and certain conceptions of the divine nature? If we fancy, at times, that we have discovered the deity in their writings, clothed in all the attributes of a self-existent Being, we soon lose sight of him again amidst the labyrinth of metaphysical subtleties with which these writings abound. If he appear at one time as the creator and preserver of all things, he is found at another dividing the most glorious and peculiar of his attributes with the works of his own hands, and subjected himself to the decrees of an inexorable Fate; while in those moral perfections with which his rational and intellectual offspring are most intimately concerned, his *mercy* and his *loving-kindness*, he is seldom, if ever, to be discovered. The sages themselves were encumbered by the trammels of superstition; and if in some things they counteracted the baneful influence of the vulgar

religion of their country, they were yet unable to raise the standard of morals to that height, which even unassisted reason itself would have attained had the human mind been unfettered by these trammels. The men who could speculate on the being and attributes of God, on the relation in which mankind stand to their Creator and to one another, in a strain which yet calls forth our wonder and applause, could retire from their intellectual labours to mingle in the mean and frivolous rites of Pagan worship, and could give the sanction of their example to practices which their doctrines condemned. They could deduce from their researches in the groves of their academies rules aptly calculated to promote the progress of virtue; but in the very worship and imitation of their gods did these rules receive the most flagrant violation. Vice, in every hideous defor-

mity it could assume, covered the face of the civilized world at the period when the "foolishness of preaching" was heard from the mouth of Jesus and his apostles.

Thus have I attempted to give you a picture of the wisdom which distinguished the world when the "foolishness of preaching" first proclaimed a SAVIOUR to mankind. But have I done nothing more? Have I not exhibited a faithful portrait of scenes of which we ourselves are every-day witnesses? Need I then carry *your* attention back to what the world was at the commencement of Christianity, who have only to look around you, and to behold what the world still is where Christianity is unknown? Who amongst you is not ready to bear his testimony, that where the "foolishness of preaching" has not yet penetrated, men, with all their wisdom,

know not God! Amidst the happier scenes of the western world the Christian may overlook the advantages he owes to the Gospel; but when enabled, as we this day are, to contrast the pure and simple worship in which we are now engaged with the cruel and unmeaning rites, the immoral and degrading influence of the superstition by which we are surrounded, lost must that Christian be to every feeling of gratitude who acknowledges not that he has been saved by the “foolishness of preaching” from the most abject degradation and wretchedness.

II. This naturally leads us to consider the second affirmation contained in our text, that the knowledge of the true God has been regained by the world. Upon you, whom the “foolishness of preaching” has taught to believe in the truths of revelation, I need not urge this part

of the subject at any length. The evidence that supports the affirmation of our text must be familiar to every one of you. Every hour, I trust, is bearing fresh testimony to its truth. What, I would ask, has raised us, who worship in the temples of the living God, to those exalted notions of the Supreme Being, and of human nature, which have brought in their train all that most distinguishes the civilized from the barbarous worlds? and what is it that has bestowed on us that superiority which we hold over the tribes that Providence has placed under our dominion? I claim not more for Christianity than it deserves, when I answer, “the foolishness of preaching.” It is that revelation which was made by the man JESUS that has taught us, by its exalted maxims of justice, equity, and benevolence, to acquire a dominion in the hearts of those whom our arms have sub-

duced. It is “ the foolishness of preaching” that has taught us to smile at dangers at which philosophy stood appalled ; it is this that has dashed in pieces the chains that formerly fettered human exertions ; and by opening the certain prospect of another world, has conducted “ those who believe” to the highest improvements of which the present is susceptible. The benign influence of Christianity has set loose the expansive powers of the human mind from the subjection in which superstition had for ages confined them ; and has rendered every variety of circumstances subservient to the same object, the perfection and happiness of the species. This heavenly messenger addresses the same principles in our nature to which natural religion had spoken in all ages of the world. It offers no violence or opposition to what the light of reason had pointed out. And comes

it not on this account the more welcome, and the more likely to be received by rational creatures? Has not "the foolishness of preaching" confirmed the great and leading truth of all religion, that there is but ONE GOD, almighty in power, supreme in wisdom, omniscient, and omnipresent? As the light of nature has done before it, does it not represent this Being to delight in holiness and virtue; to be displeased with, and to denounce his wrath against the workers of iniquity? When it provided in JESUS CHRIST a sacrifice, once for all, worthy of the offended Majesty of Heaven to accept, did it not give virtue and efficacy to every sacrifice that had gone before? And has it not elevated the deductions of human reason into the voice of Heaven, when it declares, that by blood alone can the sins of the world be taken away? By an appeal to the senses of men it con-

firmed the divine authority of him who came to offer this sacrifice; and it left not the vestige of a doubt, that by virtue of the expiation which Jesus made upon the cross, the sins of every one who believes, and sincerely repents of his transgressions, are blotted out. Thus has Christianity relieved the human mind from a burden of despondency under which it labours wherever “the foolishness of preaching” is unknown. Thus has it given a new impetus to man in the path of virtue and religion, which for eighteen centuries past has been carrying him on from one degree of perfection to a greater, and which will ultimately enable those who believe to attain the stature of perfect men in every thing that is great and exalted. Revelation has rescued reason from the doubts in which it found itself involved, and has again enlisted this noble faculty on the side of religion.

It has restored this guiding principle to its legitimate authority over the actions of men. It has thus re-elevated our nature to the eminence on which it stood before passion had obtained undue dominion over its nobler faculties, and before superstition had jostled religion from the throne of the human heart. It has called into action the most amiable virtues that reside in the breast of man; and while it has added another to the many ties that link mankind together, by teaching us that all are redeemed by the same blood, and are fellow-heirs of the same immortality, it has given rise to innumerable charitable and benevolent institutions, which the world knew not until "the foolishness of preaching" was proclaimed.

- We mean not, however, to maintain by this, that corruptions have not found their way even into the Christian world

itself. We cannot shut our eyes to pages in its history, which the blindest superstition and the wildest fanaticism might blush to peruse. But how often do we behold the best of Heaven's bounties abused by the perversity of mankind! And need we marvel, that the noblest boon Heaven ever bestowed upon man has been sometimes rendered subservient to the most unworthy passions that harbour in his breast? The godlike doctrines and precepts which "the foolishness of preaching" has inculcated, have, indeed, been too often perverted to purposes they were never intended to serve. We have seen the disciples of Him, who declared that his kingdom is not of this world, accumulating its perishable treasures within the bosom of the church, under pretence of doing honour to its head; and while teaching others not to set their affections on things below, but

on things above, grovelling themselves amidst the sensual indulgences of the present world. We have beheld HIS followers, who was the author of the gospel of peace, spreading war and desolation over the fairest portions of the globe, that they might establish by the sword what he commanded them to propagate by the winning graces of his religion, and by the influence of an example like his own; pious, peaceable, beneficent, and patient. He commanded his followers to love one another as brethren, and declared, that by this criterion should the sincerity of their faith be tried. Yet have we not seen them persecuting their brethren of the human race with the most inveterate rancour? imposing civil and temporal disabilities on their fellow-creatures for conscience sake, and even impiously shutting the kingdom of Heaven itself against the

entrance of a *dissenting* brother, and consigning him, without mercy, to eternal damnation? Have we not too often beheld a gloomy and excluding fanaticism in points of doctrine and faith, banishing the most amiable virtues of the human heart ; fostering the same spiritual pride and presumption which characterized the Pharisees of old, over whom the founder of Christianity so frequently denounced its woes ; fastening on the weakness of human intellect, and leading its deluded votaries to withdraw their attention from the duties of domestic and social life, and to waste their hours in bewailing the corruptions of human nature, which, by this infatuated conduct, are rather aggravated than removed. Under the baneful influence of this fanaticism, have we not seen the human face divine stript of every thing that is the index of a grateful and contented heart, and clothed

in all that is gloomy, hateful, and repulsive? It cannot be doubted, that in the hands of such professors, “the foolishness of preaching” has indeed too often repelled the unbeliever, who might have yielded assent to the truths of Christianity, had they been propounded to him in the genuine spirit of the Gospel. Too frequently, I fear, has the inquisitive heathen wondered at the wild and incoherent harangues of the man, who, with a zeal destitute of knowledge, would thus guide him to the truths of revelation: too often has he trembled at this vehemence with which his Christian monitor denounces against an unbelief, which he employs no rational means to remove, the terrors of hell and eternal misery; and is it not to be apprehended, that too often has he retired from listening to such rhapsodies, with no other sentiment than a feeling of pity for his

teacher, and a prayer of thanks to his God, that the religion of his fathers has taught him greater charity than any of which the faith that is thus propounded to him can boast?

But it is time to turn from this gloomy side of the Christian picture. It is better that we this day dwell on the encouraging prospect which is held out to us, that the world, wise by experience, is not again to be brought under a bondage, of all others the most degrading and oppressive; because, under the name of religion itself, it insults the common sense of mankind, by professing to bestow on them the glorious liberty of the sons of God. It is our destiny to live in days, when the creeds and the councils of fallible men must submit to be tried by the unerring standard of Scripture; and when the progress of knowledge enables the great body of Christians to read and

understand the sacred volume, unaided by the glosses and commentaries of man. We say not by this, that those human tests of union, known under the name of creeds, liturgies, and confessions, are unnecessary. We see not how it is possible that men, associated for religious purposes, could preserve the unity of the faith in the bond of peace without their aid. But, unfortunately for the progress of gemine Christian charity, they have too often been regarded as infallible standards of faith; and against those who believe not in their interpretations of the sacred text, it has been uncharitably—I had almost said impiously—attempted to shut the gates of salvation.

From this view of the subject before us, let us pass to the service, which this day marks the dedication of a church, in communion with the church of Scot-

land, on the banks of the distant Ganges. The ceremonies of our temple, with all the solemnity that can inspire devotion into the soul, conjoin a simplicity which the most chastened reason delights to look upon. Such are the rites by which our church approaches the Almighty in the stated worship of his holy temple; rites which the firmness of our fathers snatched for us from out innumerable dangers and persecutions; when, under the open canopy of heaven, they raised the voice of thanksgiving to God; and, (shame upon the page of our country's history that records the fact!) were doomed to death itself, because they bowed not the knee in temples, nor worshipped after forms which a cruel and intolerant government, trampling on the sacred rights of conscience, had pronounced exclusively sacred! From the sanguinary reign of that bigotry from which our

fathers suffered, have we, their children, been happily delivered. While in those days of persecution that are past, it was death to them to assemble in their native fields to listen to the word of life, we have reared a temple to our God, on these remotest shores of the British empire. While the bigotry of shortsighted counsellors converted the sovereign who ought to have protected our fathers' rights into their oppressor, we, their children, this day bask under the sunshine of civil authority; and to our infant ecclesiastical establishment may the words of the prophet be applied, "kings have been her nursing fathers, and queens her nursing mothers."

In these days of liberal and enlightened views of religion, we have also beheld an institution arise, which in its spirit and its principles is truly catholic; and the genuine fruits of that "foolishness of

preaching," which has instructed the world in the knowledge of God. We beheld Christians of every sect and denomination uniting together for the pursuit of an object, the most truly benevolent that mankind ever contemplated—the dispersion of the sacred truth over the face of the world, and the diffusion by this means of those inextinguishable advantages which the “foolishness of preaching” has brought in its train.

Its mighty and growing congregations of good and of great men, the petty distinctions of churchman and dissenter are swallowed up, as the Gospel teaches us that we will one day be in heaven itself. Here the commentaries and glosses on the sacred text, which have emanated from the wisdom of man, and as we have already seen, too often set one Christian at enmity with another, are unknown. Narrower views of human

nature, and less liberal sentiments on
 the great topic of religion, may pro-
 nounce it dangerous to put the volume
 of our faith into the hands of an
 ignorant and uninstructed, without an
 auxiliary exposition of its true meaning.
 This opinion, however ably it is
 supported, overlooks more than one im-
 portant fact in the history of Chris-
 tianity. It forgets that without the aid of
 such expositions, the pure word of God
 converted the world to its profession.
 It forgets that when this aid was affixed
 to the text of Scripture, much of the
 sublime simplicity of the Christian doc-
 trines disappeared; much of the native
 purity of its precepts was obscured, and
 the spirit of universal benevolence which
 it breathed was confined within the
 narrow circle of those who received the
traditions of the church with equal re-
 verence as the Scriptures of truth them-

selves ; while all that lay beyond this circle exhibited but one waste of desolating bigotry, intolerance, and persecution.

Nor ought we to overlook, in this place, those truly Christian endeavours that are making to instruct the natives around us in the rudiments of human knowledge. The spirit of Christianity has given rise to institutions formed with this view, which, if conducted with energy and wisdom in their details, promise the happiest results. It must be apparent to every one who attentively considers the subject, that there are many who seek this knowledge with an eagerness which it were not only cruel but criminal to repress, and which every principle of Christian philanthropy calls upon us to foster and encourage. And let us remember, that the acquisition of merely human knowledge is a most im-

portant step towards the adoption of a faith which so finely harmonizes with the deductions of true philosophy, and so readily coalesces with every sound and legitimate conclusion of human reason. We all know the alacrity with which the better class of natives received every proposal to instil the principles of European learning into the minds of their children ; and when we reflect that the gentle hand of education may lead them to the sublimer truths of religion, let it not be said to our reproach, that we were too avaricious of the wealth which we draw from their industry to bestow the least of its overflowings to promote their happiness ; or, that when called upon to enlighten their understandings, we grudged, or tardily bestowed that benevolent aid, which we may rest assured will ultimately tend to our own honour and stability.

This, my brethren, is genuine Christianity, bursting from beneath accumulated loads of bigotry, superstition, and fanatical ignorance. This is “the foolishness of preaching” which saveth the man who believes from every thing dishonourable to his God, destructive to his fellow creatures, and degrading to himself. These are the holy fruits which spring from the religion of Christians, and which we call upon the heathens around us to taste and to receive. These are the charms which captivated the world at the first promulgation of the Gospel, and broke the spells of ignorance and superstition which so long kept the wisest of mankind in despondency and darkness. And if we mistake not much the nature both of religion and of man, these are the views of Christianity that are to work the reformation, of which every good and

benevolent mind must be ardently desirous.

Let us, then, stop for a moment to couple these views of “the foolishness of preaching” with the melancholy fact, which stares us in the face, that the means that have ennobled human nature in the land that gave us birth have hitherto been almost totally unproductive of similar blessings to the tribes over whom we have so long held the dominion. We shall hence learn a lesson from which these tribes may one day derive the most enviable advantages. Zeal, the most active and disinterested ; diligence, the most assiduous, have not been spared by the Christian missionary in his pious attempts to convert the natives of India ; but, alas ! it may be doubted if at this day he boasts a single proselyte to his creed over whom he is warranted to rejoice. We have seen him exult over those whom a

base apostacy has afterwards disgraced. We have beheld him snatch a few of the more ignorant and indigent from the tyranny of *casts*; but has he not himself acknowledged, with sorrow, that hitherto he has failed in imposing on his converts the salutary restraints of the Gospel? and may not I appeal to every one who hears me, if the christianized Hindu is not a term of reproach alike with the native and the European population of the country? These are melancholy facts, which a regard to truth and the cause of genuine Christianity imperiously calls upon us to acknowledge with sorrow and regret, that there may not issue from the chair of verity itself a voice, saying, “Peace! peace!” when there is no peace.

What, then, is the inference to be drawn, and the lessons to be learnt from these melancholy truths? From the un-

speaking advantages which the western world has derived from “the foolishness of preaching,” notwithstanding the obstacles that first opposed its introduction, is it not fair to conclude, that the experiment of transferring them to the East has hitherto been injudiciously or imperfectly tried? We admit the difficulties of the task to be formidable indeed; and the obstacles presented by a long established superstition, that has interwoven itself with every ordinary occurrence of life, to be numerous and appalling. But the end we have in view is more than great—it is truly godlike. It is not to prevail on the child of superstition to confess JESUS with his tongue, while his understanding is a stranger to what he taught, and his heart untouched with gratitude for what he did and suffered. It is not to initiate him by the external rite of baptism into a religion, of the

truths of which he may still be as ignorant as before; nor is it to teach him merely to exclaim, "Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner!" The object at which we ought to aim, if we would extend the benefits of "the foolishness of preaching" to the nations around us, will not be accomplished by our warmest calls to them to "come unto Christ,"—"to flee unto the rock of salvation,"—"to take up the cross and follow Jesus," if we take no pains to explain and inculcate the precepts and truths couched in this figurative language. If we address not ourselves, in the first instance, to the understanding and reason of those whom we would persuade of the truth of Christianity, it is worse than vain to attempt to work upon their fears and their feelings.

And let us remember that this address, however eloquent, will infallibly fail in

its effects, if the practice of the Christian give the lie to his profession. We complain, and not without reason, that the prejudices and customs of the natives, whom we would convince of the superiority of our religion, present an obstacle to its reception which no exertions seem likely to surmount. But these are not the only difficulties that stand in the way. If the zeal and diligence of the few who devote themselves to the task of instruction are exemplified in the many by an open disregard to the precepts which are inculcated as the rule of the Christian's conduct, the more intelligent and thinking among the heathen may admire their theoretical excellence, but they will deem it, if not a dangerous, at least a needless experiment, to adopt a system of religion which fails in producing piety and virtue among those who must be best acquainted with its doctrines. If the

Christian forsake the temple to which he would invite the *Hindu*, it is indeed unreasonable to expect that his invitation will be listened to. If he ask the votary of Brahma to exchange the Shasters for the Gospel, and yet dishonours its precepts by a life of immorality and irreligion, so far from convincing him that he has his temporal and eternal interest truly at heart, he can only be regarded as affronting his understanding.

We cannot, at this time, stop to inquire how far a disregard of these truths may account for the want of success in the work of conversion, which all acknowledge who regard the scenes around them with attention ; and which all lament, who, by looking back upon others, can appreciate the value of “ the foolishness of preaching.” It has indeed been maintained, that mankind are more easily ruled in ignorance than in knowledge ;

and hence is the very first step in the plan which we recommend pronounced to be impolitic and dangerous, because it professes to enlighten the understanding before attempting to engage the heart and its affections. Such an objection can only originate in the coldness of a belief in Christianity, that is little removed from infidelity itself; and it is not more honourable to the knowledge and discrimination, than it is to the philanthropy and charity of the man who urges it. It is founded on an error so palpable that it is altogether surprising it should have ever been fallen into; and it assumes as a fact what the experience of the world has proved to be false. The safety of every civil government is proportionate with the knowledge of its subjects; and every day that increases the ignorance of the latter endangers the tranquillity of the former. And is it nothing, we would

ask of such benevolent philosophers, to relieve so large a portion of the human race as we see around us from the most degrading ignorance, and the most harassing doubts as to the nature of God's dealings with mankind? Is it nothing to substitute a yoke of religious ceremonies which is easy, and a burden that is light, for a load that is only supportable because the customs and the prejudices of thousands of years have produced, in those who bear it, an insensibility that is truly distressing to the feeling heart? Is it nothing to bring the bounties of nature, which superstition denies to her votaries, again within their reach, that in the temperate enjoyment of all that Heaven has bestowed man may rejoice, and manifest his gratitude to heaven? Is it nothing, again, to unite millions of our race whom superstition has separated as much from one another as if they belonged not to

the same species? and would there be nothing gratifying to a truly good heart in beholding every man embracing his brother, as a child of the same heavenly Father? If it carries not with it the appearance of a hope, too romantic I fear ever to be realized, I would ask you if you would not hail the scenes around you as truly delightful, if in the exercises of devotion, the interchange of offices of humanity, the habits of industry, cheerfulness, and benevolence, you should be unable to tell wherein they differed from scenes where “the foolishness of preaching” has long been known? Or if you could mark a difference, how pleasing to every ingenuous heart would be the discovery, that this difference consisted in a rational and enlightened knowledge of God and the universe, shedding its treasures among the millions around us with the same liberal profusion as the

hand of Providence has scattered the bounties of a luxurious climate ; and compelling the conquerors of India to acknowledge, that here not only is the face of the natural world less cold and ruggedly severe than in our native clime, but the face of the moral and religious likewise marked with still warmer tints of genuine Christian charity and benevolence.

Let not, therefore, the mortifying truth, that Christianity is gaining little or no ground among our Asiatic brethren, lead us to relax in our exertions to instruct them in a religion capable of doing so much for the happiness of the human race. Animated by the hope that the day is approaching when the cruel and frivolous ceremonies of superstition will give place to the rational and simple worship of the Gospel, let us the rather be stimulated to greater endeavours. Let

as learn from the disappointment which our hopes have hitherto met to moderate the enthusiasm that looks for the instantaneous conversion of the heathen so soon as the promises and the threatenings of Christianity are denounced in his hearing; and let the experience of the past convince us, that if converts to Christianity worthy of being boasted of are to be made among the natives of India, they are first to be found among those whom reason must convince of the truth of revelation; men who will naturally start objections to our faith, and whose objections the teacher must be prepared to meet and to answer. The faith to which knowledge and reason conduct us, is a faith on which we may rely. We say not that feeling is to form no part of this faith; but this we say, that the rational and unprejudiced heathen, who is convinced of the truth of Chris-

tianity, will soon find his heart and its affections engaged in the reception of its sublime and animating doctrines. It is not in human nature to yield belief to the truths of revelation and not be affected by their sublimity, and melted into gratitude by their benevolence. As well may the healthy eye be acted on by the rays of light, or the ear by the vibration of sound, and yet no sensation be experienced by the percipient being to whom these organs belong. Is it possible, I would ask, sincerely to believe that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son a propitiation for our sins, and not to love our Almighty Benefactor with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our strength? Can we yield our assent to the great and fundamental doctrine of Christianity, that Jesus Christ left the mansions of his Father's glory, and died the ignominious death of the

cross, that his followers might inherit eternal life, and not be incited to love and to obey him? Can we assent, in the simplicity and sincerity of truth, to the doctrines taught us by “the foolishness of preaching,” that all mankind are children of the same Almighty Father, redeemed by the same blood, heirs of the same immortality, fellow travellers on the same journey through life; and are we not ready to acknowledge, that the human imagination cannot figure to itself stronger incentives to mutual affection and forgiveness than are to be found in this catalogue of ties, by which the Gospel has united mankind together?

Before drawing to the conclusion of a subject which has already occupied a larger portion of your time than usual, there is one point connected with “the foolishness of preaching” to which I would yet solicit your attention for a few mo-

ments ; a point at which I have already briefly hinted in this discourse, when I referred to that spirit of benevolence which Christianity has generated, and to those institutions of public charity which have arisen under its wings. It is the command of our divine Master to join alms with our thanksgiving ; and our encouragement is, that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. It is the practice of our church occasionally to call upon her members to contribute, according to the means with which Providence has blessed them, towards the support of those pious and charitable funds which are placed under charge of her office-bearers. On a solemn occasion, like the present, this call is peculiarly appropriate, and I am persuaded will be made in vain to none who now hear me. The fund, to which I would solicit your support, is exclusively devoted to pious

and charitable purposes. The ecclesiastical authority under which it has been placed by the supreme government affords, it is hoped, a pledge that it will be administered with a strict regard to the proper objects which it has in view. This authority is well aware that an indiscriminate and injudicious system of public charity is productive of the very evils which it is the object of such funds to obviate. But so much has the present to accomplish, and so circumscribed is its amount at this moment, that the utmost accession which we can expect will be far from carrying us to those limits, where charity degenerates into culpable extravagance, feeding the very evils it ought to remedy. The extent of your capacity will therefore be the measure of your benevolence on this occasion; remembering that it is the disposition of heart with which it is be-

stowed that gives to charity all its value in the sight of Heaven, and that the amount of the gift, when regarded in relation to the capacity of the giver, is the criterion by which the strength and sincerity of the disposition must be measured.

Let me also observe, as a motive to beneficence on this occasion, that should the important purposes of extending our ecclesiastical establishment to this part of the world be considered, as I trust in God they will, it cannot fail to be a source of satisfaction to you in future years, to reflect that you contributed towards so laudable a work ; and when you yourselves again join in the service of God's holy temple, under the hallowed roofs where you first tasted the sweets of devotion, it will serve to invigorate the pious flame, to remember that your countrymen who have filled

up your place in this distant land of the sun are worshipping in a temple that arose in your day, and remains a lasting and splendid memorial of the reverence, which, amidst all the luxuries of an eastern climate, you paid to religion and its forms ; and of the filial regard, which even at this distance from home you entertained for the church of your native country. There may be some, I hope they are but few in number amongst us, whose breasts are inaccessible to such motives ; who regard every spot upon earth, and every form of civil and religious polity, with equal warmth and equal indifference. But let us not envy the man, whose philanthropy is on so extended and indiscriminate a scale. Is there not a spot endeared to us above every other, as the place that gave us birth ; and as the early scene of associations that are at this moment a source

of much of the happiness we enjoy? Is there not a form of religious worship, which we have been taught from our infancy to revere, which we venerate as simple and evangelical, and in whose prosperity we feel a more than common interest, whether it subsist in the land in which we hope to terminate our lives, or in the distant regions where it is our lot to spend the vigour and manhood of our days? The citizen of the world may stigmatize these feelings as selfishly narrow; but let not us be led astray by his sophistry. Let us not exchange the warm and animating glow of pleasure which these feelings spread over the heart of man, for the cold and forbidding apathy which freezes every generous current of the soul; and under pretence of cherishing an universal benevolence to which it is yet a stranger, shuts the heart against all closer ties and nearer

sympathies. Let us rather embrace with pleasure every opportunity that offers of strengthening those worthy feelings and affections that link us to our native land; resting assured that we are thereby laying in a stock of happiness that will become eminently available to our peace, when we retire from the hurry and bustle of the world; and amidst the leisure and calm serenity of declining years, look back upon that benevolence which we have embodied in institutions that will long survive ourselves—institutions which, we trust in Almighty God, will be found diffusing the comforts of religion and the consolation of charity to our children's children, when we and our fathers are mingled with the dust.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

